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SĀLAM

THE STORY OF A HAUSA SLAVE

By CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



NE August night, an hour after the evening prayer had wavered from the minarets across the housetops of Tripoli, Sālam* smiled in an appearance at my lokanda. Knowing

that I needed a servant during my sojourn in Tripoli two years ago, an English resident had placed this one, a Hausa of his own, at my disposal. His short, well-built figure was wrapped in six yards of baracan, or outer garment. From this bundle, beneath a red fez, his face like polished ebony mirrored the lamp in brilliant high lights, and below a heavy beaklike nose his white teeth glistened and his deep-cut tribal scars crisscrossed in blacker shadows his cheeks and temples.

Far away to the south, six to eleven months as the camel journeys, south where the cara-

vans end their long voyages and the Great Desert meets the forests, is the land of the Hausas, that great organized Black Empire. There, in the town of Meradi Katsena, Sālam was born. His town was like thousands of others which lie scattered over the width and breadth of the Central Soudan, their mud walls and thatched roofs baking under the tropical sun of Hausaland from the Niger to the Nile.

Though short in stature, the Hausas, figuratively speaking, are mentally head and shoulders above any of the numerous black tribes of Africa. They have a written language resembling Arabic, and the traveler through the Soudan who speaks Hausa can be understood almost everywhere.

Despite the fact that the Hausas are a commerce-loving people, slavery from time immemorial has been a national curse. For centuries the noiseless tread of laden slaves has worn deep-rutted paths below the forest level, packing them hard as adamant and weaving an intricate system of narrow highways through the jungles of Hausaland. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that only a few years ago at least

*Sālam was once a Hausa slave, and at the present time is the servant of an English resident in Tripoli, William F. Riley, Esq., Consul General for Norway and the Netherlands at that place. The account of Sālam's travels and escape as a slave is a true narrative, and the author's adventure in which Sālam played so important a part is a matter of record in Tripoli.—The Editor.

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"Hadji Abmed sent bim into the desert to raise camels."

one out of every three hundred persons in the world was a Hausa-speaking slave.**

Notwithstanding horrible atrocities committed by slaveholders, slaves have always had certain rights of their own. Sometimes their condition is better than before captivity, and it is not unusual for head slaves to be slave owners themselves and to be placed in high positions of trust. One noted instance is that of Rabbah, an ex-slave of Zubehr Pasha, who by direction of the Mahdi became governor of the great eastern Hausa state of Darfur.

The slave traffic, based as it is on a tributepaying system, has had a most demoralizing effect, and until the recent extension of the British sphere of influence, permanent security of life and property was unknown. Slaves sent out with garflas (caravans) often travel as far north as Tripoli and other towns of Barbary where freedom could be had for the asking, but through fear or ignorance many return south again to their bondage.

* Charles H. Robinson in "Hausaland" says: "It is generally admitted that the Hausa-speaking population number at least fifteen millions, i.e., roughly speaking, one per cent of the world's population . . . and at the very least one-third are in a state of slavery."

The sum necessary for a slave to buy his freedom, subject as he would be to arbitrary taxation and recapture, is prohibitive, so only escape remains with its attendant risks.

Salam, like many others of that splendid race who inhabit the negro states of the far Soudan, had once taken his slim chances of escape across the desert wastes, arriving at last in Tripoli, where, as in numerous other North African towns under Turkish or French control, a slave may obtain his freedom by becoming a Turkish or French subject.

As Sālam trudged beside me through the oasis of Tripoli, or during quiet hours spent together in my lokanda, he told me of himself and his people. In order to appreciate the circumstances surrounding Sālam's capture, one must understand the conditions in his country. A state of feudal warfare between many neighboring towns is a chronic condition throughout Hausaland. The tributepaying system rather than a state of war was responsible for slave raiding, for vassal chiefs and towns were obliged to include large numbers of slaves in their annual tribute. The powerful Sultan of Sokoto demanded from the Hausa states three-fourths of his tribute in human beings, and got them, ten thousand coming from the King of Adamawa alone. It was in one of these slave-raiding expeditions that Sālam was first made a slave. At the time he lived at Midaroka, where he had been taken by his brother-in-law Lasunvadi after

the death of his parents.

"I was cutting fodder in the open with Lasunvadi's slaves," said Sālam. "We had stopped work to await the approach of a great number of horsemen, thinking they were some of our own people. 'They are warriors of Filahni,' suddenly cried a slave, and we fled for the brush. I was among those captured and taken to Filahni. The journey was hard;

some of the slaves attempted to escape and were clubbed to death. I was then fourteen years old and valuable, so I became the property of Durbee, the Bashaw's son. Durbee was just to his slaves, and we fared well. He had a great many horses, which means wealth and power in my land, for every horse means a mounted warrior.

"My work was about my master's compound, but often I would steal away and sleep in the shade of a papaw tree, or watch the scarletbreasted jamberdés flit about, and the monkeys chase and swing among the branches. Sometimes Durbee himself would

find me and shake me awake. 'For what do I give you yams and dawa?' he would say. I would reply, 'Haste is of the devil and tardiness from the All Merciful.' 'Hubba! thou lazy mud fish,' he would shout, and it would be many days before my back would heal from the welts of his rhinoceros hide."

Working when made to, sleeping when he could, a year passed. In the evening he watched the slaves gamble about the fire, often staking any little thing of value he might have acquired. As slaves and cowries form the chief currency of the people, these are naturally the principal stakes in games of chance. The little white cowrie shells found on certain parts of the African coast are, so to speak, the small change of the country. Several years ago the value of a single cowrie was about one-eightieth of a cent; i.e., two thousand equaled a quarter of a dollar. The inconvenience of this "fractional currency" is evident, considering that three-quarters of a million, weighing over a ton and a half, were paid by a king to an explorer for a few rolls of silk. Consequently, the check book of wealthy Hausas, when traveling, is an extra number of slaves which from time to time

they cash for cow-

The shells are also worn about the person as a protection from any evil influence, or the "evil eye" as it is called. Five selected cowries for gambling may be found in the possession of most Hausas. Hardly second to the curse of slavery in Hausaland is that of gambling, and the passion for it among these people is unrestrained. It takes its most insidious form in the game of chaca, played by tossing up the five cowries, the result depending on the way they fall. At times there is no limit to the stakes, and the escutcheon of Hausaland might well

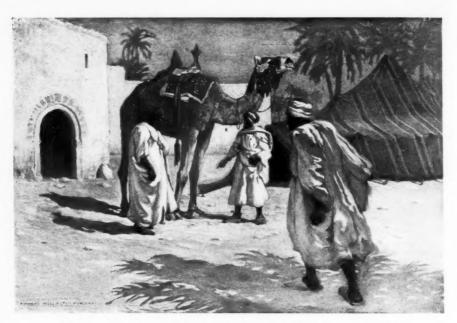


"Deep-cut tribal scars crisscrossed in blacker shadows his cheeks and temples."

be five white cowrie shells on a field of black.

Sālam once told me that a friend of his master was playing one evening after much lakby (a palm wine) had been drunk. "Everybody was excited," said he, "for the 'evil eye' was on him, and time after time his cowries fell the wrong way. Losing first his wives and then his horses, he turned to his opponent and cried, 'Throw again; if I lose I am your slave.' The evil spirit of the hvena appeared in the darkness, and he lost."

In Hausaland no less than in Africa the



"'About to be discovered, I jumped up and ran angrily toward them."

Bashaws and powerful natives are generally the judges, and not only the poor Hausa but the owner of too many horses, slaves, and wives must be careful how he treads, lest he arouse the apprehension or envy of his Bashaw, who loses no time in presenting "requests" for gifts. These demands are continued until his subject is sufficiently weakened or ruined. Now Durbee had a cousin who had been unfairly appointed Bashaw by the Sultan of Sokoto. Despite the feeling of injustice which rankled in Durbee's breast, he loyally complied with his cousin's demands for horses, until his favorite black horse, his akawali, alone remained. One morning as Sālam sat in the porch of Durbee's house, a giant negro arrived to take the akawali and to summon Durbee before the Bashaw.

"My master," said Sālam, "was not feeling sweet, and seizing his war spear said threateningly, 'Take him if you can! Bur-r-ro! Go, tell my cousin a Bashaw does not go to a Bashaw, and my akawali stays with me. Tell him that this day, before the shadows of the date palms have darkened the doorway of his house, I will meet him to fight.' That afternoon Durbee mounted his horse, took his

shield and weapons, and went out alone. Some of us followed to the edge of the palm grove, and as the appointed time drew near he rode out into the open. There on the hot sands he awaited his enemy. The hour of the challenge passed, but the coward never came. Durbee kept his akawali, and before the annual fast of Ramadan gathered his retainers about him and supplanted his cousin."

Shortly after this, Durbee made a journey to Sokoto to make his peace with the Sultan and left Sālam with a friend in a neighboring town. This man treacherously sold him for two hundred thousand cowries (\$25) in Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa.

Within its fifteen miles of mud walls, twenty to forty feet in height, swarms a mass of black and sun-tanned humanity. In the open markets, caravans of the black traders from the Congo come in with their long lines of donkeys weighted down with ivory, gold dust, and kola nuts, halting perhaps beside a garfla all the way from Tripoli with European goods and trinkets, or from the salt chotts of Tunis and Asben, for salt is scarce in the Soudan.

Here Arab merchants from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea meet those from the Niger and the Gulf of Guinea, and no small

number of the two million nomads who pass through every year are Hausa pilgrims bound for Mecca. The hadji or pilgrimage by the way of Central Soudan, Tripoli, or Egypt has brought the Hausas in touch with those peoples and has contributed much to Hausaland's civilization.

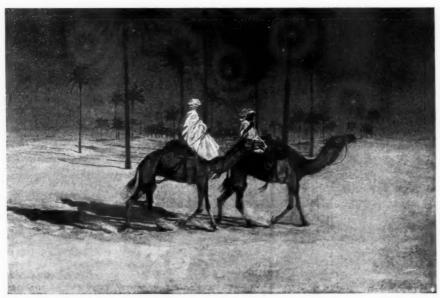
Among this heterogeneous mass are occasionally seen those fierce white-skinned sons of the desert, the Touaregs. You can tell them at a glance, as, lean and supple, with an easy pantherlike tread they glide through this congested human kaleidoscope. Tall and picturesque, with long spears or flintlocks in their hands, and maybe a broadsword across their backs, apparently seeing nothing, they observe all. Perhaps they are here to trade, but more likely to keep close watch of departing caravans bound northward throughtheir territory, that their sheiks may exact homage and heavy tribute, or, failing in this, may loot.

It is estimated that Kano clothes over onehalf of the great population of the Soudan. In the towns of central Tunis, two thousand miles away, I have seen the indigo and-scarlet cloths of Kano hanging next to those of Kairwan and Sfax, and, piled in the Arab fonduks of Tripoli, hundreds of camel loads of her tanned goatskins ready for shipment to New York, and I have watched the natives in the markets barter for sandals and desert slippers of Kano dye.

On his way to Kano, Sālam passed many slave caravans. Some of the wretches came in bound with thongs or under heavy yokes. One method is to fasten ten to twenty slaves together, one behind the other, by shoving their heads through holes cut every few feet in a long wooden yoke. Sometimes one of these human strings thus fastened together will make futile attempts to escape, pathetically jogging in step through the bush or forest until soon run down by their merciless pursuers. Now and again as they staggered by, Sālam saw a slave, too weak and exhausted to walk, hanging limp by his neck, his feet dragging along the ground, his dead weight adding to the insufferable tortures of the others hitched to the same yoke.

At such times, unless near a market, the sick are dispatched by their drivers, who, not wishing the trouble of unshackling the wretch, resort to the simple expedient of decapitation, thus releasing soul and body at one cruel stroke.

In the fifth month of the dry season during Sālam's stay in Kano, the caravans bound



"'One midnight we skirted the outlying palms of an oasis."

north being in haste to leave before the rains began, his master gathered his men and goods together, the camels and donkeys were loaded, and they started on their long journey across the Desert, the Great Solitary Place. They took plenty of kola nuts packed between damp leaves in baskets. These they chewed to give strength to travel far without food. him with a knife, whereupon the dog's owner killed the Touareg. The men of both sides came running from all directions and fought till there were not enough left to bury the dead. Those who were not killed left the village, and the place was called Djibana, the Place of the Cemetery of the Dog."

At Zinder, Sālam's master was obliged to



"The man returned with Hadji Ahmed."

"A month's journey," said Sālam, "brought us to the outlying territory of my people, and one night we passed a spot where there was once a village of Touaregs under two sheiks. On one of my visits there with Lasunvadi, a dog came sniffing along and a Touareg stuck

pay homage and tribute in order to pass through the territory controlled by its fierce inhabitants, the Asbenawa, who were under the Bashaw of Sālam's native town, Katsena. One glimpse of Sālam's tribal marks, and they would have freed him and destroyed the



"'Many in the town came to the Tuesday market."

caravan. Knowing this, his master gagged him and did him up tightly in the middle of one of the camel loads. Here, jolted and bumped against other camels, unable to move and nearly suffocated, he was confined during a day's march, and when taken out more dead than alive, his limp body was thrown over a donkey. For months they marched north over the sands and rocky lands of the desert. Now and again a garfla man paid his last tribute to the sands and added his bones to the many others bleaching in the sun beside the caravan trails.

At last they reached Ghadames, and in the course of a year, having passed through the hands of several other masters, Sālam was sold to an Arab by the name of Hadji Ahmed, who sent him into the desert to raise camels.

It was one night in my lokanda that Sālam

told me of his escape.

"From time to time," began Sālam, "my master made journeys to distant towns, even as far as Tripoli, leaving the slaves for months without food save what we could gather ourselves. One morning while the stars were still bright and the dried grass wet with the night dews, I left on a mehari (running camel). By midnight of the second day I arrived outside the walls of Ouragla, among some tents. Near one of these the mehari stopped of its own accord, and, dismounting, I hobbled him and lay down under a palm tree to sleep.

"I was startled the next morning at the

sound of a voice I well knew, and peered out from under my baracan. Within six camel lengths of me stood Hadji Ahmed, my master, and his head slave.

"'Hubba!' said he to the mehari, 'thou lump of swine's flesh! How came you here?' I knew then that the mehari had led me into a

trap

"Gibani! the mehari is hobbled. What does this mean?' said my master to the head slave. Seeing I was about to be discovered, I jumped up and ran angrily toward them, exclaiming, 'Who should have brought it here but me whom you left without food!'

"'Who showed you the road?' cried he,

laving hold of me.

""My hunger!' Whereupon they both set upon and flogged me and the next day sent me back home.

"Before my master returned from Ouragla, I planned again to escape with Bako, another slave; we would avoid the towns and go far north. And one day when we were alone branding camels, we selected the fastest mehara in the herd and started.

"For seven days and nights we traveled without stopping. The hot sun beat down upon our heads; the second day a sandstorm dried up what little water we had in our goatskins. By turn one of us, tied in his saddle, slept while the other led his camel. Sometimes we would slide down from the humps and allow the mehara to graze as we walked along. We found no water, and the beasts

began to show signs of thirst and uttered strange cries, groaning and gurgling as they redrank the water from their stomachs.

"One midnight—I shall ever remember it, Arbi! [master]—we skirted the outlying palms of an oasis. Everything was very clear in the moonlight, and water was there, but we dared go no nearer the habitations ket to see the caravan come in, and among them I saw the fat form of one of my former masters, Sala Heba, the one who had sold me to Hadji Ahmed. He watched us enter the castle where we obtained our release, and as I came out a free man he approached me: 'You are a stranger in the town. I live here now. Come and work for me.' So I did,

though I well knew the old pig had heard of my escape.

"One night I was awakened from my sleep by Heba
holding a low conversation
with some one in the court.
The other voice I recognized
as that of my last master,
Hadji Ahmed, and I listened
from the roof as they planned
my recapture by inducing me
to go south again as a caravan man.

"The next morning Hadji Ahmed called for me and said: 'You have your freedom now. Come as a driver and I will give you three medjides [\$2.50], clothes, and a month's



"Announcing to their race the event."

for fear of capture, knowing Ahmed was not far behind us. We tightened up the saddle straps, for the mehara had grown thin, and the soft parts of their humps had almost disappeared. Bako's saddle, made for loads, was hard to ride and had produced boils, so he would often sit behind it to vary the motion.

"Sick and weak, every stride of the mehara sent pain through us. We knew that we could not much longer cling to our saddles, so we lashed each other on. The last time that Bako fell to one side, I was too weak to help him and he

rode with his head hanging lower than his heels. The camel ticks burrowed into our skin, our tongues were cracked and bleeding when the mehara at last staggered into Ghadames.

"Some days after, the Turkish governor of that place sent us here to Tripoli with a caravan, to be taken before his brother the Bey. Many in the town came to the Tuesday mar-



"These fanatics had been dancing for hours."

wages of three more in advance, to go back with the garfla.' I agreed and, taking the money, went out with him to buy a new burnous and other clothes. 'Now,' said he, 'go to the Fonduk-el-Burka where the caravan is being loaded.'

"Taking the bundle, I chuckled to myself as I turned up a side street where lived Sidi Amoora, who kept open house for slaves and often provided them with money. There I left my bundle and then hid under the sea wall, not far from the house, Arbi, where was once the consulate of your country. Hadji Ahmed and his men ran all over town in search of me, and at last one found me asleep wrapped up in my new burnous.

"Bu-r-r-r-o! Get out. The garfla is going. Hurry! Your master is angry." 'I have no master, I am a Turk now,' said I. Leaving me, the man returned with Hadji

Ahmed, who angrily ordered me off, but I laughed and said:

"'Lah! [No.] I know your schemes.'
"'You refuse to go? You, my slave, you dare steal my money as a tick would bleed a camel!' he cried threateningly, but I sprang

he attempted to seize me. ""Give me the clothes and the medjides,' he com-

from his grasp as

manded.
"'Lah! I have use for them. I go to the Bey to pay for a protest against you.'

"At this Ahmed was greatly scared, though more angry, but I was safe enough there in the town by the sea wall, as free as Hadji Ahmed himself, who

well knew the Bey could punish him and confiscate his goods. 'Never mind,' said he; 'here are three more medjides.' I took them.

"'Kaffir!' said I, 'thou white-faced horse with weak eyes!' And that was the last I ever saw of him, but I often went to visit the fat Heba to inquire after his health and to show him my new burnous."

"But the medjides, Sālam?" I laughingly queried. The dark eyes met mine for a moment; the pupils seemed to contract fiercely. Then a black hand disappeared under the folds of his baracan.

"I bought this," said he, and drew out of its sheath a beautifully worked dagger, the

crooked Arab blade of which flashed silver in the lamplight.

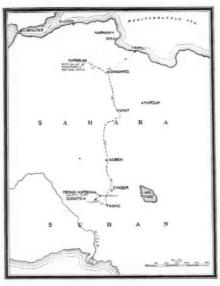
Not long after Sālam had related this narrative to me, a most unexpected event occurred. One hot morning, from out the sounds of the Arab town life, came the faint rhythmic cadence of distant beating tomtoms. As their echoes vibrated up the narow street of the Milk Sellers' Market, I went out in time to meet a small company of blacks. They were parading the town by way of

announcing to their race the event of a religious dance to be held near the palm groves of the oasis outside the town.

Late that afternoon found me in company with Sālam headed in the direction of their rendezvous. Sālam was dressed in his best fez and baracan, with a little bouquet of blossoms tucked behind his ear. In one hand he carried, as was his custom on auspicious occasions, a piece of discarded copper cable which he had picked up as a prize at the cable station. Turning a corner of a building on the outskirts of the town, we came into full view of a barbaric Soudanese dance.

dance.

Forming a great ring seventy-five yards in diameter was a wild lot of some two hundred blacks, surrounded by twice as many excited spectators. Its limits were fixed by poles from whose tops the green flag of the Prophet occasionally fluttered in the hot breeze. Most of the participants wore gaudy-colored vests below which hung loose skirts weighted here and there at the edges. Each carried a heavy stick or knobbed club, and there seemed to be a certain understood form which they observed in the dance. For nearly half a minute the tom-toms, reënforced by the squawking oboes and clashing steel cymbals, would sound out their wild strains in regular



MAP OF SÄLAM'S TRAVELS

Starting from his birthplace and ending at Tripoli, where he obtained his freedom. The dotted lines show the routes of his escapes.

cadence. Meanwhile the dancers would beat time, holding their clubs vertically, scuffling up the hot sand, and uttering strange grunts. Facing one another in pairs, they would accentuate the beats by sharply cracking their

clubs together several times.

At sudden flares of the music, they would turn violently round and round, sending up great clouds of orange sand, their weighted skirts swirling out almost horizontally about their waists. Then they would bring up short, each opposite another partner, with a crack of their clubs; and so the dance went on.

My presence and my black camera box seemed to arouse their suspicion and animosity. These fanatics had been dancing for hours in the hot sun and were crazed with the intoxicating lakby until they had reached a state of religious frenzy of which I was not

aware until too late.

Pushing my way through the circle of onlookers, I took a picture of the barbaric crew dripping with perspiration, Sālam urging me to be quick. An old man and a tall, uglylooking brute broke from the ring and ran toward me. I had barely time to snap a second picture when, without warning, from the crowd behind came a volley of stones; some struck me; the rest whizzed by into the center of the ring, striking one or two of the dancers. Those nearest me left the dance, and joined the several hundred black, sweating devils who had now surrounded me. Sālam sprang between me and the old chief, advising him to call off his tribesmen. Owing mainly to the fact, however, that Sālam was of a tribe unknown to these Soudanese nomads, no attention was paid to him.

"Shall I go for guards, Arbi?" said Sālam. "Yes," said I, and slipping back from the crowd he disappeared. The whole thing occurred so suddenly that I had not realized the significance of the danger until he had gone and I found myself in the vortex of this

frenzied human whirlpool.

Only a few individual faces stood out of the crowd, the two who left the ring and a loath-some individual, seemingly a marabout, who spat at me. Those behind jabbed me with the ends of their clubs. Those in front, led by the old man, gesticulated and shouted and shook their clubs above their heads at me. Meanwhile I limped as slowly as my impatience and a bruise from one of the stones would permit across the open space and managed to work my way alongside the stand

of an Arab fruit seller. Here, to disguise my mingled feelings of anger and fear, I bought some figs. Discarding the poorer ones, I proceeded to eat the rest in the most approved native fashion, affecting meanwhile a steadiness of hand which quite belied me.

Instead of quieting the crowd, as I had hoped to do, my attitude served to make them more furious, and as they yelled and threatened in my face I clung tightly to my camera box and wondered how much resistance there was in my pith sun helmet. I had no weapon with me, and it was better so, for one would have been useless against these fanatics.

The big negro stepped forward in a menacing attitude toward me as Sālam suddenly reappeared. Unable to find guards, he had passed the word and returned to my assistance. Thrusting aside one or two who blocked his way, he confronted the black and drew his attention from me by deliberately insulting him and his tribe in language which I afterwards learned was not poetical.

If the affair had not been so serious, the situation would have been laughable. Puffed up to his greatest height stood the big black, wielding his club above his head. Below him Sālam's short figure was gathered back, every muscle speaking defiance, as he crouched with his insignificant piece of copper cable upraised. Both glowered at one another like wild beasts. A second more and the game would have been up with us both.

"Sālam!" I said sharply, at the same time pulling him back. But his blood was up and he sprang from my grasp. A sickening fear seized me. At that moment a shout went up, there was a scuffle, and Turkish guards thrust them aside with their rifle butts, and dispersing the crowd escorted us safely back to the

town.

There was only one reason which led me to request that no troops be sent to gather in the ringleaders. Sālam's life afterwards would not have been worth the hide of his

desert slippers.

From the stern-sheets of an Arab galley, two weeks later, I watched the white-foaming blue gap of water widen toward the shore, as every stroke of the heavy sweeps bore me seaward in the direction of a Tunisian coasting steamer which lay in the offing. On the wharf a black figure wrapped in a white baracan, holding in one hand the inevitable piece of copper cable, stood motionless until it dissolved into the shimmering background of white sunlit walls.

THE SCAPEGOATS

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



PON the threshold of the Golden Pomegranate Monsieur Louis Quillan paused and gave the contented little laugh that had of late become habitual with him. "We are en jête to-night, it

appears. Has the king, then, by any chance dropped in to supper with us, Nelchen?"

Silently the girl bestowed a provisional pat upon one fold of the white tablecloth and regarded the result with critical approval. All being in blameless order, as any woman would, she shifted one of the candlesticks the width of a cobweb. The table was now garnished to the last resource of the Golden Pomegranate; the napery was snow, the glassware and the cutlery shone with a frosty glitter, and the great bowl of crimson roses afforded the exact splurge of vainglorious color and glow she had designed. Accordingly, being now at leisure, she now came toward Monsieur Quillan, lifting her lips to his precisely as a child might have done.

"Not the king, my Louis. None the less I am sure that monseigneur is a very great person. He arrived not two hours ago-" She told him how monseigneur had come in a coach, very splendid; even his lackeys were splendid: monseigneur would stay overnight and would to-morrow push on to Beauséant. He had talked with her-a kindly old gentleman, but so stately that she had been the tiniest thought afraid of him all the while. He must be some great nobleman, Nelchen considered—a marquis at the very least. Meantime Louis Quillan had drawn her to the window seat beneath the corridor, and sat holding one plump trifle of a hand, the while her speech fluttered birdlike from this topic to that, and he regarded Nelchen Thorn with an abysmal content. God had been very good to him.

So he leaned back from her a little, laughing gently, and marked what a quaint and eager child it was. He rejoiced that she was beautiful, and triumphed still more to know that even if she had not been beautiful it would have made slight difference to him. The soul of Nelchen was enough. Yet, too, it was desirable that this soul be appropriately clad, that she should have, for instance, such big and lustrous eyes, plaintive eyes such as a hamadryad would conceivably possess, since they were beyond doubt the candid and appraising eyes of some woodland creature, and always seemed to find the world not precisely intimidating, perhaps, yet in the ultimate a very curious place where one trod gingerly. Still, she was a practical body, prone to laughter-as any person would be, in nature, whose mouth was all rotund and tiny scarlet curves. Why, it was to a dimple the mouth that Boucher bestowed on his sleek goddesses! Louis Quillan was at bottom sorry for poor Boucher painting away vonder at a noisy, garish Versailles, where he would never see that perfect mouth the artist had so often dreamed of. No, not in the sweet flesh at least; lips like those were both unknown and out of place at Versailles. . . .

"And he asked me, oh, so many questions about you, Louis——"

"About me?" said Louis Quillan blankly. He was all circumspection now.

"About my lover, you stupid person. Monseigneur assumed, somehow, that I would have a lover or two. You perceive that he is scarcely a stupid person." And Nelchen tossed her head, and not without a touch of the provocative.

Louis Quillan did what seemed advisable.



Drawn by Arthur Recher.

"He regarded Nelchen Thorn with abysmal content."

"And furthermore, your stupidity is no excuse for rumpling my hair," said Nelchen

presently.

"Then you should not pout," said Monsieur Quillan. "Sanity is entirely too much to require of any man when you pout. Besides, your eyes are so big and so bright they bewilder one. In common charity you ought to wear spectacles, Nelchen, in common charity toward mankind."

"Monseigneur, also, has wonderful eyes, Louis. They are like the stars—very brilliant and cool and incurious, yet always looking at you as though you were so insignificant that the mere fact of your existing at all was

a trifle interesting."

"Like the stars!" Louis Quillan had flung back the shutter. It was a tranquil evening in September, with no moon as yet, but with a great multitude of lesser lights overhead. "Incurious like the stars! They do dwarf one, rather. Yet just now I protest to you I half believe le bon Dieu loves us so utterly that he has kindled all those pretty tapers solely for our diversion. He wishes us to be happy, Nelchen; and so He has given us the big, fruitful, sweet-smelling world to live in, and peace, and nimble bodies, and contented hearts, and love, and—why, in a word, He has given us one another. Oh, beyond doubt, He loves us, my Nelchen!"

For a long while the girl was silent. Presently she spoke, half hushed, as one in the presence of sanctity. "I am happy. For these three months I have been more happy than I had thought was permissible on earth. And yet, Louis, you tell me that those stars are worlds perhaps like oursthink of it, my dear, millions and millions of worlds like ours, and on each world perhaps a million of lovers like us! It is true that among them all no woman loves as I do, for that would be impossible. Yet think of it, mon ami, how inconsiderable a thing is the happiness of one man and of one woman in this immensity! Why, we are less than nothing, you and I! Ohé, I am afraid, hideously afraid, Louis-for we are such little folk, and the universe is so big. And always its storms go about it, and its lightnings thrust at us, and the waters of it are clutching at our feet, and its laws are immutable-oh, it is big and cruel, my dear, and we are adrift in it, we who are of such puny insignificance!"

Nelchen gave a tiny sob now, so that he again put forth his hand toward her.

"What a morbid child it is!" said Louis

Quillan. "I can assure you I have resided in the same universe just twice as long as you, and find that upon the whole this is an excellent world. There is, to be sure, an occasional tornado, or perhaps an earthquake, each with its incidental inconveniences; on the other hand there is every day an artistic sunset, as well as, I am credibly informed, a sunrise of which poets and energetic people are pleased to speak highly; while every year spring comes in like a cosmical upholsterer and refurbishes the entire place and makes us glad to live. Nay, I protest to you, this is an excellent world, my Nelchen! And likewise I protest to you, that in all its history there was never a luckier nor a happier man than I."

Nelchen considered.

"Well," she generously conceded, "perhaps, after all, the stars are more like diamonds."

Louis Quillan chuckled.

"And since when were you a connoisseur

in diamonds, my dear?"

"Of course I have never seen any. I would like to, though; yes, Louis, what I would really like would be to have a bushelful or so of diamonds, and to marry a duke—only the duke would have to be you, of course—and to go to court, and to have all the fine ladies very jealous of me, and for them to be very much in love with you, and for you not to care a sou for them, of course, and for us both to see the king." Nelchen paused, quite out of breath after this ambitious career in the imaginative.

"To see the king, indeed!" scoffed Louis Quillan. "Why, we would see only a very

disreputable old rascal, if we did."

"Still," she pointed out, "I would like to see a king. Simply because I never have, you conceive."

"At times, Nelchen, you are positively feminine. Eve ate the apple for that identical reason. Yet what you say is odd, because —do you know?—I once had a friend who was by way of being a sort of king."

Nelchen gave a squeal of delight.
"And you never told me about him! I

loathe you."

Louis Quillan did what seemed advisable. "And furthermore, your loathsomeness is no excuse for rumpling my hair," said Nelchen presently.

"But there is so little to tell. His father had married the Grand Duke of Noumaria's daughter—over yonder between Silesia and



Drawn by Arthur Becher. "See, my father,' he said, 'she was only a child."

Badenburg, you may remember. And so last spring when the grand duke and the prince were both killed in that horrible fire, my friend quite unexpectedly became a king—oh, king of a mere celery patch, but still a sort of a king. Figure to yourself, Nelchen! they were going to make my poor friend marry the Elector of Badenburg's daughter—and Victoria von Uhm has perfection stamped upon her face in all its odious immaculacy—and devote the rest of his existence to heading processions and laying corner stones and signing proclamations and eating sauerkraut."

"But he could have worn such splendid uniforms!" said Nelchen. "And diamonds!"

"You mercenary wretch!" said he. Louis Quillan then did what seemed advisable; and presently he added: "In any event the horrified man ran away from Versailles."

"That was silly of him," said Nelchen Thorn. "And where did he run to?"

Louis Quillan considered.

"To Paradise," he at last decided. "And there he found a disengaged angel, who very imprudently lowered herself to the point of marrying him. And so he lived happily ever afterwards. And so till the day of his death he preached the doctrine that silliness is the supreme wisdom."

"And he regretted nothing?" Nelchen said, after a meditative while.

Louis Quillan began to laugh.

"Oh, yes! at times he profoundly regretted Victoria von Uhm."

Then Nelchen gave him a surprise, for the girl bent toward him and leaned one little hand on either shoulder.

"Diamonds are not all, are they, Louis?" she very gently breathed; and afterwards: "I thank you, dear, for telling me of what means much to you. I can always read between the lines, I think, because for a long while I have tried to know and care for everything that concerns you."

The man had risen to his feet.

"Nelchen-1"

"Hush!" said Nelchen Thorn. "Monseigneur is coming down to his supper."

And it was a person of conspicuous appearance, both by reason of his great height and leanness as well as his extreme age, who now descended the straight stairway leading from the corridor above. At court they would have told you that the Prince de Gâtinais was a trifle insane, but he troubled the court very little, since he had spent the last twenty years, with trivial intermissions, at

his château near Beaujolais, where, as rumor buzzed it, he had fitted out a laboratory and devoted his old age to the study of chemistry. "Between my flute and my retorts, my bees and my chocolate creams," he was wont to say, "I manage to console myself for the humiliating fact that even Death has forgotten my existence." For he had a child's appetite for sweets and was at this time well past eighty, though still quite as agile, in his own indolent fashion, as Antoine de Soyecourt had ever been, even when—a good half century ago—he had served, and with distinction, under Louis Quatorze.

To-night the Prince de Gâtinais was all in steel gray, of a metallic luster, with prodigiously fine and immaculate ruffles at his throat and wrists. You would have found something spectral in the tall, gaunt old man, for his periwig was heavily powdered, and his deep-wrinkled countenance an absolute white, save for the thin faintly bluish lips and the inklike glitter of his narrowing eyes, as he now regarded the man and woman who stood before him. Yet his face was not unkindly.

Louis Quillan had caught an audible breath at first sight of him. He did not speak, however, but merely waited, half defiant in attitude and with a tinge of sullenness.

"You have fattened," the Prince de Gâtinais said, at last. "I wish I could. It is incredible that a man who eats some five pounds of sugar daily should yet remain a skeleton." His voice was guttural to the extreme, and an odd slur ran through his speech, caused by the loss of his upper front teeth at Ramillies; yet the effect was singular rather than displeasing.

But Louis Quillan came of a stock not

lightly abashed.

"I have fattened on a new diet, sir," he now said—"on happiness. But my faith! I am discourteous. Permit me, my father, to present Mademoiselle Nelchen Thorn, who has so far honored me as to consent to become my wife. Nelchen, this is my father, the Prince de Gâtinais."

"Oh-?" observed Nelchen, midway in her

courtesy.

But the prince had taken her fingers and kissed them, quite as though they had been the finger tips of the all-powerful Pompadour at Versailles yonder.

"I salute the future Marquise de Soyecourt. You young people will in nature sup with me, then?"

"No, sir, for I am to wait upon the table,"

said Nelchen, "and father is at Sigéan overnight, having the mare shod, and there is only Léon, and, oh, thanks, monseigneur, but I had *much* rather wait on the table."

The prince waved his hand.

"My valet, mademoiselle, is at your disposal. Vanringham!" he called.

From his apartments above descended a floridly handsome man in black.

"Monseigneur-?"

"Go!" quickly said Louis de Soyecourt, while the prince spoke with his valet—"go, Nelchen, and make yourself even more beautiful if that be possible. He will never resist you, my dear—ah, no, that is out of nature."

"You will find more plates in the cupboard, Monsieur Vanringham," remarked Nelchen, as she obediently tripped up the stairway, toward her room in the right wing. "And the knives and forks are in the second drawer."

So Vanringham laid two covers in discreet silence; then bowed and withdrew by the side door that led to the kitchen. The prince had indolently seated himself beside the open fire, where he yawned and now looked up with a wintry smile.

"Well, Louis," said the Prince de Gâtinais, "so you have determined to defy me, eh?"

"I trust there is no question of defiance, sir," Louis de Soyecourt equably returned. "Yet I regret you should have been at pains to follow me, since I still claim the privilege of

living my life in my own fashion."

"You claim a right that never existed, my son. It is not demanded of any man that he should be happy, whereas it is manifestly necessary that a gentleman should obey his God, his king, and his own conscience without swerving. If he also find time for happiness, well and good; otherwise, he must be unhappy. But above all he must intrepidly play out his allotted part in God's scheme of things, and with due humbleness recognize that the happiness or the unhappiness of any man alive is a trivial consideration as against the fulfillment of this scheme."

"You and Nelchen are much at one there," the marquis lightly replied; "yet for my part I fancy that Providence is not particularly interested in who happens to be the next Grand Duke of Noumaria."

The prince struck one withered hand upon the arm of his chair.

"You dare to jest! Louis, your levity is incorrigible. France is beaten, discredited among nations, naked to her enemies. She

lies here between England and Prussia as in a vise. God summons you, a Frenchman, to reign in Noumaria, and in addition affords you a chance to marry that weathercock of Badenburg's daughter. Ah, He never spoke more clearly, Louis. And you would reply with a shallow jest! Why, Badenburg and Noumaria just bridge that awkward space between France and Austria; your accession would confirm the empress-I tell you they have it in her own hand yonder at Versailles! I tell you it is all planned that France and Austria will combine, Louis! Think of itour France on her feet again, mistress of Europe, and all of it your doing, Louis-Ah, my boy, my boy! you cannot refuse!"

Youth had ebbed back into the man as he ran on in a high disordered voice, pleading, clutching at his son with that strange new eagerness which had now possessed the Prince de Gâtinais. He was remembering the France that he had known; not the ignoble, tawdry France of the moment, misruled by women, confessors, and valets, but the France of his dead Sun King, and it seemed that the memory had brought back with it the youth of Antoine de Soyecourt for that instant. Just for a heart beat as his son stood irresolute the old man towered erect, his cheeks pink and every muscle tense. Then Louis de Soyecourt shook his head.

"Frankly, sir, I would not give up Nelchen though all Europe depended upon it. I am a coward, perhaps; but I have my chance of happiness, and I mean to take it. So Cousin Otto is welcome to the duchy. I infinitely

prefer Nelchen."

"Otto! a general in the Prussian army, Frederick's property, Frederick's idolater!" The old man fell from an apex of horror to his former pleading tones. "But then it is not necessary you give up Nelchen. Ah, no, a certain latitude is permissible in these matters, you understand. She could be made a countess, a marchioness—anything you choose to demand, Louis. And you could marry Victoria von Uhm, just the same—"

"Were you any other man, sir," said Louis de Soyecourt, "I would of course knock you down. As it is, I can only ask you to respect

my helplessness."

The Prince de Gâtinais sank back into his chair. He seemed incredibly old now.

"You are right," he mumbled, "yes, you are right, Louis. I have talked with her.. With her that would be impossible. I ask your pardon, my son."

The younger man had touched him upon the shoulder.

"My father-" he began.

"Yes, I am your father," said the other dully, "and it is that which puzzles me. You are my own son, and yet you prefer your happiness to the welfare of France, to the very preservation of France. Never in six cepturies has there been a de Soyecourt to do that. God and the king we served—six centuries and you choose an innkeeper's daughter-" His voice trailed and slurred like that of one speaking in his sleep, for he was an old man, and by now his little flare of excitement had quite burned out, and weariness clung about his senses like a drug. "I will go back to Beaujolais-to my retorts and my bees-and forget there was never a de Soyecourt in six centuries, save my own son-"

You would have said the man was dying. "My father!" Louis de Soyecourt cried, and shook him gently. "Ah, I dare say, you are right in theory. But in practice I cannot give her up. Surely, you understand -why, they tell me there was never a more ardent lover than you. They tell meand you would actually have me relinquish Nelchen, even after you have seen her! Yet remember, sir, I love her much as you loved my mother-that princess you stole from the very heart of her court. Ah, I have heard tales of you, you perceive. And Nelchen means as much to me, remember-she means youth, and happiness, and a tiny space of laughter before I, too, am worms' meat; and a proper appreciation of God's love for us all; and everything a man's mind clutches at when he wakens from some forgotten dream that leaves him weeping with sheer adoration of its beauty. No, never was there a kinder father than you, sir. You have spoiled me most atrociously, I concede, and after so many years you cannot in decency whip about like this and deny me my very life. Why, my father, it is Louis who is pleading with you, Louis pleading for the life of his soul. And you have never denied me anything, sir! See, now, how I presume upon your weakness. I am actually bullying you into submissionbullying you through your love for me. Eh, we love greatly, we de Soyecourts, and give all for love. Your own life attests that, sir. Now, then, let us recognize the fact that we are de Soyecourts, you and I. Ah, my

Thus he babbled on, for the sudden languor of the prince had alarmed him not a little,

and Louis de Soyecourt, to do him justice, loved his father with a heartier intensity than falls to the portion of most parents. To arouse the semi-conscious man was his one thought. And now he got his reward, for the Prince de Gâtinais opened his keen old eyes, a trifle dazedly, and drew a deep breath that shook the great frail body through and through.

"Let us recognize that we are de Soye courts, you and I," he repeated, in a new voice; and then: "After all, I cannot drag you to Noumaria by the scruff of your neck like a truant schoolboy. Let us, then, recognize the fact that we are de Soyecourts, you and I."

"Heh, in that event," said the marquis, "we must both fall upon our knees forth-

with. For look, my father!"

Nelchen Thorn was midway in her descent of the stairs. She wore her simple best. All white it was, and vaporous in texture, and yet the plump shoulders it displayed were not put to shame. Rather must April clouds and the snows of December retire abashed, as scandalously inefficient similes, the marquis meditated; and as she paused, starry-eyed and a thought afraid, even the Prince de Gâtinais could not find it in his heart greatly to blame his son.

"I begin to suspect," said the prince, "that I am Jacob of old, and you a very young cherub venturing out of Paradise through motives of curiosity. Eh, my dear, let us see what entertainment we can afford you during your brief stay upon earth." He took her

hand and led her to the table. Vanringham served. Never was anyone more blithe than the Prince de Gâtinais. The latest gossip of Versailles was delivered, though with discreet emendations; he laughed gavly; and he ate with an appetite. There was a blight among the cattle hereabout? How deplorable! Witchcraft, beyond doubt. And Louis passed as a piano tuner?—because there were no pianos in Manneville. Excellent! he had always given Louis credit for a surpassing cleverness; now it was demonstrated. In fine, the Prince de Gâtinais became so jovial that Nelchen was quite at ease, and Louis de Soyecourt vaguely alarmed. He knew his father, and that he should yield thus facilely was to him incredible. Still, his father had seen Nelchen, had talked with Nelchen . . . the eyes of the fearful man devoured her.

Now the prince rose to his feet.

"Fresh glasses, Vanringham," he ordered;

and then: "I give you a toast. Through desire of love and happiness you young people have stolen a march on me. Eh, I am not Sganarelle of the comedy! therefore, I cheerfully drink to love and happiness. I consider that Louis is not in the right, but I know that he is wise, my daughter, as concerns his soul's health, in clinging to you rather than to a tinsel crown. Of Fate I have demanded -like Sganarelle of the comedy-prosaic equity and common sense; of Fate he has in turn demanded happiness: and Fate will at her leisure decide between us. Meantime, I drink to love and happiness, since I, too, remember. I know better than to argue with Louis, you observe, my Nelchen; we de Soyecourts are not lightly severed from any notion we have taken up. So I drink to love and happiness! to the perdurable supplication of youth!" They drank.

"To your love, my son," said the Prince de Gâtinais, "to the true love of a de Soyecourt." And afterwards he laughingly drank: "To your happiness, my daughter, to your

eternal happiness."

Nelchen sipped. The two men stood with drained glasses. Now on a sudden the Prince de Gâtinais groaned and clutched his breast.

"I was ever a glutton," he said hoarsely.
"I should have been more moderate—I am

faint-"

"Salts are the best thing in the world," said Nelchen, with fine readiness. She was halfway up the stairs. "A moment, monseigneur—a moment, and I fetch salts." Nelchen Thorn had disappeared into her room.

The prince sat drumming upon the table with his long white fingers. He had waved the marquis and Vanringham aside.

"A passing weakness-I am not ada-

mant," he had said half peevishly.

"Then I prescribe another glass of this really excellent wine," laughed Louis de Soyecourt. At heart he was not merry, and his own unreasoning nervousness irritated him, for it seemed to him, quite irrationally, that the atmosphere of the cheery room was, without forewarning, become tense and expectant, appalled to much the hush that precedes the bursting of a thunderstorm. And accordingly he now laughed beyond temperance.

"I prescribe another glass, sir," said he. Eh, that is the true panacea for faintness—for every ill. Come, we will drink to the most beautiful woman in Poictesme—nay, I am too modest—to the most beautiful woman in France, in Europe, in the whole universe! Feriam sidera, my father! and confound all mealy-mouthed reticence, for you have both seen her. Confess, am I not a lucky man? Come, Vanringham, too, shall drink. No glasses?—take Nelchen's, then. Come, you lucky rascal, you shall drink to the bride from the bride's own half-emptied glass. To the most beautiful woman— Why, what the devil——!"

Vanringham had blurted out an odd unhuman sound and had gone ashen. His extended hand shook and jerked, as in irresolution, and presently struck the proffered glass from de Soyecourt's grasp. You heard the tiny crash very audible in the stillness, and afterwards the irregular drumming of the old prince's finger tips against the table. He had not raised his head, had not moved.

Presently Louis de Soyecourt came to him, without speaking, and placed one hand under his father's chin, and lifted his countenance like a dead weight toward his own. Thus the two men regarded one another. Their

silence was rather horrible.

"It was not in vain that I dabbled with chemistry all these years," at last said the guttural voice of the Prince de Gâtinais. "Yes, the child is dead by this. Let us recognize the fact that we are de Soyecourts,

you and I."

But his son had flung aside the passive wrinkled face, and then with a hard, straining gesture wiped the fingers that had touched it upon the sleeve of his left arm. He turned to the stairway. His right hand grasped the newel post and gripped it so firmly that he seemed less to surmount than by one despairing effort to lift his whole body to the first step. He ascended slowly, with a queer shamble, and disappeared into Nelchen's room.

"What next, monseigneur?" said Vanring-

ham, half whispering,

"Why, next," said the Prince de Gâtinais, "I imagine that he will kill us both. Meantime, as Louis says, the wine is really excellent. So you may refill my glass, my man."

He was selecting from the comfit dish, with wariness, the bonbon of the most conspicuous allure, when his son returned into the apartment. Very tenderly Louis de Soyecourt laid his burden upon a settle and then drew the old man toward it.

"See, my father," he said, "she was only a

child. Never in her brief life had she wronged anyone, never, I believe, had she known an unkind thought. Always she laughed, you understand—oh, my father, is it not pitiable that Nelchen will never laugh any more?"

"I entreat of God to have mercy upon her soul," said the old Prince de Gâtinais. "I entreat of God that the soul of her murderer may dwell eternally in the nethermost pit of

hell."

"I cry amen," Louis de Soyecourt said. The prince turned toward him.

"And will you kill me now, Louis?"

"I cannot," said the other. "Is it not an excellent jest, that I should be your son and still be human? Yet as for your instrument, your cunning butler—" He wheeled. "Come, Vanringham!" he barked. "We are unarmed. Come, my man, for I mean to kill you with my naked hands."

"Vanringham!" The prince leaped forward. "Behind me, Vanringham!" As the valet ran to him the old Prince de Gâtinais caught a knife from the table and buried it to the handle in Vanringham's breast. The man coughed, choked, clutched his assassin by either shoulder; thus he stood with a bewildered face, shuddering visibly, every muscle twitching. Suddenly he shrieked, with an odd gurgling noise, and his grip relaxed, and Francis Vanringham seemed to crumple among his garments, so that he shrank rather than fell to the floor. His hands stretched forward, his fingers spreading and for a moment writhing in agony, and then he lay quite still.

"You progress, my father," said Louis de Soyecourt quietly. "And what new infamy

may I now look for?"

"A valet!" said the prince. "You would have fought with him—a valet! He topped you by six inches. And the man was desperate. Your life was in danger. And your life is valuable."

"I have earlier perceived, my father, that

you prize human life very highly."

The Prince de Gâtinais struck sharply upon the table.

"I prize the welfare of France. To secure this it is necessary that you and no other reign in Noumaria. But for that girl you would have yielded just now. So to the welfare of France I sacrifice the knave at my feet, the child yonder, and my own soul. Let us remember that we are de Soyecourts, you and I."

"Rather I see in you," began the younger man, "a fiend. I see in you an ignobler Iudas——"

"And I in you the savior of France. Let us remember that we are de Soyecourts, you and I. And for six centuries our first duty has ever been the preservation of France. Your heart is broken, my son, for you loved this girl as I loved your mother, and now you can nevermore quite believe in the love God bears for us all; and my soul is damned irretrievably: but we are de Soyecourts, you and I, and accordingly we rejoice and drink to France, to the true love of a de Soyecourt! to France preserved! to France mighty once more among her peers!"

Louis de Soyecourt stood quite motionless. Only his eyes roved toward his father, then to the body that had been Nelchen's. He yelped like a wolf as he caught up his glass.

"You have conquered. What else have I to live for now? To France, you devil!"

"To France, my son!" The glasses clinked. "To the true love of a de Soyecourt!" And immediately the Prince de Gâtinais fell at his son's feet.

"You will go into Noumaria?"

"What does that matter now?" the other wearily said. "Yes, I suppose so. Get up, you devil!"

But the Prince de Gâtinais had caught at either ankle. His hands were ice.

"Then we preserve France, you and I. We are both damned, I think, but it is worth while, Louis. In hell we may remember that it was well worth while. I have slain your very soul, my dear son, but France is saved." The old man fell prone. "Forgive me, my son! For see, I yield you what reparation I may. See, Louis-I was chemist enough for two. Wine of my own vintage I have tasted, of the brave vintage that now revives all France. And I swear to you the child did not suffer, Louis, not-not much. See, Louis! she did not suffer." A convulsion tore at and shook the aged body, and twitched awry the mouth that had smiled so resolutely.

Louis de Soyecourt knelt and caught up the wrinkled face between both hands.

"My father—!" he cried. Afterwards he kissed the dead lips tenderly.

"Teach me how to live, dear," said Louis de Soyecourt, "for I begin to understand—in part, I understand, my father." And for that moment even Nelchen Thorn was forgotten.

THE MENACE OF MECHANICAL MUSIC

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



VEEPING across the country with the speed of a transient fashion in slang or Panama hats, political war cries or popular novels, comes now the mechanical device to sing

for us a song or play for us a piano, in substitute for human skill, intelligence, and soul. Only by harking back to the day of the roller skate or the bicycle craze, when sports of admitted utility ran to extravagance and virtual madness, can we find a parallel to the way in which these ingenious instruments have invaded every community in the land. And if we turn from this comparison in pure me-

chanics to another which may fairly claim a similar proportion of music in its soul, we may observe the English sparrow, which, introduced and welcomed in all innocence, lost no time in multiplying itself to the dignity of a pest, to the destruction of numberless native song birds, and the invariable regret of those who did not stop to think in time.

On a matter upon which I feel so deeply, and which I consider so farreaching, I am quite willing to be reckoned an alarmist, admittedly swayed in part by personal interest, as well as by the impending harm to American musical art. I foresee a marked deterioration in American music and musical taste, an interruption in the musical development of the country, and a host of other injuries to music in its artistic manifestations, by virtue—or rather by vice -of the multiplication of the various musicreproducing machines. When I add to this that I myself and every other popular composer are victims of a serious infringement on our clear moral rights in our own work, I but offer a second reason why the facts and conditions should be made clear to everyone, alike in the interest of musical art and of fair play.

> It cannot be denied that the owners and inventors have shown wonderful aggressiveness and ingenuity in developing and exploiting these remarkable devices. Their mechanism has been steadily and marvelously improved, and they have come into very extensive use. And it must be admitted that where families lack time or inclination to acquire musical technic, and to hear public performances, the best of these machines supply a certain amount of satisfaction and pleasure.



"What might be called a fair reproduction of Jove's prerogative."



"'There is a man in there playing the piano with his hands!'"

But heretofore, the whole course of music, from its first day to this, has been along the line of making it the expression of soul states; in other words, of pouring into it soul. Wagner, representing the climax of this movement, declared again and again, "I will not write even one measure of music that is not

thoroughly sincere."

From the days when the mathematical and mechanical were paramount in music, the struggle has been bitter and incessant for the sway of the emotional and the soulful. And now, in this the twentieth century, come these talking and playing machines, and offer again to reduce the expression of music to a mathematical system of megaphones, wheels, cogs, disks, cylinders, and all manner of revolving things, which are as like real art as the marble statue of Eve is like her beautiful, living, breathing daughters.

Away back in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries rebellion had its start against musical automatics, Palestrina proving in his compositions, that music is life, not mathematics; and Luther showing, in his sublime hymns for congregational use and in his adaptations of secular melody for the church, that music could be made the pouring out of the souls of the many in one grand, eternal song. From the days of these pioneers, all great workers in the musical vineyard have given their best powers to the development of fruit, ever finer and more luscious, and in the doing have brought their

art near and nearer to the emotional life of man.

The nightingale's song is delightful because the nightingale herself gives it forth. The boy with a penny whistle and glass of water may give an excellent imitation, but let him persist, he is sent to bed as a nuisance. Thunder inspires awe in its connection with nature, but two lusty bass drummers can drive you mad by what might be called a fair reproduction of Jove's prerogative. I doubt if a dramatist could be inspired to write a tragedy by witnessing the mournful development and dénouement of "Punch and Judy" or an actress improve her delineation of heroic character by hearing the sobs of a Parisian doll. Was Garner led to study language and manners of the orang-outang and his kin by watching the antics of a monkey-on-a-stick?

It is the living, breathing example alone that is valuable to the student and can set into motion his creative and performing abilities. The ingenuity of a phonograph's mechanism may incite the inventive genius to its improvement, but I could not imagine that a performance by it would ever inspire embryotic Mendelssohns, Beethovens, Mozarts, and Wagners to the acquirement of technical skill, or to the grasp of human possibilities in the art.

Elson, in his "History of American Music," says: "The true beginnings of American



"Incongruous as canned salmon by a trout brook."

music—seeds that finally grew into a harvest of native composition—must be sought in a field almost as unpromising as that of the Indian music itself—the rigid, narrow, and often commonplace psalm-singing of New

England."

Step by step through the centuries, working in an atmosphere almost wholly monopolized by commercial pursuit, America has advanced art to such a degree that to-day she is the Mecca toward which journey the artists of all nations. Musical enterprises are given financial support here as nowhere else in the universe, while our appreciation of music is bounded only by our geographical limits.

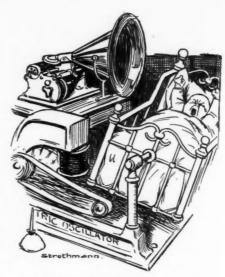
This wide love for the art springs from the singing school, secular or sacred; from the village band, and from the study of those instruments that are nearest the people. There are more pianos, violins, guitars, mandolins, and banjos among the working classes of America than in all the rest of the world, and the presence of these instruments in the homes has given employment to enormous numbers of teachers who have patiently taught the children and inculcated a love for music throughout the various communities.

Right here is the menace in machine-made music! The first rift in the lute has appeared. The cheaper of these instruments of the home are no longer being purchased as formerly, and all because the automatic music devices are usurping their places.

And what is the result? The child be-



"With a gramophone caroling love songs from amidships."



"Will the infant be put to sleep by machinery?"

comes indifferent to practice, for when music can be heard in the homes without the labor of study and close application, and without the slow process of acquiring a technic, it will be simply a question of time when the amateur disappears entirely, and with him a host of vocal and instrumental teachers, who will be

without field or calling.

Great Britain is experiencing this decline in domestic music and the English press is discussing it seriously in its editorials. A recent writer in the London Spectator dwells at considerable length upon the prevailing condition, and points to the novel as a sign of the times. The present-day fashionable writer of society fiction, he declares, does not find it necessary to reënforce his heroine with vocal accomplishment, "as in the good old days." He ascribes the passing of home performance, both vocal and instrumental, to the newborn love of athletics among the maids of Albion, together with the introduction of the phonograph as a mechanical substitute for amateur performances.

He believes that the exclamation of the little boy who rushed into his mother's room with the appeal: "O mamma, come into the drawing-room; there is a man in there playing the piano with his hands," is far less extravagant than many similar excursions into the domain of humorous and human

prophecy. He states from observation, that music has been steadily declining in Great Britain as a factor in domestic life, and that the introduction of machine-made music into the household is largely helping to assist in the

change.

While a craze for athletics may have something to do with the indifference of the amateur performer in Great Britain, I do not believe it is much of a factor in this country. It is quite true that American girls have followed the athletic trend of the nation for a long while; at the same time they have made much headway in music, thanks to studious application. But let the mechanical music-maker be generally introduced into the

homes; hour for hour these same girls will listen to the machine's performance, and, sure as can be, lose finally all interest in

technical study.

Under such conditions the tide of amateurism cannot but recede, until there will be left only the mechanical device and the professional executant. Singing will no longer be a fine accomplishment; vocal exercises, so important a factor in the curriculum of physical culture, will be out of vogue!

Then what of the national throat? Will it not weaken? What of the national chest? Will it

not shrink?

When a mother can turn on the phonograph with the same ease that she applies to the electric light, will she croon her baby to slumber with sweet lullabys, or will the infant be put to sleep by machinery?

Children are naturally imitative, and if, in their infancy, they hear only phonographs, will they not sing, if they sing at all, in imitation and finally become simply human phonographs—without soul or expression? Congregational singing will suffer also, which, though crude at times, at least improves the respiration of many a weary sinner and softens the voices of those who live amid tumult and noise.

The host of mechanical reproducing ma-

chines, in their mad desire to supply music for all occasions, are offering to supplant the illustrator in the class room, the dance orchestra, the home and public singers and players, and so on. Evidently they believe no field too large for their incursions, no claim too extravagant. But the further they can justify these claims, the more noxious the whole system becomes.

Just so far as a spirit of emulation once inspired proud parent or aspiring daughter to send for the music teacher when the neighbor child across the way began to take lessons, the emulation is turning to the purchase of a rival piano player in each house, and the hope of developing the local musical

personality is eliminated.

The country dance orchestra of violin, guitar, and melodeon had to rest at times, and the resultant interruption afforded the opportunity for general sociability and rest among the entire company. Now a tireless mechanism can keep everlastingly at it, and much of what made the dance a wholesome recreation is eliminated.

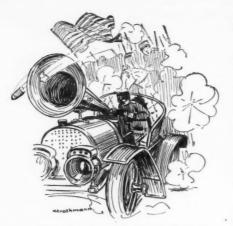
The country band, with its energetic renditions, its loyal support by local merchants, its benefit concerts, band wagon, gay uniforms, state tournaments, and the attendant pride and gayety, is apparently doomed to vanish in the general assault on personality in music.

There was a time when the pine woods of the north were sacred to summer simplicity, when around the camp fire at night the stories were told and the songs were sung with a charm all their own. But even now the invasion of the north has begun, and the ingenious purveyor of canned music is urging the sportsman, on his way to the silent places with gun and rod, tent and canoe, to take with him some disks, cranks, and cogs to sing to him as he sits by the firelight, a thought as unhappy and incongruous as canned salmon by a trout brook.

In the prospective scheme of mechanical music, we shall see man and maiden in a light canoe under the summer moon upon an



"Led to study language and manners of the orang-outang."



"Led into the strife by a machine."

Adirondack lake with a gramophone caroling love songs from amidships. The Spanish cavalier must abandon his guitar and serenade his beloved with a phonograph under his arm.

Shall we not expect that when the nation once more sounds its call to arms and the gallant regiment marches forth, there will be no majestic drum major, no serried ranks of sonorous trombones, no glittering array of brass, no rolling of drums? In their stead will be a huge phonograph, mounted on a roo H. P. automobile, grinding out "The Girl I left Behind Me," "Dixie," and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

How the soldiers' bosoms will swell at the thought that they are being led into the strife by a machine! And when in camp at night, they are gathered about the cheery fire, it will not be:

Give us a song, the soldier cried.

It will not be:

They sang of love, and not of fame, Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie,"

But it will be:

Whir-whir-whir-Song by the Bungtown Quartet: "Your Name is Dennis."

Shades of Alexander, of Washington, of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Grant, and of the other immortal heroes! Never again will the soldier hear the defiant call of the bugle to battle, and the historic lines must be changed to:

"Gentlemen of the French guards, turn on your phonographs first."

And the future d'Auteroches will reply: "Sir, we never turn on our phonographs

first; please to turn yours first."

It is at the fireside that we look for virtue and patriotism; for songs that stir the blood and fire the zeal; for songs of home, of mother, and of love, that touch the heart and brighten the eye. Music teaches all that is beautiful in this world. Let us not hamper it with a machine that tells the story day by day, without variation, without soul, barren of the joy, the passion, the ardor that is the inheritance of man alone.

And now a word on a detail of personal interest which has a right to be heard because it voices a claim for fair play, far-reaching in its effects beyond the personal profit of one or many individuals. I venture to say that it will come as an entire surprise to almost every reader to learn that the composers of the music now produced so widely by the mechanical players of every sort draw no profit from it whatever. Composers are entirely unprotected by the copyright laws of the United States as at present written on the statute books and interpreted by the courts. The composer of the most popular waltz or march of the year must see it seized, reproduced at will on wax cylinder, brass disk, or strip of perforated paper, multiplied indefinitely, and sold at large profit all over the country, without a penny of remuneration to himself for the use of this original product of his brain.

It is this fact that is the immediate occasion of the present article, for the whole subject has become acute by reason of certain proposed legislation in Congress at Washington. The two phases of the subject—fair play to music and fair play to musicians—are so naturally connected that I have not hesitated to cover the legal and the artistic sides of the question in a single discussion.

A new copyright bill was introduced in Congress at the last session, a joint committee met on June 6th, to hear arguments on the bill as presented, and the following paragraph was cause for lively discussion on the part of the various talking-machine interests and composers represented:

Paragraph (G) of Section I, which provides "that the copyright secured by this Act shall include the sole and exclusive right to make, sell, distribute, or let for hire any device, contrivance, or appliance especially

adapted in any manner whatsoever to reproduce to the ear the whole or any material part of any work published and copyrighted after this Act shall have gone into effect, or by means of any such device or appliance publicly to reproduce to the ear the whole or any material part of such work."

I was among those present, and became particularly keen on the efforts of opposing interests to impress upon the committee by specious argument and fallacious interpretation that the composer of music had no rights under the Constitution that they were bound to respect; and that remedial legislation was wholly out of the question until the Constitu-

tion had first been amended.

One gentleman went the length of declaring that he would never have worked out his reproducing apparatus, had he not felt confident that the Constitution gave him the right to appropriate the brightest efforts of the American composer, and he voiced the belief that any act giving the composer ownership in his own property would be most unconstitutional.

Asked if he claimed the right to take one of my compositions and use it in connection with his mechanical device without compensation to myself, his unselfish reply was: "Under the Constitution and all the laws of the land, I say Yes, decidedly!"

Asked if he was not protected in his patents, his answer was promptly in the affirmative, but he seemed wholly unable to grasp the proposition that a composer should ask for similar protection on his creative work.

Asked finally if he desired the Constitution amended, he replied magnanimously: "No, sir, I want the Constitution to stand as it is."

Of course it must not be overlooked that in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals a case has just been decided adversely to the composer's rights in the profits accruing from the use of his compositions on the talking and playing machines, but this case awaits final adjudication, on appeal, in the United States Supreme Court. Judges Lacombe, Coxe, and Townsend rendered a decision as follows:

"We are of the opinion that a perforated paper roll, such as is manufactured by defendant, is not a copy of complainant's staff notation, for the following reasons:

"It is not a copy in fact; it is not designed to be read or actually used in reading music as the original staff notation is; and the claim that it may be read, which is practically disproved by the great preponderance of evidence, even if true, would establish merely a theory or possibility of use, as distinguished from an actual use. The argument that because the roll is a notation or record of the music, it is, therefore, a copy, would apply to the disk of the phonograph or the barrel of the organ, which, it must be admitted, are not copies of the sheet music. The perforations in the rolls are not a varied form of symbols substituted for the symbols used by the author. They are mere adjuncts of a valve mechanism in a machine. In fact, the machine, or musical playing device, is the thing which appropriates the author's property and publishes it by producing the musical sounds, thus conveying the author's composition to the public."

May I ask, does this machine appropriate the author's composition without human assistance? Is the machine a free agent? Does it go about to seek whom it may devour? And if, as quoted above, the machine "publishes it," is not the owner of the machine

responsible for its acts?

Is a copyright simply represented by a sheet of music? Is there no more to it than the silent notation? The little black spots on the five lines and spaces, the measured bars, are merely the record of birth and existence of a musical thought. These marks are something beyond the mere shape, the color, the length of the pages. They are only one form



"The Spanish cavalier must abandon bis guitar."

of recording the coming into the world of a newly fashioned work, which, by the right of authorship, inherent and constitutional, belongs to him who conceived it. They are no more the living theme which they record than the description of a beautiful woman is the woman herself.

Should the day come that the courts will give me the absolute power of controlling my compositions, which I feel is now mine under the Constitution, then I am not so sure that my name will appear

as often as at present in the catalogues of the talking and playing machines.

Evidently Judge Abinger, of the English bar, believes in the doctrine of substance, for

"The most unlettered in music can distinguish one song from another; and the mere adaptation of the air, either by changing it to a dance, or by transferring it from one instrument to another, does not, even to common apprehension, alter the original subject. The ear tells you that it is the same. The original air requires the aid of genius for its construction; but a mere mechanic in music can make the adaptation or accompaniment. Substantially the piracy is where the appropriated music, though adapted to a different purpose from that of the original, may still be recognized by the ear."

Again the English court says:

"The composition of a new air or melody is entitled to protection; and the appropriation of the whole, or of any substantial part of it, without the license of the author, is a piracy, and the adaptation of it, either by changing it to a dance, or by transferring it from one instrument to another, if the ear detects the same air, in the same arrangement, will not relieve it from the penalty."



"Does it go about to seek whom it may devour?"

The section of the Constitution on which my whole legal contention is based provides:

"The Congress shall have power to secure for limited time to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

And my claim is, that the words "exclusive" and "writings," particularly the latter, are so broad in their meaning that they cover every point raised by existing copyright laws, even to the unauthorized use of musical com-

positions by mechanical-reproducing apparatuses, and all this because these two words deal, not alone with the letter, but with the

spirit as well.

But let the ambiguities in the text of law be what they may; let there be of legal quips and quirks as many as you please, for the life of me I am puzzled to know why the powerful corporations controlling these playing and talking machines are so totally blind to the moral and ethical questions involved. Could anything be more blamable, as a matter of principle, than to take an artist's composition, reproduce it a thousandfold on their machines, and deny him all participation in the large financial returns, by hiding back of the diaphanous pretense that in the guise of a disk or roll, his composition is not his property?

Do they not realize that if the accredited composers, who have come into vogue by reason of merit and labor, are refused a just reward for their efforts, a condition is almost sure to arise where all incentive to further creative work is lacking, and compositions will no longer flow from their pens; or where they will be compelled to refrain from publishing their compositions at all, and control them in manuscript? What, then, of the playing and talking machines?

FOR THE GLORY OF THE SON OF HEAVEN

BY GRANT WALLACE*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON



HUD-CHIK, thud-chik, thud-chik!" droned the wooden voice of the great lever head of the rice mill, as Komatchi-san, like a patient treadmill dog, stepped alternately on and

off the far end of the maullike lever. Three hours she had thumped the raw rice, and still the branlike husks clung fast to the alabaster grains. For the fourth time the girl stepped down from the lever platform into her waiting gita clogs, thrust the thongs between her brown toes, and scraped her way across the

dirt floor to the hopper.

From her corner another figure, slim and bent, rose from turning her small tome fanning mill. Approaching the hopper she stood at the side of her apple-cheeked daughter and wearily ran a fistful of brown, deckled grains from hand to hand. The breath with which she blew away the chaff ended in a sigh. Komatchi-san adjusted the faded black shoulder straps to bring higher the shaven poll of the baby brother who, astride her waist, clung, sleeping, to her bent back. With a weary gesture she sat down on the end of the ancient rice maul and buried her olive cheeks in her knuckles. She looked out dully through the open front of the hut with its thatch of rice straw, across the dusty road to where the gold and red lacquered ancient temple of Kanzensha, "The Place for Urging the Good," loomed behind the gatelike stone pillars of the torii, and wondered whether the shide prayer papers which festooned it would bring good fortune to the toilers of the rice mill. Then her gaze rested upon a heavy-muscled youth in a blue tunic and black mushroom hat, sitting on the shafts of his ricksha by the roadside, and she sighed again; but the boy, Hoko Sato, kept his unwinking gaze fixed on the ground.

"O Komatchi-san, my daughter," said the aged fanner, "the gemnai maul is not light, the child on your shoulders is heavy, and your heart is heavier still. The hillside rice is hard—hard, perhaps, as the heart of the foreign money lender in Kobe; and the husks cling, like misfortune to the poor. . . . Do you think you have it clean enough?"

"Fit for coolies only, Okka-san," said Komatchi-san, rising, "and maybe fit for the miserable widow and daughter of the honorable samurai who died gloriously at Wei-Hi-Wai, fighting the pigtail people, but not yet augustly clean enough for the soldiers of the Emperor who are now billeted in our unworthy hovel."

"Nor yet for Hoko-san, who yesterday was rejected from the army of the Emperor because his heart was weak?" queried the widow, peering narrowly into her face.

"For the soldiers who are worthy to go forward to death, I will make it as white as the crown of Fuji Yama," said the girl;

^{*}The author, during the late Russo-Japanese war, was the only English-speaking correspondent with General Nodzu's army, and, so far as he is aware, the only white man who ever participated in the desperate charges of the Japanese. He witnessed every important incident related in this story. The attempt herein has been to picture to Western eyes the little-known mainsprings of the bravery of the Japanese Tommy Atkins, and to depict the underlying emotions of the private soldier under stress—the only occasions when the veneer is rubbed off and the Human Being emerges. The scenes on the battle-field are not fiction, but fact.—The Editor.

adding with a trace of bitterness unusual to the gentle musume: "Asses are fit only to be blindfolded and pull the bean mill, and those who pull rickshas are thought to have the hearts of asses; so rice husks ought to be fit for them. Yesterday, peeping through the torn shoji I saw something which shows that the soul also of Hoko-san is as bad as his heart. His ricksha was piled high with the ancestral tea sets and wrought copper vessels and, worst of all, the swords of his father and grandfather. I saw him unload them before the door of Kubota, the old nakoda [marriage broker] who deals in antique things; and when he returned, in his handkerchief jingled many silver yen. Is it not well, Okka-san, that they who so dishonor their ancestors should be rejected from among those who are fit to go out to die for the august Son of Heaven? Doubtless he will fling this wealth away on banquets of sake and skinned eels and on geishas who strum the samisen."

The mother moved wearily back to the

fanning mill.

"I had thought better than this of Hoko Sato," she said. "The old nakoda, who has arranged many good marriages in Hiroshima. has thought that this boy should be my son to bear our name of Taguchi; for if a widow have a son but no money, she cannot be called poor. The go-between is to come today to arrange it."

Komatchi-san slipped out of her gita, mounted the platform, and placed one bare,

brown foot on the lever.

"I am the daughter of a samurai," she said proudly, looking into the face of her mother with stormy eves; then making a low obeisance, she added, "but the rice blades must bend when the wind blows across them!"

The heavy chug of the rice maul and the rasping whir of the fanning mill were renewed. Keith Warren, war correspondent, who had been sipping green tea in the adjoining room, tossed forty sen to the kneeling nesan [serving maid] and crossed to his ricksha before the old temple, just as an aged man in a gray kimono kicked off his sandals and bowed low at the door of the rice mill. It was the marriage broker, Kubota.

It had been a long and dusty ride for Warren, from the harbor of Ugina to the beautiful valley city of Hiroshima. He had taken the dust of half a thousand man-pulled carts piled high with mats of rice, boxes of steel shells, and wooden panniers of Red Cross supplies; and for half an hour his silent man-horse had jolted the ricksha over the chuck holes at the side of the narrow dikehighway, while a long train of pontoon boatsections on wheels, monopolizing the road. had creaked southward to the waiting transports. Now a group of khaki-clad officers rode their shaggy little ponies past, and the thud-thud of the rice mill was echoed from up the street by Nodzu's brigades of lusty

mountain boys.

Warren looked at his ricksha boy with new interest. Hoko Sato was now leaning over a mossy stone lantern, frowning hard at the ground near where he had thrown his mushroom hat. The blue towel around his forehead was stained with dust and perspiration. and dust was on his tunic and on his bare. iron-muscled legs. A chutai of new recruits from the valley rice fields, each with three cartridge cases and a bayonet buckled round his waist, and a piebald, hairy cowskin knapsack on his back, lounged under the acacia trees between the bamboo fence and the ancient shrine. With many polite genuflections, they shared a box of Pinhead cigarettes. The brown soldiers clicked the freshly oiled breech pins of their light Murata rifles and laughed good-humoredly at a fresh conscript who, facing a man-shaped wooden target at the far end of the compound, was taking uncertain aim at it with both eyes, without having removed a telltale chrysanthemum from the muzzle of his weapon. A passing corporal, smiling broadly, slapped the moody ricksha coolie on the back, shouting:

"Ho, Hoko-san, why do you not put on the Emperor's white kimono of death, and go to war too? Is it that you prefer the soft arms and the smiling moon-faces of musumes to

the flag of the Rising Sun?"

Hoko Sato's gaze wandered past the torii and rested for an instant on the fair form of the maid of the rice mill. A flush mounted and showed through the copper of his cheeks. He made a fierce gesture as of renunciation, drew in his breath with a hissing sound, and turned with a bow and a smile to his tormentor.

"Augustly deign to forgive the rudeness of an unworthy piece of mud," he said, "but my friend the corporal is unjust. The arms of a fair maid are not to be despised; but they are no more for me. I went to the recruiting station. I tried. See! My muscles are like thongs of bullhide. My feet have pounded dust twenty miles a day for two years between the shafts of the kurumma, and I could race

the Gray Rats from Ryo-Jun-Ko [Port Arthur] to Harbin, without tiring. My chest is as broad as that of Field Marshal Oyama, and I know the sword drill and the bayonet drill; but the surgeon-major believes my heart is weak."

"So, des'ka?" queried the corporal, all sympathy now. "I am heartbroken for your miserable fate. The bad heart is ever the

curse of the man-horses."

"Evil times have come," said Hoko Sato, "since my father, the stout-hearted samurai, Kodika, retainer of the Daimio Ayoyama, helped to overthrow the Shogun. I have sold all the heirlooms but the funeral urns, the long sword, and this"; he tapped the hilt of the hara-kiri dagger in his cloth belt. "Either I will bear the long sword against the Russian rats, or I will give my life to my Emperor with the short one. . . . When does our regiment embark?"

"To-night secretly at Ugina at the Hour of the Ox. But now it is time for our chu-tai to enter the temple where we dedicate our bodies to the Mikado and renounce life."

The swinging wooden beam struck the great temple bell, and as the sonorous tones rolled over Hiroshima, the men, ceasing their dummy target practice, stacked their rifles and filed past two black-robed priests and through the broad, carved portals of the temple. Hoko Sato bowed and moved away.

"I will carry a Murata on board the transport at moonrise to-night, or—" He tapped

the dagger significantly.

"Hara-kiri is only for those whom the gods need more than the Mikado," said the corporal. "Perhaps some other surgeon may yet accept you among our rentai. Did you question the god Kwannon in this regard?"

Hoko Sato paused and lifted his gaze from the grass, hissed, and bowed smilingly.

"Arigata! Yuki beshi [thanks, I will go]." A few moments later Warren found him standing close by the wire netting enclosing a mossy gray stone image near the temple, fiercely chewing bits of thin rice paper into pellets, and hurling them through the screen at the head of the god. Amazed at such evidence of what seemed to Occidental eyes reckless desecration, he watched him. The first spitball struck the god beneath the right eye and stuck fast.

"Hah!" uttered Hoko, and brightened visibly. The second ball glanced from the neck of the stone image and fell to the ground.

The third, striking the wire netting, dropped short. The boy's face fell. But when the fourth and fifth landed safely on the god's breast and stuck fast, Hoko lifted his open palms far above his head with a noiseless laugh; then, bending low, he rubbed them along his knees and turned away. Now his step was confident and his head erect. Immediately he found himself face to face with a trim little figure in a gray kimono. It was O Komatchi-san, the rice girl. A kaido flower was in her raven hair. She had been watching the fate of the prayer balls of the ricksha boy.

Hoko-san bowed low, but it was to the back of the girl, for she had turned quickly toward the temple, pretending a sudden absorbing interest in the droning tones of the priests and the rows of young soldiers squatting on the mats inside, receiving the rites of purification and dedication to death. Perplexed he looked at the girl, then turned away. Picking up a rifle, he sat down on the shafts of his ricksha and began examining the mechanism.

Kubota, the old nakoda, shuffling from the rice mill across the way, paused at the side of Komatchi-san and contorted his face into a

toothless smile.

"All is arranged, blossom-cheeked daughter of the house of Taguchi!" he said. "In one month, on the day of the Festival of the Iris, you are to become the wife of Hoko-san."

Komatchi-san bowed gravely until the pillow-like knot of her scarlet obi was on a

level with her glistening hair.

"The will of my honorable mother is mine," she said. "But tell me, nakoda, is it honorable for a daughter of a samurai to wed one who sells his ancestral urns and swords to buy sake and tabako?"

"Nay," said the nakoda, "but it is most honorable to marry one who sells these heirlooms and contributes every yen of the proceeds to the war fund of the Mikado."

The young girl pressed her hands over her heart and looked into the face of the nakoda with shining eyes. Then, bowing low, she turned away. "So, the heart of Hoko-san is not bad," she whispered, and smiled.

Approaching the ricksha boy, she touched him timidly on the shoulder. He arose, the

rifle across his arm.

"Will not Hoko-san deign graciously to cast the honorable spitball to see whether the gods favor our marriage?" she asked.

"The gods have already spoken to me," he answered. "The Emperor has need of

me." He pressed his cheek to the side of the steel rifle barrel. "This is my wife!"

Komatchi-san bit her lip and, with a low obeisance, walked slowly away. She stood silently by the side of the old stone god. After a moment she went down into her sleeve for a small roll of rice paper, which she chewed into pellets as the boy had done.

"O Hotoke," she cried, "deign to smile on the desire of the unenlightened and the humble. When Hoko-san cast the naruko prayer balls, it was for war. Thou hast kept three balls out of five, and made his heart glad. Mine I cast for love. Deign, O Hotoke, also to answer my poor naruko!"

One after another she threw the five pellets. One after another they fell to the ground. The color fled from the face of Komatchisan. She twined her slim fingers into the screen and pressed her round forehead hard against the cold wires. The god stared stonily at her closed eyes and trembling shoulders, but his breast was not colder nor heavier than the heart of Komatchi-san. The soldiers filed out of the temple and clanked noisily by, their backs toward home and love. It was no time for the gods of Nippon to be answering the prayers of lovelorn maids.

Again Warren saw Hoko Sato, a ricksha boy no longer, but a clay-colored cog in the mighty wheel of the Emperor's fighting machine. It was at noon of the last day of the month of the leave-taking from summer. Having lost himself from Oku's corps, Keith Warren had strayed into the Takushan army of General Nodzu. On the safe side of a steep, bowlder-warted hill, the highest on a ten-mile front, half of Nodzu's units, beardless veterans of half a dozen bloody night battles, lay awaiting the order to charge. They clung like periwinkles to the sheltering rocks, or snored in utter exhaustion, roofed under their little rain-soaked squares of canvas stuck on upright bayonets.

To his left Warren saw the flat valley filled with Oku's fighting sphinxes. The khakiclad host sifted out of the cane toward the Russian hill trenches, singly, by twos, and in groups of a dozen. There were three miles of them, dodging forward in a slow assault, feverishly spading out shelter holes, firing apparently at calm nature on the barbed-wire-guarded Gibraltars, swept in turn by a plunging fire of nickel-shod bullets and skydescending shrapnel, while three hundred Japanese cannon in the cane behind them

flung an answering storm of steel cylinders over their heads.

Like a swarm of disturbed ants the little empire shakers crossed each other's trails at all angles, dodged, ran crouching, dropped behind Manchu grave cones or in depressions, or fell face down in the open beanfields to send up a sputter of smokeless shots, or to die, he could not tell. To his Western eyes it suggested a monstrous baseball game with five thousand times the usual number of players, widely scattered, sprinting a few yards at a time, sliding on their bellies to bases, ten thousand of them already struck out forever, the rest straining for the favorable decision of the umpire; and the name of that umpire was Death.

On the right, Nodzu's men were stalking Orloff's doomed regiments, Indian fashion; and far beyond the ancient pagoda tower of Liao Yang, among the bald toy mountains at the valley's rim, a thousand woolly puffballs as large as hogsheads marked Kuroki's flanking dash to cut the railway and hem in the Slav. At the railway station three miles north, Warren could see the Russian hospital train pulling frantically away from the leaning tower of smoke from the burning city, under a shower of six-inch shells from the Japanese batteries masked in the canefields. A quarter of a mile behind him, concealed back of the hilltops, a hundred of Nodzu's guns and little coyotes of brass howitzers hurled carloads of whining shells low over his head into the powerful redoubts of the Siberian sharpshooters on Scrub Hill and Temple Cone. From three directions the enemy's cannon were enfilading the little hill with shrapnel hail and earth-burrowing percussion shells. In a hundred spots a minute they churned the gravel around him into

spreading geysers and flying sand spume.

A shower of rain, coaxed out of the dun sky by the thunders of cannonading, spattered over the rocks, but without awakening the men, who, after four days of continuous day and night assaults, were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. For the next half hour Warren sat under a scrub oak, against a rock, between Major Hirano and Captain Akiyama, of the Forty-first Regiment. A quart of round shrapnel balls tore through the treetop. The major brushed the fallen twigs out of his lap, stretched his arms, and yawned wearily.

"Forgive my rudeness if I do not stay awake," he said. "For the bayonet fightings, in three nights I have not slept. Call me,



"Three hours she had thumped the raw rice."

please, when Oku Chujo's men get to the wires. We join in the charge then."

He placed his saber under his blue raincoat to keep it dry, pulled the hood over his head, and, sitting on his heels, fell into a heavy sleep, even before his captain, touching him with the toe of a boot worn through with crawling over rocks, could wish him happy dreams, grinning as he spoke the good-night salutation of Japan, "O yasume nasai!"

Crawling around the bowlder, Warren looked toward the Russian position. The air was full of angry bees, all coming toward him, each shrilling a cold "tsee-e!" as it passed. He felt a detaining hand on his puttees. It was Major Hirano, very much awake.

"Come back, please," he said with a bow.
"On that side is very danger. See! If I hold my cap high up, soon quickly I get many bullets through it."

"But I want to go up there where your outposts are sniping the Rokoku," objected the correspondent. "I will take the same chances your men take."

"Honorably different!" he said with another bow. "We are responsible for the good health of the honorable I-jin-san [Mr. Foreigner]." He grasped the tail of Warren's corduroy blouse. "If you get once keeled, I get the reprimand from the sambo hombu [headquarters]."

Keith Warren, war correspondent, having

been held for many weeks five miles back of the danger zone, carefully chaperoned by three suave officers, on the plea that he might bring down remorse and reprimands on the heads of his dry nurses for carelessly permitting himself to be shot, had begun to lose

his regard for the quiet life. He reminded the officer that the general, that very morning, had given him the freedom of the firing line, and he was some two hundred feet from it.

"I will take all the responsibility," he said.

"Very well, then, if you take the responsible, whatever! But if you get keeled, you will blame me not?"

Warren cheerfully promised the major that if he got killed he would not say a word. Pleasantries of that sort are always lost on the Japanese. Hirano looked relieved and wrung the hand of the correspondent. "Sayonara!" [Farewell] he said, and lay down.

Crouching low to escape the level, nickel-shod hail. Warren dodged forward a few yards and dropped down behind a rock by the side of a prostrate Russian soldier in torn,

baggy trousers. He was a huge fellow. His gray blouse was torn and faded, his top boots ripped and rusty red. He lay on his face. His stubbly red hair was caked with purple clots from a diagonal gash above his right ear where the sword of some samurai in the mid-

night assault last night had let his life out. From the bandolier swung across his shoulders, among the cartridge clips, Warren abstracted a single long Russian cigarette.

The shower trailed its ghost skirts away to the east, and the sun smiled on the work of

> death. Far above, under the scurrying clouds, a great prodigy loomed and swung in the sky, tugging back and forth at its rope, like a river boat at its moorings. It was the captive Russian balloon. Through his glasses he could see an olivebloused officer leaning out of the basket, equipped with binoculars and telephone. He was locating Nodzu's hidden batteries and telephoning his information to the Russian artillery captain in the hillside redoubts in front. At intervals Iapanese shells in clusters of six vowled overhead in high rainbow arcs and spat woolly smoke and shrill leaden pellets at the disconcerting aërial spy, ineffectually, however, for the brass howitzers could not be elevated enough.

ing run, and Warren dropped down among the seven Hiroshima boys

Another crouchwho were lying on their bellies behind a low line of bowlders crowning the hogback ridge. They were Japan's most advanced outpost-to watch lest the enemy rush the hill in a counter bayonet attack. Two boys at Warren's left, hollow-eyed, grim, and mud-



"'Mine I cast for love."

crusted, were absorbed in uncertain attempts at tapping Kuropatkin's gas bag. Another, propped against the rock, with a reddening bandage above his ears, was devouring a root pickle. The boy on his right, scissors in hand, lay on his stomach, busily cutting from a paper napkin a miniature white kimono a handbreadth in width. He was letting his gun cool. His arm was decorated with the two stripes of a corporal. A foot overhead every instant the bullets sang a cold "tsee!-tsee!-tsee!" or, caroming on the sheltering rocks, soared with a baffled "whoo-m!" toward the zenith. At the sudden appearance at his elbow of a foreigner, the boy's jaw dropped, he gazed swiftly from Warren to the war balloon and back again, and slewed his rifle around threateningly. Then slowly a broad grin overspread his prognathous, leathery face. It was Hoko Sato.

"Nihon banzai!" [Japan forever!] Warren said, and held out his hand. Hoko Sato wiped the powder grease from his palm on his thigh and gave the correspondent a timid grip, as one who remembered the days when the ricksha shafts were a social barrier. His comrades left their Murata rifles cooling across the rocks, and with many smiles and indrawn hissings and bobbings of heads crawled close and eagerly shook hands, saying, "Beikoku shimbun-shin, yoroshii!" [The American newspaper chap is all right!]-a conclusion obviously drawn from polite haste rather than from knowledge of the species, inasmuch as no foreign barbarian had ever before been seen in Nodzu's "mysterious Takushan army." One offered Warren his canteen of cold tea, another his last chip of hard-tack, all laughing and chattering like children-strange compound of Simple Simon and the giant, Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones!

"So, Hoko-san, they took you into the army, after all?" Warren said.

"It is so, master," he replied. "My naruko, my prayer, was honorably said yes. They sent me to fill the death holes in the ranks in time to fight all night at Tash-i-chiao. I had the happiness to get a bayonet through my side. I made two big-whiskered rats to die. I was not permitted to die." He laughed and added apologetically, "I am very sorry."

"What are you making with your scissors?" asked Warren.

"It is the custom," he said. "I did not have time to go to the temple for the dedication to death and for the oho-harahe—you call the purification—so I shall put on the

kata-shiro—the white kimono—here, and give myself for the glory of the Emperor."

With a flattened shrapnel ball he wrote his name and birthday in jagged chicken tracks on the tiny garment, unhooked his soiled blouse, and pinned the emblem inside. Time had tucked his ancient Shinto religion away, but the simple mountain boy had not forgotten.

Warren handed him the cigarette taken from the dead Russian.

"Arigata!" [I thank you!] said Hoko Sato, with many delighted nods and further hisses. "For the honorable kami-tabako we are very famished."

Taking from his haversack a hollowed-out Russian cartridge, he inserted the cigarette into the larger end; then with a bullet he marked the "coffin nail" off into seven equal sections, lighted it, and smoked down to the first mark. Apologizing to Warren with the usual duck and jerk of the wrist for reaching across his back, Hoko Sato handed the weed to his nearest comrade, who, after taking the invariable three puffs, passed it along to another, and he in turn, after sharing the luxury, gave it to a fourth, who stopped annoying the balloonist long enough to bow, and puff; and so, one contraband cigarette served for the refreshment of the seven.

"So it pleases you to fight for your country, Hoko-san?" asked Warren.

"Country? I don' know," he said.

"For your home," Keith explained, "and maybe for Komatchi-san, in Hiroshima?"

Hoko Sato inserted a cartridge clip into the under side of his rifle, and cautiously raised his head above the rock. He scowled along the gun barrel thoughtfully, fired five times, then turned and said:

"To go home I do not will. To be married for a soldier of Japan is not. We are here to die—but not for rice paddies and huts and musumes. The Emperor has called. It is for him—the Son of Heaven—we have hope to die, and for the earning of the honorable front mat in the Upper Ghost Country at the temple Feast of the Returning Dead."

Many quarts of empty rifle shells, whitened with greasy Shimose powder, lay at the side of the little fatalist—seven hundred, he said. "You fired all those?" asked Warren.

"Since the dawn," replied Hoko Sato. Ripping open his blouse hooks and his cotton shirt, he showed his shoulder. It was an olive-green and purple mass of bruises.

"These," he said with a grin, "are the love taps of my wife, the august rifle."

A percussion shell whined over their heads, and with an ear-splitting crash shattered a rock ledge thirty paces below, throwing a fanshaped geyser of sand and white smoke fifty feet into the air. A curved steel fragment as large as a flatiron kicked back toward them, struck the hillside, and ricochetted with a purring sound. Hoko-san, lying on his hams, thrust up an interposing boot sole as if to ward off the crazily bounding steel. It whizzed over the boot, smashed against the

rolling from side to side on his face, beating the ground with clinched, powder-blackened fists, and grunting. Warren crawled to him and turned him over. The boy stared at him out of an awful face, sat up, smiled, and adjusted his cap. Blood was spurting from a jagged hole in the side of his nose and another below the opposite ear. He blew red bubbles from between his buck teeth, gripped a handful of sand and pressed it to his face, and rose above the rock, facing the Russian trenches.



"'These,' he said, 'are the love taps of my wife, the august rifle."

rock above their heads, and fell between them, bringing down a shower of rock dust. Hokosan rubbed the gravel out of his eyes, picked up the hot, greasy missile, and laid it in Warren's hand, laughing mirthlessly when the correspondent, surprised at its temperature, hastily dropped it.

"The Rokoku artillerymen are not so drunk to-day," was Hoko's comment. "Hah! Good shootings!" he admitted, shaken into a show of interest by a shrapnel, that pet aversion of the infantryman, which popped into bloom in the air a few yards above their heads, hurling down a hatful of bullets on three sides. He pointed with his cigarette holder to the second boy on the left, who was

A kitten no longer, his visage had the glare and the grin of an infuriated tiger. Bullets showered around him and split on the rocks. A pencil-like projectile slapped him on the chest. He sank on all fours, and crawled slowly to the rear, coughing pitifully. Hokosan paused in the act of taking aim at the tall Slavs who were grinding death through a Hotchkiss gun, shot a backward glance at his wounded comrade, another at the correspondent, threw back his head, and between the roars of shells could be heard his loud laugh!

"We were twelve, at the Hour of the Rat," he shouted; "now we are six—six against sixteen thousand!"

Back of them the intermittent notes of a

trumpet summoned Major Hirano's sleeping battalion into action. Another and another bugle call, and five long ranks of beardless boys, knapsacks discarded, guns at trail, trotted up toward the outposts, followed by their officers. To the left, ten thousand khaki uniforms began to swarm over the ridge. Behind were half as many more. Farther west Oku's engineers with folding saws and clippers were cutting the posts and barb wires, and it was time for Nodzu, the Pounder, to join in the dance of death. Looking north through his field glasses, Warren could see ten thousand broad faces pressed against ten thousand gun barrels pointed toward them. Came to them then such a staccato rattle as is made by small boys running with sticks pressed against a picket fence. The Hiroshima brigade swarmed up to the sky line and dropped behind rocks to right and left, and rifle bullets came and went in gusts low under the curved crisscross of shells from both sides, until the gorge separating them from the Siberian sharpshooters seemed bridged with a great leaden sheet of hissing projectiles.

Hoko Sato, smiling like a cherry blossom, sat unmoved at Warren's elbow, playing his Warren watched him send shot after shot toward the Siberians. A return bullet seemed to explode, its shrill, icy song ending abruptly in a soft purr. Instantly Hoko-san's rifle fell against Warren. He dropped, with his face in the sand, his fists horribly clinched above the havelock capes of his cap. A thin crimson stream bubbled through his cap band. Warren lifted the boy's head. The right half of Hoko Sato's face was dved red. The right eye was become a horrid fountain. He gasped a few times and then struggled to his knees, fumbling blindly in his belt for the blue-and-white towel there, embroidered by the loving hands of Komatchi-san.

Keith dragged him down from the leaden storm, mopped up the red flood, pressed a handful of lint against his sunken eye, and knotted the towel around his head. Again Hoko Sato climbed to his knees, groping vaguely above the rock for his rifle. A line of tense-faced boys, crouching, ran past them into the death blizzard. Twenty-pound shells grated out harsh thunder and blew gravel and villainous-smelling smoke into their faces. Seizing the mad Hoko-san by the ankles, Warren dragged him back out of range, and, catching him by the belt, started toward a wall where the white-aproned surgeon major was bending among a dozen silent forms.

Hoko Sato struggled to his feet and struck out in blind fury.

"Baka!" [You fool!] Warren cried. "You are shot. Come with me!"

"Ikimasen!" [No!] he cried. "I have not yet had a chance to die for my Emperor. I am bigger than my wound. I go back!"

With a jiu-jits' twist of the arm he flung back Warren. Freeing his left eye from the bandage, he sprang unsteadily up the ridge, seized his gun, clicked the sword bayonet into place under the muzzle, bounded over the sky line, and was gone, hard after Major Hirano's ball players. Warren sprang to the summit, just as Major Hirano, fifty yards below, threw up his hands and sank to the ground, his naked saber clattering among the rocks. In an instant, Hoko Sato was bending over him.

"Banzai, major!" cried Hoko-san. "I go to avenge you. I will kill many of the Gray Rats. . . . I will not come back. Sayonara!"

He bounded away down the death slope toward the Russian wire entanglements and man traps, tore through the scattered front line of men, and was hidden in the smoke.

Warren watched the hideous scene. Deploying, dodging forward, dropping to fire, grim, businesslike, with never a shout, to left, to right, and swarming forward from behind, a hundred thousand fighting machines were charging Kuropatkin's right and center. As if a million bolts had fallen out of the clouds. the whole hill, a half mile long, was shaken by the shock of exploding shells. Russian artillerymen had perceived their new danger and swung their guns from Oku's left to Nodzu. Came then the wheeze and sudden thud of percussion shells from Round Top on the left, the short, angry scream and overhead bark of deadly shrapnel at murderous short range from near the walls of Liao Yang, and the added fury of fifty guns from a mud village in front.

Nodzu's coign of vantage now became the center of a steel vortex, the apex of a cross-fire that for fury had not been equaled since Sedan. It seemed as if the infernal pit had opened. The range was too short to miss. Every shell, winged with wrath, and shrieking shrill discord, dug a ghastly crater among crouching men. Warren trotted forward with Captain Akiyama and three lieutenants. Unlike the men, the officers did not take cover. Boys near Warren, half-choked by the villainous acid smoke, sneezed, wiped their eyes on their muddy sleeves, and rushed on, with grimy hands and faces peppered with flying mud.



"Warren lifted the boy's head."

loading and firing, now and then gazing upward with curious eyes at the rings of shrapnel smoke rising like wraiths. Officers ran about shouting orders, their voices lost in the infernal din. By platoons, nay, by whole companies, men's lives were cropped. One in every four lay bleeding. At every step one stumbled over forms that writhed, but never cried out. Among rude whirl-blasts of broken steel and splintered stone, Warren saw arms and legs flying high in the fanlike columns of exploding picrite. Their end was chaos, and chaos reabsorbed them.

A hundred yards ahead of him a few boys had broken through the wires and were running a foot race up the slope, into the mouths of guns. Far in the lead was a wild figure, a towel around his head. It was Hoko Sato.

Each man, enveloped in an atmosphere of fanatic madness, rushed on, pushed, as it were, by ghostly dead men's hands, by ancestral Bushido teaching, and had become a blind, dull Force. For him, in his fanatic onrush, the finger boards of Time all pointed in one

direction—forward. Pride, stoicism, fatalism, emperor-worship, all raised for the moment to the frenetic pitch; reckless, bare-breasted Duty meeting entrenched Fear, a clashing whirlwind—shoulder to shoulder, these devilangels of the Son of Heaven! The heavy-footed Slavs clamber from the rifle pits and flee. The key to the Russian center is taken, and Kuropatkin's back is broken.

Warren watched the shattered columns coming back, chattering, laughing, having left a detachment to hold the captured works; but Hoko Sato did not come back. That evening, lying on his back, at the very edge of the Russian redoubt, the burial squad found him. Under his arm was his blood-tipped, twisted bayonet. In his one staring, dead eye was the wondering look of one who has explored the Country of the Tranquil River and surprised strange secrets there. The soul of the Mikado's lowly burden bearer had gone out on the winding journey to the shadowy Meido of his samurai ancestors.

A STATE GOING TO WASTE

BY ALLAN L. BENSON



RULY, we are a great people in a great republic, lavish in our waste, living in the present, and thinking little of what may happen when the wealth with which nature endowed us

has been dissipated. If one needs proof, it is offered in a single State, where, within thirty years, six million acres have been literally lost to productivity and abandoned, even while we have been moving most vigorously

to reclaim the desert.

More than one State in the Union points with pride to the variety of its resources, the character of its population, and the diversity of its industries. But without attempting comparisons, it may be fairly declared that the State of Michigan has been peculiarly favored by nature for the building of a great commonwealth of manifold opportunities. A fortunate location between East and West, adjacent to the Canadian boundary, a coast line on three of the Great Lakes to facilitate shipments, a generous endowment of natural wealth in mines and forests, a fertile soil in those parts adapted to agriculture, and a climate wholesome in the highest degree. have enabled the people of the State to develop, along lines of material prosperity and otherwise, to a position of which they may well be proud.

With conditions so uniformly and normally favorable, it comes with a double shock to learn that the people of Michigan have permitted actually one-sixth of their splendid State to be abandoned to waste, a literal reversion to the wilderness. The story of destruction, the recent movement to restore value to this wasted area, and of the peculiar obstacles, political as well as material, which are to be overcome, narrates a picturesque condition typically American, and interesting

in the extreme.

The sight of Michigan's 6,000,000 acres of waste land is enough to move any man of imagination to indignation and to action. Here is a sixth of a great State struck down, plundered, and abandoned. From Lake Michigan to Lake Huron and from the Straits of Mackinac almost to Grand Rapids, the lumber baron has swept through, with colossal stride, felling the forests that were a people's heritage. And after the lumber baron has come the periodical fire with sweep not less stupendous. Only last May fifty square miles were burned over. Straggling hamlets were laid waste, hundreds were made homeless, and the young trees that a persistent nature was trying to force upon a careless State were burned to the roots again.

Nature is tiring of this continuous indifference. In spots the white sand is beginning to show through. On tracts of a thousand acres repeated fires have swept away the tangled masses of dead limbs, underbrush, and blackened stumps that mark the landscape elsewhere. The soil is so bereft of vegetable matter by fire that trees will no longer seed themselves, and drifting sand tells the story of nature at last crushed

down by man's indifference.

And yet nature is still ready to grow trees on this poorest part of Michigan if only she be given a little help and adequate protection against fire. The soil is not as poor as the people suppose. It will not raise wheat, but it will raise hemlock, cedar, pine, spruce, and poplar. And the people of Michigan need these forest products. For lack of them, cities and towns in the northern part of the lower peninsula are wasting away. In 1800 Iosco County had a population of 15,224. In 1900 the Federal census recorded only 10,246 residents of the county. A third of the population had vanished in ten years, because the county had been stripped of its timber and nothing had been put in its place. Other counties have suffered as much. Nor has the loss been confined to a few counties. It has affected the whole State. In 1800 \$125,000,ooo was invested in the lumbering industry of Michigan. Today only a little more than \$50,ooo,ooo of this capital is left.

There is many a "deserted village" in northern Michigan, and under the present policy of the State these villages will never rise again,

because the land surrounding them is a fireswept waste that cannot grow a crop of grain and is not permitted to grow a crop of lumber. Meanwhile, the people of Michigan,

who thirty years ago thought they had an "inexhaustible" supply of timber, are shingling their houses with shingles from the Pacific coast, finishing the interiors of their homes with Georgia pine, and getting their moldings from California. The oak for their chairs and tables comes from Mississippi. Incidentally, they are paying an average of \$250 a carload for the freight on the lumber they import from other States.



A MICHIGAN SAWMILL

A type of the slab-burner in use during the old lumbering days.

Furthermore, the State has a forest reserve of 40,000 acres of which Professor Roth is warden. Yet upon this reserve the State spends next to nothing, although Professor Roth is incessantly

pointing out the necessity of reclaiming the lost lands—lands that might be a source of great profit to the State instead of a chronic drain of its resources.

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Roth, professor

of Forestry at

the University of

Michigan.

In Detroit is a man who is trying at his own expense to show the State of Michigan its mistake. He believes Michigan's 6,000,000 lost acres can be reclaimed. He is backing his judgment with his money, realizing at the same time that every dollar he puts



A MICHIGAN SETTLER'S HOME

A hint as to why the State's efforts to solve its land problem are so uniformly unsuccessful.

into the object lesson will be lost to him, because the tree crop he is planting will not mature during his lifetime. The name of this man is Carl E. Schmidt. He is a public-spirited manufacturer who was closely connected with the political career of the late mayor and governor, Hazen S. Pingree.

In the summer of 1904 Mr. Schmidt asked the authorities at the State Agricultural College at Lansing to designate the location of what they considered the poorest land in the fire, and open sand spots—spots upon which nature had given up the fight. And in the center of the tract was Cedar Lake, a beautiful sheet of water half a mile wide and five miles long.

On this tract he determined to rear a forest, whether or no. If trees would not grow on the land as it lay, he would sow clover in an effort to enable its long roots to penetrate to the nitrogenous matter which he knew lay five or six feet below, and draw it to the sur-



HOW WÜRTTEMBERG CARES FOR ITS FORESTS

A swath is cut through trees sixty years old and the loose branches are cleared away for firewood, preparatory to setting out new trees.

State. He was told that there was no poorer land than that in Iosco County, north of Au Sable. On this recommendation he bought 3,000 acres. He wanted land so poor that, if he should accomplish anything in tree-growing, nobody could say that as much could not be done anywhere else in the State.

A visit to the land quickly convinced him that he had bought what he wanted. In panoramic view, it was a combination of fallen, tangled tree trunks, infant trees struggling heroically to overcome the periodical blight of face. Then he would sow rye the next year and let its spreading, sieve-like roots catch the decaying vegetable matter and hold it as a basis for future crops. And if all of these plans should fail, he had in reserve another plan that he knew could not fail. On the bottom of Cedar Lake lay a deep bed of muck—the decayed leaf and grass crops of the centuries, that had escaped destruction in spite of the carelessness of the State, because forest fires could not reach them. A sample of this muck he sent for analysis to Professor Roth. Anal-



HOW MICHIGAN CARES FOR ITS FORESTS

A twical bit of Joseo County which Carl E. Schmidt is trying to reforest.

ysis showed the muck to contain more than sixty per cent of vegetable matter. In this trees would grow, and a hydraulic pump would send it flying over the drifting sands.

But he would first try the experiment of planting trees on the land as it lay. Houses were built to provide homes for the families of the laborers needed in the work, and planting was begun. He set out 15,000 white pines, 5,000 cedars, 3,000 Carolina poplars, 1,500 Lombardy poplars, and 1,500 apple trees. That was two years ago. And here is the interesting fact: Of the 15,000 white pines, ninety-six per cent lived and are growing, while practically all of the other trees are growing.

Now, having tested and proved what can be done, this pioneer has next to induce the State to adopt a similar plan to accomplish similar results on a larger scale. To move systematically in this fashion is exactly in keeping with the whole character and career of the man. Mr. Schmidt, who is now fifty years old, is a tanner, and the son of a tanner who came to this country when a boy and amassed a fortune. When the younger Schmidt was a young man working around his father's tannery, he suggested to a shoe-

maker who had come to his father's office to buy leather, that white shoes for women ought to find a ready sale if the manufacturers would put them on the market. The shoemaker smiled indulgently.

"Young man," said he, "you furnish the white leather and we'll make the shoes. There are a lot of older men than you who have been trying for years to tan leather white, and as none of them has succeeded I think you will have quite a job on your hands if you accomplish it. You'd better forget it and keep on making dark leather."

But Mr. Schmidt did not forget it. And eighteen years later he tanned the first white leather that ever was tanned.

Thrown into association through their kindred busi-

nesses, Mr. Schmidt and the late Governor Pingree of Michigan became warm friends, and nine years ago Schmidt tried to interest the governor in the undertaking to reclaim the wasted lands.

Governor Pingree was so busy fighting the railroads that he never had time to take up reforestation until he relinquished office. Then he went to the Black Forest of Germany to see how the Germans raised trees, and to bring back seeds. A sudden illness cut short his visit, and he died in London, June 17, 1901. The seeds came back on the same ship that bore his coffin, never to be planted. His death interrupted what would have been a most potent association of the two men, to accomplish this great work for their State.

Schmidt and Pingree alike understood one fact that would have to be faced when the effort to change conditions should begin—the fact that against the beneficent movement would be arrayed one of the most peculiar and interesting influences that could be discovered anywhere, the product of certain laws on the Michigan statute books. Speaking frankly, it is the organized power of the country press and the politicians of Michigan.

A Detroit printer inadvertently outlined the

situation clearly enough a year or two ago. For years he had been laboriously bending over his "case" setting up heads in the composing room of an afternoon newspaper. One day he told a fellow-workman that he was going to throw up his job and start a weekly newspaper in a hamlet fifty miles south of Mackinaw.

His friend gasped.

"Up there?" he exclaimed. "What do you expect to find to print in such a Godforsaken country?—there's no news."

"Tax sales," said the first printer, with a

grin.

In the laconic answer of the printer to the inquiry of his friend lies the bulk of the reason for the State's indifference toward its waste lands. The State law requires that whenever the State tax on any parcel of land shall become delinquent, the land shall be advertised for sale in a newspaper printed in the county in which the land is located. For each land description thus printed—whether the land be a "building lot" 25 feet by 100 feet, or a 10,000-acre tract—the State pays the publisher of the newspaper in which

the advertisement appears either thirty or forty cents, according to the newspaper's advertising rate. And as a matter of fact the bulk of the State's delinquent tax advertisements are paid for at the rate of forty cents for each description.

Therein lie the possibilities of an "endless chain" movement against the State treasury for the benefit of the country newspaper publishers and the politicians who want to pay political debts with clerkships-for many clerks are required to keep tab on 6,000,000 acres of land. As the advertisement of a small tract brings as much to the newspaper publisher as the advertisement of a large one. it is obvious that a 10,000acre tract cut into acre lots would bring in 10,000 times as much revenue to the newspaper publisher in whose territory it happened to be situated as would the one 10,000-acre tract. In other words, the newspaper charge for advertising would be forty cents in one case and \$4,000 in the other.

Now it is quite another thing to say that the country newspaper publishers of Michigan are encouraging the cutting up of large tracts into small ones, in the hope that taxes on the small tracts will soon become delinquent and a profitable source of newspaper income thus established. Yet the fact remains that such subdivisions are constantly being made and that taxes on the subdivisions are constantly becoming delinquent to the great profit of the country newspaper publishers who do the advertising. Agents go about the small towns in the lower part of the State and in neighboring States, offering "beautiful lots" in beautiful embryo "summer resorts" up north. A lot with a frontage of 100 feet on a small lake is offered perhaps for \$5. An enticing picture is drawn of ease under the pine trees during the hot days. Five dollars seems very little to pay for such luxury, and it is oftentimes paid. Then the buyer eventually awakens to the



CULTIVATING YOUNG PINES

A scene on Carl E. Schmidt's object lesson to the State of Michigan.

realization of the fact that he has bought a patch of sand within twenty miles of which there is not a house in which he would consent to live a minute. His taxes become due and he refuses to pay them.

The result is that the State is compelled to pay forty cents for the advertisement of a patch of land that formed only a small part of a whole acre that the State perhaps sold in the first place for fifty cents. And this annual advertising cost goes on not for one year, but for an indefinite number of years. As a mat-

ter of fact, the State has in many instances paid forty cents a year for advertising the fiftieth part of an acre of land the whole of which it sold in the first place for fifty cents.

What this means to the State was shown in figures in 1902 by Land Commissioner Wildey, who was not in sympathy with the system. By virtue of his office, he was also a member of the State Board of Auditors, and was therefore able to segregate

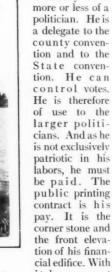
the expenditures for clerk hire and determine how much it cost the State to hire the clerks that attend to the State's lands. The following table prepared by Mr. Wildev shows the State's losses for a five-year period:

YEAR.	Amount of Delinquent Taxes.	Receipts from Land Sold.	Cost of Advertising.	Clerk Hire.
1898	\$3,198,000	\$35,000	\$56,000	\$114,000
1899	3,408,000	44,000	56,000	114,000
1900	2,682,000	51,000	66,000	111,000
1901	3,175,000	56,000	54,000	114,000
1902	2,588,000	115,000	60,000	117,000
Totals.	\$15,051,000	\$301,000	\$292,000	\$570,000

In other words, in order to sell \$301,000 worth of delinquent tax lands, the State paid for advertising and clerk hire \$561,000 more than it received for the lands. This represents a loss of more than \$112,000 a year—a loss that the State has sustained each year for more than a decade. And until the State's land system shall be changed the loss will continue, as experience shows that cut-over timber lands do not stay sold.

The country newspaper may seem like an unimportant institution. Individually, it is. Collectively, it is not. The publisher of a country newspaper is always a prominent man

in his town. Usually he is more or less of a politician. He is a delegate to the county convention and to the State convention. He can control votes. He is therefore of use to the larger politicians. And as he is not exclusively patriotic in his labors, he must be paid. The public printing corner stone and the front elevation of his finanit he can get along. Without



it he might have to suspend publication, because there are more newspapers in northern Michigan than the people want. The people have said so by their failure to subscribe in sufficient numbers to enable all of the existing newspapers to continue to survive without the stimulus afforded by the State printing contracts.

To these country newspaper publishers the State of Michigan is now annually paying about \$60,000 for the printing of delinquent tax advertisements. It may seem as if the question of how \$60,000 a year shall be spent is a small obstacle to stand in the way of making 6,000,000 acres of land again productive. But look at it from the point of view of the political boss-for under existing conditions he is the man who has it in his



A BAY ON CEDAR LAKE At the bottom of which is a deep deposit of fertilizing material.

power to determine whether the waste lands of Michigan shall be reforested. The political boss derives his sole power from his ability to work through local politicians, and of these none is more potential than the country editor. Withdraw from sale the State's lands, spend for their care and improvement the money that is now being wasted in futile efforts to sell them, and what might be expected to happen to the political boss? Assuming that the \$60,000 a year is divided among only sixty newspapers, sixty editors,

deprived of their principal source of income, would immediately begin to clamor for a new political deal. Retaining still their hold on their local constituents, the editors would go as delegates to their county conventions and declaim against the boss who had cut off their taxsale advertisements. And in the State convention of their party these editors would make more trouble for the boss. And quite naturally, the boss thinks it is not worth

while to try to do something for the people that the people have not demanded, when the possible consequences to his own political fortunes are so serious.

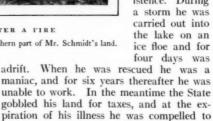
Of course the political boss and the country editor are both mistaken in their judgment of what is best to do. The country editor can hardly expect ever to be particularly prosperous without readers for his newspaper. There are few readers of newspapers on Michigan's waste lands-few in comparison with what there would be if the lands were again made so that they would support larger villages and cities. Nor will there ever be more newspaper readers on these lands so long as they remain in their present condition of unproductivity. So the financial welfare

even of the country editor, in the long run, lies in the reclamation of the lands about

Then there is another phase of the State's land policy that may be illustrated by relating the experience of a Port Huron factory hand. Factory work had become irksome to him, and he wanted to get a home for himself, and own his own job. He saw an advertisement of a choice 160-acre farm that the State offered to sell for \$80. Not believing that his own State would lure him into a trap in which

he could not make a living, he bought the land. There was no house on it. and he built a hut of logs. The first summer passed and he raised barely enough to keep soul and body together. The next summer his "farm" was no more productive, and the next winter he tried fishing through the ice on Lake Huron to eke out an existence. During a storm he was

carried out into the lake on an ice floe and for four days was



begin the struggle anew without a dollar. Professor Roth says he has personally known of many similar cases arising out of the State's assumption that a small settler can do what the commonwealth, with its infinitely greater resources, has failed to do-make the land productive. Yet the State apparently considers it good policy to spend \$1.50 in trying to get fifty cents from a poor man who wants a home. And in this work the State is aided by land speculators who prey upon workingmen in cities, offering for \$2 an



A FOREST AFTER A FIRE A few trees that escaped on the southern part of Mr. Schmidt's land.

acre land for which they paid the State fifty cents an acre, and painting glowing pictures of the delights of independent, profitable rural life.

A direct result of the waste of forests is the loss to the State through waste of water. With the development of electrical science, every stream of importance has become a source of power. Dams have been erected, water wheels installed to propel electrical gen-

erators, and the current whisked away hundreds of miles

to move factory wheels and light cities. The Kalamazoo River has been dammed in half a dozen places for such purposes, and Grand Rapids is illuminated with electricity that is generated at Lowell, eighteen miles away, with water power derived from Flat River. For manufacturing purposes, water power has therefore attained an increased value. since electricity has solved the problem of transmitting it from the dam in the distant hills to the factories in the city. It takes the place

of coal. And as water is cheaper than coal, its use as a source of power is of benefit to all those who consume the products of the industries in which it is used, because the cost of production is decreased.

But the mere fact that water is cheap is apparently the reason why the State makes no attempt to save it. If coal would dig itself out of the ground and deliver itself under a boiler as water comes from the snow and runs to the mill wheel, the State would doubtless consider it worth while to preserve and utilize the coal stream. The State not only permits the water to be wasted, but permits the ex-

istence of conditions that cause the water to do hundreds of thousands of dollars of damage each year. The cutting of the forests has resulted in alternate floods and droughts.

Grand Rapids affords a good illustration of what takes place each year on a smaller scale in many other cities. Every spring the city is flooded. The very rivers that furnish the city with light and power deluge the streets with water. Cellars are inundated, laying the basis for typhoid-fever epidemics that

frequently follow in the summer. And the water that does all of this damage is the water that used to lie in the woods and come gradually down the streams all during the summer. It is the water that would move factory wheels, if given an opportunity, the same as coal. And it is likewise the water for lack of which coal is burned for manufacturing purposes in the summer when the rivers are low. Water that is the commercial equivalent of thousands of tons of coal is wasted every year. Agricul-



CARL E. SCHMIDT

ture also suffers from the change of climate. Climatically speaking, forests are equalizers. Without forests, the winters in Michigan are colder and the summers warmer than they were when the State was blanketed with trees.

The attitude of the State toward the land it holds trains the people to believe that the land is next to worthless, first by selling forty-acre tracts for a cent a tract on occasions, and then by neglecting what it keeps. The settlers, quite naturally, refuse to place a higher valuation on the State's lands than the State itself places, and therefore make no attempt to fight the great enemy of the forests—fire.

Not only do the settlers make no attempt to fight fires, but they actually set fire to the grass and the brush themselves. Spring comes, and a man wants to pasture a cow in the summer. He sets fire to the dead grass so that his cow can get at the new grass more easily when it comes. He wants only a few acres of pasture, but the fire he starts may burn over 1,000 acres. But the settler does not care. He gets grass for his cow. And when continued burning has left the soil so that grass will not grow, he can move his cow. The State has plenty of land.

Then there is another set of fire lighters that the State has educated by its own indifference. Five miles from his home a settler may notice a 1,000-acre tract upon which the young trees are fifteen feet high. No one has wanted to pasture his cow on the tract, and nature is trying to do something. settler sees the budding forest. To his mind it is a source of danger to his house. If permitted to grow it may become large enough so that if a fire should start it would sweep over the country and burn his buildings. His buildings are worth perhaps \$300. The forest has a potential value of thousands. But the settler, following the example of the State, thinks nothing about the forest. The young trees must be burned before they become large enough to furnish material for a fire of sufficient intensity to destroy his property. He burns them. Nature makes a new start next year. In five years the trees are again large enough to threaten his home. He burns them again. Rebuffed a few times like this, nature stops trying.

Mr. Schmidt intends to go before the Legislature and ask that the State cease to offer its lands for sale, and that the \$100,000 a year now being wasted for advertising and clerk hire be expended to fight forest fires and to plant trees on tracts that have been burned over so often that trees will no longer seed themselves in the soil. And he will also endeavor to show that if the State will take care of its forests for twenty-five years its annual receipts for timber will be great enough to equal the sum now paid for State taxes, besides establishing a perpetual source of great

Governor Pingree realized the wasted opportunities of Michigan when he beheld Württemberg's part of the Black Forest of Germany.

"Michigan has nothing poorer than this sand," said the governor to a traveling com-

panion, as he dug into the soil with his heel. "And yet look at those trees!"

The governor was looking at a grove of cedars a hundred years old and ready for the cutting. Beside the cedars was a clean-cut swath, half a mile wide and a mile long, beyond which was another dense forest.

"How does it happen," he asked his guide,
"that you cut out a ribbon strip through the
middle of a forest, leaving trees on either side
—is there any reason for it?"

"A very good reason, governor," replied the guide. "We Germans raise trees on much the same plan that a market gardener raises lettuce. We try to have something ready to cut all the time. One strip of trees is twenty years old, another forty, another sixty, and so on up to a hundred. We always cut the older trees and let the younger ones grow. The strip here that you see cut was a grove of white pines eighty years old. Just now there is more of a demand for white pine eighty years old than there is for 100-year-old cedar, so we are cutting the pine."

Württemberg has 487,000 acres of forest from which its net profit last year was approximately \$2,450,000. Michigan has twelve times as much land that is going to waste. If Michigan were following the example of Württemberg she would be in receipt of an annual income of approximately \$30,000,000, instead of losing \$100,000 a year.

Reclaimed land means lower taxes. The people of Michigan are now groaning under burdensome taxes—higher taxes than they have ever paid before. If the people of Michigan understood forestry, they would straightway take the necessary steps to make the State's wasted acres as remunerative as are the acres of Württemberg. But all they know about forests is that they once had them and now have not-and that many millionaires have appeared as the forests have gone. But some day the truth will come home to them and the forests will return. If a political boss should by arbitrary action hasten the coming of the forests before the people awake and compel their return, his name would go down in the history of the State. The sixty country editors might put him out of business as a boss, but his fame would be secure.

Carl E. Schmidt, however, is not depending on a change of heart of a political boss to reforest the State. He is depending on a campaign of education to make the people force the reclamation of their own lands. That is the meaning of his object lesson.



"'As I also love,' she added almost sadly."

ALPINE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

BY ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL J. MEYLAN



HAT will it be—will it be goats like those of yester-day?"

Little Marie's sweet face was upturned to Jean's, even though Jean was too engaged with his work to

glance into the earnest question of his companion's eyes.

"They were so pretty yesterday—those goats. They ran along together just as the real goats run. Will it be more goats—that?"

She laid her tiny forefinger upon the long rough piece of wood that the boy held in his hand, and he had to stay his knife-blade for fear of cutting her.

"No," he said, a little smiling and a little impatient, "not goats, Mariechen. Guess again; and take thy hand away."

Marie took her hand away and folded it into the keeping of her other hand. She always obeyed Jean instantly because her five years revered his twelve years in a way that never permitted any delay in such matters. But her great blue eyes continued riveted on his work.

"Will it be hens?" she asked presently. "Last week it was hens. All crowding about the big open pan to eat; dost remember? Will it be hens, Jean?"

"No, not hens," said the boy, turning the wood deftly this way and that and laying many notches in its roughness, each notch with its own especial foresight of meaning, "not hens, Mariechen; patience."

The little child clasped her hands yet tighter and strove to keep silence. She was a very wee thing, small and delicate and fragile as a flower, clothed in the plain, stout garments of the country mode, her pretty face instinct with shadow and sunbeam.

Jean was of another blood and quality, darker and with something hot pulsing nervously behind his dogged patience. There was a strong contrast between the compression of his full lips and the parted lines of those of his companion.

"Will it be rabbits?" she said now, leaning close again; "it was rabbits once, and they were so pretty."

He shook his head shortly and made no answer.

"Do I trouble?" the little thing asked then anxiously.

He did not reply.

She looked steadily into his face for a minute or two, and then she said almost in a whisper:

"Will it be sheep, perhaps?"

He laid down his knife at that and put his arm around her and hugged her up close to him. She sighed a long, happy, baby sigh, and they sat still thus for a few minutes.

The small cemetery was behind them with its humble array of poor crosses of wood standing none too straightly among lichencovered stones. Behind the cemetery was a slope of barrenness, behind that a band of pine forest, behind that the towering mountain side. To their left was the village, a straggling village, a village of little Swiss mountain huts gathered around three or four slightly pretentious buildings. Below them was a long sinuous valley with a silver river threading its middle. Beyond—across the valley—rose a line of Alpine giants.

The boy, hugging the child within the protection of his strong left arm, looked, with an appreciation and understanding beyond his years, over the scene before him. As he did so he slowly opened and closed the fingers that had been handling the knife, as if to ease

their cramped fatigue.

"Mariechen," he said presently, "I will tell you all about it."

"Yes." Her face turned up toward his at

once. "Will it be rabbits, then?"

"No," he said, looking away toward the mountains, "it will be cows; many cows, all following toward the pasturing on the slope. I saw such yesterday, and I meant then to do them to-day. Let me tell you why. You know old Wilhelm at the store close by where the trains stop down in the valley?"

"Yes," said the child.

"He has promised me a whole franc for every such that I bring him. Fancy, Mariechen, a whole franc!"

His eyes deepened and brightened; the

child stared wonderingly.

"What canst thou do with a whole franc,

Jean?"

"What can I do with it? I can save it, and add another to it and another to that, and after a while—after a long, long while—I can take them all, and cross the mountains, and go into Italy, there on the other side, and study and learn to carve in marble instead of wood."

The child turned her eyes downward and big tears gathered thick in them. Her head slipped from its place beneath his arm and rested on his knee. For some little while he continued to gaze on the mountain peaks, and then of a sudden he reached again for his carving and said:

"Lift thy head, Mariechen. I must go on

working, and I might cut thee."

Possibly Mariechen, in spite of her extreme youth, was feminine enough to have preferred risking injury to removing her head just then; but Jean was masculine enough to back up his command with a certain impatient gesture, and so she sat up, looked the other way, and absorbed some tears by winking fast—a trick we nearly all

learn young.

While she was still seeing the universe as a lurid and watery kaleidoscope of blue and green, a sudden patch of black broke in among the colors, and the child, who had been born by the edge of the cemetery, knew what it was. They came so often across her field of vision—those patches of black—and the kind old priest, who had taught her her prayers, had also taught her just what they meant. She forgot her tears and looked with wide-eyed reverence upon the cortège approaching, for she knew that that day a new angel had entered God's Heaven and that all sor-

row was over and only joy was left for some one who had once been as others of the earth.

"It is the English lady," said Jean quickly

under his breath.

Marie knew just whom he meant. The English lady had come up there to live many months since and had had all the best rooms across the front of the Gasthof. The English gentleman had come with her, and walked by her wheeled chair as long as she was wheeled out daily, and had sat by her on the balcony after she had ceased to be wheeled out any more. They saw him now walking there beside the priest, looking just as he always had looked. In his hand he had some white flowers such as he had been in the habit of buying each morning in the market. He looked at Marie and smiled on her just as he had always smiled. She returned the smile. Jean had put his wood-carving aside until the little procession should be gone by. The sun was shining and the birds were calling among themselves. It seemed as if the world was just trying to go on as usual and yet was really a little different because of the English lady's passing.

Presently the children were alone again.
"They will return the other way; they al-

ways do," said Jean, and resumed his work.

Marie sat by him in silence for a long hour
and watched the cows grow one by one into
being. Like magic their horns sprouted upward, their ears came out underneath, their
noses took on shape, out of the solid mass a
quartet of legs divided themselves off for
each one; it was all but a miracle to observe
what Jean could do.

A shadow fell forward from behind them. Both looked up quickly and saw the English gentleman. He had his hat drawn down over his eyes, and had left the flowers in the cemetery, but he smiled as usual into their

faces

"Well, how goes it?" he said cheerfully in good French, and then he came around beside them and sat down on the ground.

"It goes very well, sir," said Jean.

He stopped his work as he spoke and looked from it to the English gentleman, being somewhat uncertain as to just what the latter had meant by his question. But the gentleman, whatever he had meant, had certainly not meant any reference to the carving, for he looked far away across the mountains, dragged at his heavy yellow mustache, and said nothing more for a long time. Jean, after two or three furtive glances, went on with his

work, and Marie sat still between the two, looking first at one and then at the other.

After a while the English gentleman, with a long, deep breath, ceased to gaze across the valley, and turned toward the children.

"Listen," he said, "I want something done; will you do it?"

"What is it?" said Jean.

"Not you," said the gentleman. "It is the little girl that I am asking." He took Marie's hand as he spoke, and drew her close to him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You know the white flowers that I buy each day in the market," said the gentleman, his brows contracting strangely.

"Yes," said Marie; "it is Bettina who sells

them to you."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I fancy so." He stopped and bit his lip, then, "I am going away," he said. "I am going now-tonight-God knows where-or if I shall ever return." He drew Marie closer as he spoke. "Little child," he said, "I have left money, plenty of money, with the good Père Lorenz at the church, and he will give it to you when you ask it. I want you to go to the market each day and buy all the white flowers that Bettina has-all, you hear-and bring them up here to the cemetery, and cover the new grave with them. Cover it just as they fall from your little fingers-what anyone else wishes or advises does not matter-some one will clear yesterday's away each morning before you come-only never fail to come. And when thou art come to womanhood there will be a reward for thy pains awaiting thee."

He put his face down close to hers as he spoke the last words and she felt a curious throbbing where her little form touched his bosom—then he put her gently from him and rose.

"Do not remind her," he said, speaking to Jean now. "She is of those who do not forget." Then he covered his eyes with his hand, turned from them, and walked away.

Marie looked after him until he was out of sight and then she turned and saw that Jean

was motionless and staring also.

"And I am to go each day and bring the flowers for the English lady's grave!" the little girl said slowly and wonderingly; "what will the mother say to that!"

"She will say nothing," said Jean. "If the Père Lorenz has the money, it means that it is right for you to do it." "And when I am a woman he will return to thank me," said the child, still slowly, still wonderingly.

"He said so," said the boy.

Then he took up his work again, and the child sat still at his side and thought.

II

It was ten years after that, one autumn afternoon, the Père Lorenz, pacing the narrow path between the double row of mounds in the little graveyard, saw Marie approaching with her armful of white blossoms.

Ten years is a long time. It bows the head and stoops the shoulders and whitens the hair of the elderly, be he priest or layman; it carries a child of five straight forward into womanhood, and deepens the blue of her eyes, and their trust and their shadows; it carries boys of artistic bent out into the world afar and away.

Marie approached the grave which had never been marked other than by that daily coverlet of pure white flowers, and, smiling as she noted the kind face of the old priest turned her way, proceeded to her task. As the flowers fell from her fingers the Père Lorenz approached and stood by her side.

"Child," he said gently, "it is now ten years since the English seigneur set thee this

work. Hast never wearied?"

"Oh, no, father," said the young girl, "rather have I come to love it more and more as I came to understand." Her lip quivered somewhat as she spoke the last words.

"Dost think to understand?"
"I have dared to think so."

"How so, my child?"

"He loved her-"

"Yes," said the priest as she hesitated.

"As I also love," she added, almost sadly. "Yes." said the priest again.

"Father"—the last of the flowers had fallen to the ground now; she turned toward him empty-handed—"I had a letter from Jean yesterday. He is in Florence. He is very poor; he hardly has bread."

"So!" said the old priest.

"I have sent him all I can spare, but it is so little—so very little. And now he is working on a great piece—and if he might only finish it—" She faltered and stopped.

"Go on," said the priest.

"Father, you told me once that when I came to marry, you had my dot—that the

English gentleman left it in your hands years ago—when he went away——"

"Go on," said the priest again.

"Father, I shall never marry—never. Give Jean the money."

The priest looked at her young, passionate face, and a faint, sad smile swept over his

"Very well," he said, "I will send him the money; since you are so sure that you will never marry."

She turned a little pale, but, "I am very sure," she said simply.

The next day the money was sent.

When the snow came that winter the stranger, the English gentleman, returned. He wore a long heavy coat, and with him were two other gentlemen and three servants. In the Gasthof the waiter who served the party told that when the seigneur took off his coat he showed that one arm had been shot away. Also he had a bit of color in his buttonhole that meant much. Evidently the ten years had counted in his life.

The Père Lorenz came to the Gasthof, and the English gentleman put on his heavy coat and walked with him to the cemetery.

"There will be a stone now," he said, pulling his mustache quite as he used to do as they drew near. "You have heard, perhaps?"

"No," said the good priest, "I have heard

nothing. Pray tell me."

"I had it put in competition in Florence," said the English gentleman; "the prize went to a young sculptor of this region. He must have a wondrous talent. It is the child, the little girl, done to the life, scattering flowers at the foot of the cross. You, perhaps, know the young man."

"I can guess who it is," said the good priest. "God be praised for his success."

"There is to be no name upon the cross," said the English gentleman. "In her death as in her life I shall ever respect her slightest wishes." A dull red flushed his face as he said the words.

The priest said nothing.

"There was one thing that made me very happy there in Florence," the English gentleman continued presently; "it was that the winning in the competition permitted the young sculptor to marry."

Père Lorenz turned suddenly.

"To marry!" he repeated, as if perhaps he had not heard quite correctly.

"Yes, to marry," said the English gentleman. "He married almost directly—the next day, I think."

"Yes," said the priest, a little numbly-

"yes."

They turned into the cemetery. The autumnal sun was very bright. The stranger walked directly toward the mound that was, as ever, white with mountain flowers.

"I was almost young when I came here last," he said. "O God! how well I recall

that day!"

The priest was silent; his thoughts were far

away.

"And the child?" asked the stranger, "the little one with the wonderful eyes? What has become of her?"

"She lives with her parents, as ever."

"She has never married?"

"Monsieur, she is as yet barely sixteen."

"Ah, so," said the stranger, "and yet I thought that sixteen was womanhood here. Well, her day is yet to come."

The priest bowed his head. In his ears sounded the passionate appeal of the young girl's voice, "Father, I shall never marry. Give Jean the money."

"Monsieur," he said suddenly, "I must tell you the truth. Her day has come and

gone."

The English gentleman stopped short.

"You mean she is dead?"

"No, monsieur; she loved the young artist, and sent him her *dot* that he might remain in Florence for the competition."

The English gentleman looked straight down at the ground for a little. His face was

dark, and he bit his lip hard.

"Father," he said at last, "when I came here twelve years ago, what was thought?"

"Much was thought," said the priest. The stranger turned sharply from him.

"Oh, Alpine lights and shadows," he murmured, and covered his eyes with his hand.

THE PRINCE GOES FISHING

BY ELIZABETH DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER V (Continued)



HE assailant of the Princess, hearing footsteps approaching at a run, tried to slink into the bushes, but found his collar grasped by old Müller, the head keeper, while Von Steinberg, who

oddly enough was his companion, began examining the path.

"I know I heard a woman shriek," he said, "and see here—there has been a stone dislodged on the edge as it some one had gone over! I'll go down and see what can be done. Take that drunken beast to the lockup, Müller."

As he spoke his foot struck lightly against something shining on the ground, and stooping to lift it, he recognized with horror a jeweled comb the Princess had been wearing that day among the coils of her hair; an expensive trinket of tortoise shell set with brilliants, which he had noticed because it seemed almost a part of those wonderful shining braids. It lay close to the edge of the path overhanging the stream, and beside it the moss was uptorn and a stone displaced, as if somebody had slipped over and made a frantic grasp at the earth in falling. The drop was not more than twenty feet, but it was exceedingly steep, and Von Steinberg gazed down with a sickening dread among the ferns and rocks that bordered the brook.

No wonder his heart stood still, for there, nearly at the bottom of the ravine, lay the Princess, still as death. He never quite remembered how he got to her, he only knew that something dearer than life was in peril, and he swung himself down by tree roots and bushes while his heart beat to suffocation.

At the first sight of her helplessness, self-knowledge came to him in a flash—he loved this Princess confided to his care—loved her with a suddenness and violence that almost made him doubt his sanity. Was he a boy, to be carried away by a wild passion that had sprung up in a night!

He was on his knees beside her, rubbing her slender hands, listening for her breathing, stanching the trickling drops of blood that came from a cut high up on her forehead, half hidden by the hair. At least she was alive; he sighed with relief as he made sure of that, with his cheek near enough to her lips to catch the faint fanning of her breath and his fingers testing the pulse at her wrist. Her head was lying on a pile of dead leaves, the chin slightly lifted, showing the softness of its round, and her attitude was natural, almost as if she had fallen asleep in her rocky cradle.

Von Steinberg made his way among the bowlders to the edge of the stream, and dipping his handkerchief in the water, he bathed her forehead and wrists and implored her to open her eyes; but when the shock of the cold application failed to rouse her, he feared the case was beyond his skill and determined to carry her back to the lodge. It was an easy matter to lift her in his arms, for her weight was not great and he was in capital training; and therefore if his breath came quick and hard it was not from physical strain, or certainly not at first. A few moments later, when the loose stones and slippery moss made his footing more precarious, he was wise enough to rest before attempting to carry her up to the path. He had gone round the turn in the stream below the summerhouse in order to reach a place where the bank was less precipitous, though by so doing he was putting a little more distance between himself and home. The spot where he halted was a tiny clearing among the trees and rocks, carpeted with the velvet grass of early summer and gay with wild flowers.

Very gently he put her down, supporting her in his arms and holding her head against his breast. It would be indiscreet to set down in black and white the foolish things Count Otto whispered in the little ear so close to his lips; treacherous, reprehensible things no doubt, which ought never to have been said—but then, he was in love, and it was hard not to say the things that burst from his heart when it was such a happiness to him and could not offend the Princess, whose senses were floating in that dark region that is like the borderland of death.

He was to be blamed—there can be no doubt of that. Guinevere and Iseult would have been chronicled as ladies of fairer fame (and less romance) if their attendant knights had kept their emotions unexpressed; but restraint is rarely a manly virtue, whether in the sixth or the nineteenth century, and Von Steinberg spoke in the first ecstasy of his love. His duty was to escort the future Crown Princess to Keltzen with the same formality he would have shown to Queen Amelia (and there his service would have been formal indeed), but instead of that he must needs pour out a torrent of adoration that he might with

advantage have kept to himself. However, if we are sifting blame, Hélène must come in for her share as well, for she suddenly regained her consciousness within the shelter of his arms, and never said a word. She lay quite still (let us hope she was a little dazed!) and listened to his impassioned murmurs and wished with her whole woman's soul that this were her future husband-or that she were no Princess at all, only an obscure gentlewoman, free to give her hand where her heart had already flown. If she still owned her life-if she were still a free woman instead of a chattel, as she liked to call herself, how she would give him back phrase for phrase-perhaps kiss for kiss-for passion is contagious, and we know such things have been. A very sturdy romance had been set on foot the previous evening at Cragfels, too strong to be bowled out by the Baroness's ball of Berlin wool, though it had been much discomfited, on Hélène's side, by that lady's too evident admiration of Von Steinberg. The bold creature was always being carried hither and thither, and the

Rittmeister was so willing a bearer that the Princess had to suppose the admiration was mutual, and yet, what a long, delightful day they had spent, he and she, with little thought of the Baroness, though she was always there and always interrupting their conversation. How quickly they understood each other; how thoughts flashed from mind to mind, revealed by a smile, a glance! How he had anticipated her every wish! Oh, yes, the Princess had fallen in love and she knew it. But what then? Here comes in the difference between men and women: for the shame of the thought brought her back to duty and gave her strength to play the rôle of hypocrite that custom sets for the weaker sex. She gave a little sigh and lifted her head, and even tried to struggle to her feet, but finding that beyond her strength, she made him help her to a tree and sat leaning against the trunk, and thinking how wicked she was, while she said languidly:

"I have had a fall and my head is still giddy. Pray how did you find me, Count Otto?"

It was so blissful to hear her voice that he had to steady his before he answered in com-

monplace explanation:

"I had been at old Müller's cottage—his wife was my nurse and I always go to see her when I am here—and he and I were on our way back to the lodge when, just as we got near the summerhouse, we heard a scream and came upon a tipsy gamekeeper trying to hide from us in the bushes. I knew it was a woman's voice, but it took me several minutes to find why you had disappeared so completely from view; and then I came upon a comb you had dropped when you went down the bank; and then I saw you lying among those jagged stones at the bottom of the ravine and I was so frightened I could hardly get to you. Tell me what happened. Did he push you over?"

She shuddered when he mentioned her as-

sailant.

"That dreadful man!" she said. "Don't let's talk about him now, it makes my heart beat so."

He stood before her abashed.

"I am mortified," he said, "that you should have had such an experience when under my escort. I have proved myself a failure. I can hardly hope for your pardon. I had the privilege of guarding you and I was absent at the moment of your great need."

She could not bear even his own strictures

upon his conduct.

"It wasn't your fault," she protested, "that I chose to run wild with Rosie through the woods, so that I was mistaken for a maid-servant—and I dare say I looked the part."

She glanced disapprovingly at her rumpled dress and put her hand to her forehead to smooth her hair, but made an exclamation of pain as her fingers touched the injured spot.

"You are much more hurt than you will allow," he said anxiously. "Let me carry you home quickly, so that you can be properly

attended to."

"I am not the Baroness Grinte," she laughed. "There is nothing the matter with my ankle bones, and I can walk perfectly well. Give me your arm, Count Otto, and we will go up to that pretty summerhouse I see just above us, and there I can rest for a moment before going on to the lodge."

Her hand was on his arm, her proximity as intoxicating as when, a few minutes before, he had held her head against his breast, but now a gentle dignity surrounded her that prevented even freedom of imagination. He was once more her knight and she his royal lady.

The summerhouse was romantically perched at a bend in the stream, which it almost overhung, and was furnished with a rustic table and several seats. The Princess, careful to suppress any evidence of fatigue from her climb up the bank, seated herself in an armchair, and motioned Von Steinberg to take the one opposite. She sat quite erect, her beautiful lips parted, her eyes wide with the nervous excitement of the whole occurrence.

A feminine gesture of passing her hand over her braids reminded Von Steinberg that he had forgotten to return the comb he had picked up, and drawing it from his pocket he

laid it on the table.

"I found it," he explained, "just where you fell; it was the talisman that drew me to the spot."

She took it with a deprecating smile and

said half satirically:

"Princesses who are really great ladies do not scatter their finery broadcast like moulting parrots. I fear I am too untamed a bird

for the gilded cage awaiting me."

He caught his breath at the words "the gilded cage awaiting me." He would have given all he possessed to know how she really felt about it—how much of free will there was in her marriage—and he ventured to offer a comment that was little short of audacity.

"And yet," he said, "you mean to submit

to the imprisonment. Is it the gilding that tempts you—will it make captivity more bearable? Forgive me; I know I am exceeding my privileges in asking, but something stronger than reason is prompting the indiscretion."

She looked at him sadly as if she had hoped for a better comprehension of her character

than his questions implied.

"I was going to be angry," she sighed, "but I have changed my mind. You promised last evening to be my friend, and friends should know each other's motives, or else they may be led into grave mistakes. I am glad you asked the question; glad you summoned me to answer in my own defense, and for fear that consideration for my feelings may make you hesitate to probe the very truth, I shall conduct my own cross-examining—be both judge and prisoner. Hélène of Grippenburg to the bar!"

She rose from her chair as if in answer to her summons, and standing beside the table, made an inclination of her head to salute her

imaginary judge.

"When I speak in a deep voice it is the judge, pray understand," she continued, addressing Von Steinberg. "His questions will be very searching and my answers equally plain. See! he is going to make me swear."

Her voice became judicially deep.

"Hold up your hand. Will you tell the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth?"

She raised her hand.

"I swear." And then added in parenthesis: "The judge allows me to sit down, Herr Rittmeister, because he knows I am a careless girl and have recently broken my—head. His first question is going to be a very intimate one. Listen!"

"Do you expect to love the Crown Prince

Maximilian?"

The look of pain in her eyes was very genuine as she gave her answer.

"Alas! no. He has killed our only chance

of happiness by cruel neglect."

Von Steinberg made a quick movement, whether of pleasure or dissent was impossible to guess, but it warned her to continue in a lighter vein. She assumed a look of demure amusement as she again took up her rôle.

"Are you dazzled by the prospect of being

some day Queen?"

"The prospect is too distant to be dazzling. I hear his Majesty of Palatina is rugged with the health of lean living— Count Otto, is it

possible I hear you laughing! For shame, sir!"

Her lips were smiling saucily while she shook her finger at him in mock reproof, but in a second she regained her gravity, and leaned forward in her chair as if to catch the next question.

"Does the gayety of Keltzen tempt you from your quiet life?"

She shook her head.

"I like my freedom and my own wild life at Grippenburg better than all the gayety that town or court can offer me."

A sigh of deep regret broke from her homesick heart, and there were tears in her voice as she put the final question.

"Then why do you make this loveless mar-

riage?"

She rose to her feet in the earnestness of

her response.

"Your Honor is doubtless familiar with the Scriptures, or at least with the classics. You have heard of Jephthah's daughter, or at least of Iphigenia? I am a daughter pledged by her father's necessities, and yet I do not wish my father condemned, for I love him. Let us rather condemn the requirements of rank that put state policy before inclination, in making marriages. I do not complain of my lot, even if my husband cannot love me. Above all things Grippenburg is dear to me, and I am told the thought that they have given a Queen to Palatina softens the anger of such of my countrymen as resent the annexation! It is little I can do for them in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered through the incapacity of my family, and therefore this sentiment of duty-this sacrifice of my womanhood to their wishes-ennobles my life, and" (here she turned to Von Steinberg) "I consider it the part of my true friends to put no stumbling blocks in my way, but to help me by every means within their power to face my destiny with courage."

Her sad eyes fastened themselves on his face with silent pleading and she turned away with a little wave of her hand, as if in dis-

"The prisoner may step down," she concluded.

For a moment all was silent in the summerhouse. Von Steinberg sat with his elbows on the table and his head resting on his hands, more moved than he liked to admit. Loyalty, admiration, tender pity succeeded each other in his heart, but love that overmastered them all warned him to hold his peace. He waited for her to speak.

"Count Otto," she said, "shall we go home? My head is aching terribly."

CHAPTER VI

No hint of the Princess's accident ever réached the ears of her guardians; she swore Von Steinberg to silence, and Rosie, who reached the house ahead of her, was no gossip. Princess Louis had not even noted her absence, though the slight stir of the truant's return made her wake to cry querulously, "My major," as she examined her cards to go on with piquet.

The Prince failing to respond, she gave a

contemptuous sniff:

"I should hate to be as lethargic as the Grippenburgs," she said with self-righteous zest to her niece. "Your uncle leads the existence of a young infant—sleep and eat—eat and sleep—not even cards can rouse his interest."

"I wish all the family were as indifferent to them," sighed poor Hélène, thinking of the unhappiness her father's gambling had

brought on her and her country.

"Tut, tut," said the old lady reprovingly. "If by that you mean your father, it ill becomes you to find fault with a course of conduct that has brought you the hand of the heir apparent of Palatina. I don't know what young people expect nowadays."

"Not the sympathy of their elders," the younger lady answered somewhat irritably. "If you will excuse me, Aunt Sophie, I will go

to bed."

Her head was aching cruelly and her shoulder was so bruised that she was afraid to think of the low-cut bodice of her wedding dress in relation to those telltale marks.

Youth and health are excellent restorers, however, and by the next morning the pain was almost gone and the only pronounced effects of the adventure were psychical rather than physical. A soft melancholy surrounded the young lady and made her so demure and silent during the drive from St. Julian's to the Blue Lake that Von Steinberg could not win a word from her, though he rode patiently beside the britzska and exerted himself to please. She was practicing the reserve befitting her future dignity, getting ready for the gilded imprisonment, he thought, and felt hurt that she gave him no chance even to ask

whether she were still suffering from her fall.

The afternoon afforded him better luck, for the end of their journey was accomplished by boat, a mode of conveyance more conducive to tête-à-têtes.

Blue Lake was a picturesque sheet of water about fifteen miles long by two wide, and the better to enjoy its scenery, the King had bought (second hand) from an Imperial neighbor a charming little steam yacht, which had been built for a capricious lady much indulged by the Imperial Majesty just mentioned. The yacht, not meeting the lady's requirements, was rejected by her before it was finished, and offered for sale; and the Hofmarshal, who knew every scandal of Europe, heard of the occurrence and told the King, who promptly secured the bargain at half its cost and virtuously gave it to his Queen.

There was an example of thrift and domestic constancy such as Leopold loved to

And the good Queen! What pleasure she had, steaming up and down the Blue Lake when she was in residence at the Villa, and while she sailed knitting stockings for Maximilian's blessed legs and telling her Hofdame what a paragon he was!

This selfsame tiny yacht, painted white since its redemption and gayly caparisoned with red and yellow awnings, was waiting for the Princess and her suite at the head of the lake, and offered a pleasant diversion to the monotony of the long drive.

Some time after the little boat had got under way and was rushing through the water, past wooded hills and nestling villages, Von Steinberg found the Princess alone in the stern, leaning against the taffrail.

"How is the head?" he asked anxiously, and yet with a little reproach in his voice.

"It doesn't ache to-day unless I touch it," she said, sinking her fingers in the thick waves of hair, "but just here even the weight of my hat makes me wince."

He bent over her and said, half maliciously, half tenderly:

"Think how much more a coronet would hurt."

She flashed a look of indignation at him, and then—as if his remark had reminded her of something—she drew a letter from her pocket and began tearing it into small bits, which she tossed into the lake.

"You confide your secrets to the mermaids," he said, smiling. "Have a care, your Highness; they are a faithless sister-hood."

"Oh, there is no secret!" she answered. "I would as lief tell you as the mermaids. It is a letter from the Crown Prince which has followed me by especial courier from Grippenburg. He is graciously pleased to recognize my existence—even to allude to our marriage. He regrets that military and other engagements forbid his making my acquaintance before I arrive at Keltzen, and trusts my journey may be a pleasant one. I see by the date I should have received it before I left my father's house."

"Does this mitigate your unfavorable impression of his Royal Highness?" asked Otto under his breath.

"Of his manners—yes," she conceded. Von Steinberg opened his lips to speak and closed them again in a kind of boyish embarrassment, but at last he said:

"God knows, your Highness, that it is hard for me to fight the Prince's battles with you—but you do him injustice. He is a man of warm heart, incapable of willingly wounding anyone's feelings, least of all yours."

"Then he must be singularly lacking in imagination; in the power of putting himself in the other person's place."

"Perhaps he has only the more ordinary qualities," the young man went on. "But I give you my word there is hardly a man, woman, or child who has been intimately thrown with him who doesn't think him a—decentish sort of chap," he finished lamely.

"Your praise is not extravagant," said the Princess.

"I have often remarked that it is the reserved statement that carries weight," he replied.

"Count Otto," she exclaimed, suddenly facing him, "do you want me to admire the Crown Prince?"

She blushed furiously as she put the indiscreet question, and the eyes she raised to his betrayed even more than her words.

Von Steinberg's self-restraint might have given way under the temptation, but Prince Louis was pacing the deck, and as he approached the stern he looked so sharply at the young people on the taffrail that sheer fright made Otto answer:

"I don't want you to admire anyone you have not seen, but I conceived it the part of plain loyalty to bear testimony to the good points in the Crown Prince's character."

Prince Louis had now turned and was

bearing up against the wind that flapped his coat tails as it listed, and fluttered his trousers against his thin ankles.

The Princess was by no means pleased with

Otto's answer.

"Your loyalty seems an uncertain quality," she said with demure malice. "It is here to-day and gone to-morrow—or rather it was conspicuous by its absence last night."

A look of startled interest came into his

face.

"You heard!" he cried. "You know the depth then of my presumption! It is no new story. Honorable men before me have met with the same misfortune of loving above them. I admit the disloyalty, but then how can one curb one's heart?"

"By dancing on its grave—as I do," she said, setting her little teeth as if she were

bearing pain.

"Oh, don't talk in riddles!" he pleaded, forgetting everything but the sweet suggestion that she, too, suffered. "If I supposed my words had roused one echo in your heart I should—""

"My dear Hélène," said the mellifluous voice of Prince Louis—so close it made her jump—"your aunt has got a cinder in her eye and begs you will go to her at once. You have proved yourself so efficient a surgeon with the Baroness and Toto that we all come to you for help. My wife's eyes are prominent, Herr Rittmeister," he added with a meaning look, "and sometimes they catch what was never intended for them."

He ambled off, courteous as ever.

"Confound old women and their eyes!" said this graceless person. "In another moment she might have confessed that she cared, and then—" A strange look came into his face. "Well, and then? Would it not be a rash action on my part to take advantage of what may be only a momentary impulse on hers?"

The jangling of the engine bell broke in upon the reverie of this Launcelot of the Lake, a reverie full of wild thoughts and half-formed resolutions. The boat was nearly at the pier of the Villa before he was able to control his thoughts and send them quietly jogging along the path of immediate duty.

For the rest of the afternoon and evening he found himself foiled every time he tried to speak to the Princess. It was usually by some circumstance that seemed quite adventitious, but from the recurrence he had to conclude that Prince Louis had taken alarm

and meant to check any further intercourse of a private nature while the Princess was under his charge. The old gentleman was sufficiently a courtier to accomplish his purpose with a suavity that deprived it of its sting. At dinner, for example, Von Steinberg had his accustomed place between Hélène and Princess Louis, but what can a man say to the lady of his love with three jealous chaperons seated at the table and a servant behind every chair? And later, when nap time approached, the Prince took a second cup of black coffee and declared he never felt so wide awake in his life; he positively must examine this charming Villa-would Hélène come with him? The Chamberlain assured him the apartments were all lighted and particularly recommended the inspection of a shell room overhanging the lake, which most visitors found unique "and ugly to make you shudder," whispered the old gentleman in his niece's ear as he led her off, a defenseless victim.

It was some comfort not to have been privately lectured, and the Princess could not but admire the gayety with which her uncle carried off his new rôle of sheep dog. She was suffering tortures of humiliation at having betrayed her feelings in defiance of duty and honor, and she wanted desperately a word alone with Otto to bid him forget what was past, to hold above all things to loyalty and truth and help her to do the same; and to accomplish this interview she bent all her woman's wit. But her simplicity was no match for the old gentleman's astuteness; he saw through every little ruse to shake him off (such as offering to sing, and wondering whether the moon had risen on the lake), and he hung over her while she sang and trotted after her out on the balcony while she enjoyed the moon's reflection in the water, till she felt like tipping him into the lake.

He would have continued to make an amiable nuisance of himself till midnight, but at eleven Hélène took compassion on Von Steinberg's miseries—playing dummy whist with Princess Louis and the Baroness—and gave up the tilt with her uncle. Only fools do not know when they are beaten, and

Hélène was no fool.

The party broke up immediately; the two Princesses went up the staircase hand in hand, and the Baroness stumped after them on her crutches, exchanging pleasantries with Count Otto as she went, and making Hélène furiously cross.

As the swish of their petticoats faded across

the hall, Prince Louis rang the bell.

"A brandy and soda," he gasped to the servant who seemed to spring to his elbow, and after one long refreshing draught, his chin sank on his breast, and overtaxed nature granted him the forty winks he so passionately craved.

The Grippenburgs were not always lethargic; they could be brisk when occasion re-

quired it.

The rooms assigned to the Princess Hélène were the Queen's own, and occupied the center of the second floor, looking out upon the lake. The bedroom had long windows opening on a recessed loggia which appealed to the young girl's imagination as peculiarly romantic, and she used all possible dispatch in undressing in order to dismiss her maid, and—wrapped in her dressing gown—enjoy the moonlight on the water from behind the delicate pillars of the balustrade. But before the waiting woman had set her brushes in order a knock came at the door and the Baroness, a vision of mature comeliness, in pink cashmere and lace frills, craved admission.

The Princess kept her maid and remained standing as a hint that the interview must be brief. The Baroness frankly asked to speak to her alone, and the Princess with obvious reluctance invited her to sit down and dis-

missed the maid.

"I trust your Highness will pardon the intrusion," said the Baroness. "I fear I am keeping you up, but the urgency of my appeal must be my excuse."

"I confess to being tired," said the Princess. "Will you tell me as shortly as you can

the nature of your 'appeal'?"

"It is to yourself in behalf of your own happiness," said the Baroness, who had a certain amount of good feeling and much shrewdness. "I am a great deal older than you and have lived in what is called the beau monde. I know what women may do with impunity and what is likely to make them notorious, and I cannot see you compromise your dignity at this momentous crisis of your life without a warning."

The Princess's eyes flashed.

"Are you not assuming responsibilities that belong to my uncle and aunt?" she asked haughtily, and then, ashamed of her petulance, added: "But perhaps you mean kindly. In what way have I sacrificed my dignity?"

"In allowing Count von Steinberg private interviews," said the Baroness stoutly. "Your

Highness must be aware that such freedom is not permissible in your rank of life. Forgive me if I add that it is evident he has already awakened your interest, which is more to be deplored because his reputation for gallantries is known all over Europe."

The Princess, who had been suffering from the accusations of her own conscience, listened patiently until the Baroness attacked Otto's reputation, and then her anger flamed. Instinct told her it was not true. She admitted to herself that he had been guilty of a grave offense in loving her, that he was perhaps disloyal in thought to his friend the Prince; but that he was a Lothario, anxious to add one more triumph to his list of conquests-never! His was the simple directness of a boy; he never meant to tell her that he loved her, she was sure of that; it had slipped from him because of her helplessness and the softness of the hour. Temptation had come to them both, so suddenly and irresistibly that their feelings were involved before they suspected the danger, but Otto von Steinberg was no Lothario!

"I am willing to listen to your strictures upon my conduct," said the Princess hotly,—
"I am new to this world of shams that people call great—but I do not care to hear my friends traduced; I shall not discuss Count you Steinberg's character. Have you anything more to say?"

The Baroness lost her temper and an-

swered with spite:

"Only this, that when a young gentleman absents himself from dinner as the Rittmeister did last evening at St. Julian's, in order to meet you in the forest, and when you return after dark hanging on his arm, it is time some one interfered."

The Princess was amazed at the interpretation put upon her conduct—amazed and

very angry.

"There is but one truth in that whole statement," she cried, "and that is that I took Count von Steinberg's arm in walking to the house. I had a fall—I only wonder that I was not killed—and the Rittmeister and a gamekeeper heard my scream as I slipped over the bank, and came to my relief. Will you look at my shoulder?" she asked, throwing back her gown. "Seeing is believing. You can hardly think I found pleasure in such an experience. My head, too, was hurt and it made me dizzy. Had I been as helpless as some women I should have returned in Count yon Steinberg's arms instead of simply using

him as a support. Have we finished this unpleasant conversation, Baroness?"

"At your Highness's commands," said the Baroness sulkily, hobbling to the door.

The difficulty of using her crutches and opening it induced the Princess to do it for her, and as the lady's pink draperies trailed through, it was firmly shut behind her, locked, and bolted.

"Spy!" said the Princess, glaring like a naughty child at the unoffending door. "Bad-minded creature! And what shocking perfume she uses—I must get a breath of pure

air!"

She stepped out on the loggia and stood leaning on the balustrade, entranced with the beauty of the night. The moonlight quieted her angry feelings. She began to suspect that part of her fury against the Baroness was an underlying sense of guilt; the words had stung because they touched her conscience. She had not been behaving like a high-minded woman, much less like the fiancée of Palatina's future King. Full of good resolutions, she turned to go in, when the faint sound of oars arrested her attention, and a small boat shot into sight. It struck her that its solitary occupant was rowing with secrecy as well as with skill, and when finally he drew up under the shell room she was hardly surprised to hear a whistle like the note of a bird. The signal was given twice, and then a head was thrust out of the window and a voice she knew only too well demanded in a low tone:

"Is that you, old fellow? Is there any-

thing wrong?"

"Everything," was the laconic answer.

Then followed a whispered conversation, of which she was only able to catch an occasional word, such as "Grand Duchess," "Royal Highness," "Under arrest," "Safe till to-morrow afternoon."

An exclamation of "Beastly nuisance!" was followed by swift action on the part of the Rittmeister. He seated himself on the window ledge, swung his legs over the sill, and in a moment was suspended by his hands over the boat.

"Drop," said the man with the oars, who had backed water until his friend's feet over-

hung the desired spot.

The Princess caught her breath; the six feet of stalwart humanity that plumped into the middle of the boat nearly plunged it to the bottom, but no harm was done beyond shipping a little water, and it was immediately headed for the opposite shore.

As they rowed away one more sentence reached her ears. The voice was the Rittmeister's, and he was saying with evident vexation:

"A telegram ought to set the whole thing straight, if we can only wake up the operator in that God-forsaken hole across the lake! Not that it makes so very much difference now that my sister is on the trail—that puts an end to concealment. We might almost as well walk into the War Office to-morrow morning and make a clean breast—"

The voice trailed off, lost in the swish of

the oars.

"Is Count Otto under arrest?" the Princess wondered in miserable anxiety. "He cannot have done anything dishonorable—and yet why should he mind Louise von Steinberg knowing? She would give her last cent to help him."

The moon went under a cloud.

"Like a shadow on a reputation," said the sorrowful Princess, looking on the blackness of the lake.

CHAPTER VII

THE royal box in the Keltzen opera house had just undergone repairs to fit it to receive the grand guests who were to be entertained by the King on the occasion of his son's marriage. In fact, it was just finished in time, for the wedding was only a few days off—four or five—and the Princess had got as far on her journey as St. Julian's in the wood.

The King, who made punctuality a torment to himself and everybody else, arrived with his amiable consort before the overture to "Martha" was well begun. He enjoyed a tuneful opera, replete with familiar airs, and he disposed himself to listen in his upholstered armchair in the very middle of the box, and snubbed the Oueen with a plain "hush" when she ventured to comment on the new curtains. The music was not so engrossing, however, but that her commendation made him anxious to examine the fresh splendors for himself, and he put on his eyeglasses and scratched the arm of his chair with his long, rounded nails, in order to make sure the richness of the material justified the large bill the Hofmarshal had reported to him that morning. The brocade seemed very good to him in quality, and the color was of so glorious a yellow that he gave a grunt of satisfaction and abandoned himself to the consideration of the first act.

No foreign visitors having yet arrived, their Majesties' party consisted only of some of the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, and conversation languished during the first entr'acte; in fact, the King seemed a trifle morose considering the gavety of the music. Fortunately the intermission was short, and the second act, with the stage set for the Irish fair, was suddenly interrupted by the intrusion of the ballet, who burst down the middle of the stage and drove the chorus into the wings. The King waited breathlessly for the appearance of the première danseuse, who had been laid up for ten days with a sore throat, and whose return to her duties was announced on the playbills for that evening. It was not that he felt a serious personal interest in little Olga-pretty though she was-but the idea had just flashed into his mind that there was something suspicious in the coincidence of her sudden withdrawal from the boards and the outrageous absence of the Crown Prince. If she appeared to-night he swore to himself he verily believed his son would appear tomorrow, and he whisked himself round to make the confidence to Von Urban, who had been seated directly behind him, only to find the chair empty and no one in the box but his equerry and two of the Queen's favorite ladies in waiting.

"Where is the Hofmarshal?" the King

demanded.

The equerry brought his lips close to the royal ear; he had heard the Queen snubbed for talking and did not wish to repeat the

"Count von Urban is in the foyer, your Majesty. He was told the Grand Duchess and Mme. Palovski wanted a word with him on a matter of importance, and he joined them a moment ago. He will be back immediately."

The King looked like a thundergust.

"The Hofmarshal's place is here," he said, tapping the empty chair with his opera glass. "Be good enough to find him and say I require him at once; and mention to the Grand Duchess that the opera is already in the second act." Then, as the equerry left the box, he addressed a fierce whisper to the Queen. "Nice ideas of punctuality you have given your daughter, Amelia; if I had my way I'd lock the door of the box and let her go home if she can't come in time."

"Augusta cannot help being late, dear," answered her Majesty sweetly. "She has been dining at the Russian Embassy this evening, and they always have so much dinner.

"Can't you whisper without hissing?" he snapped. "What's the use of disturbing the audience-especially when your excuses are so silly. If people want to gorge themselves

let 'em begin earlier!"

At this point, his attack upon the Queen was diverted by the opening of the door at the back of the box, and a pervading smell of violets and a soft rustling of silken petticoats announced the presence of the Grand Duchess quite as convincingly as the brisk tones of her voice in earnest conversation with the Hofmarshal.

"Absolutely we will not excuse you; you have got to go," she was saying, and then added in a whisper that eluded the paternal ears, "and if you ever betray us, I shall swear the escapade was of your suggestion."

The unhappy Hofmarshal was almost wild with annoyance, but she would not listen to his remonstrance, and parting the curtains that separated the antechamber from the box, she stood for a moment accustoming her

eyes to the darkened house.

The King was outraged by her behavior: he would have liked to box her ears for making such a disturbance, but he was slightly afraid of her since her marriage—she was so independent, and so caustic of tongue, and so horribly rich. Her beautiful little blond head was crested with a coronet of rubies and diamonds that made the Queen's tiara look cheap, and her evening dress (of some diaphanous, faint green stuff) was covered with priceless lace.

She came forward as soon as she had got her bearings, and pausing for a moment behind her mother's chair to whisper a word of greeting, she passed on to the seat on his Majesty's right. The King had reached the

limit of his patience.

"For God's sake, sit down, Augusta," he said querulously, almost shoving her into the chair. "And pray, where have you been, Von Urban? I wish you would understand that when you are in attendance on me it is your business to stop behind my chair and not to go dashing off at everybody's beck and call."

This was emphasized by a fresh glare at

his daughter.

"Your Majesty must pardon me," said the smooth-tongued Hofmarshal; "it was not only to wait upon her Royal Highness that I left my post, but on my way up I happened to see the upholsterer who had the contract for

doing over this box at work in the corridor (the time is so short, you know!), and I went to tell him that an allowance must be made in the bill for the old curtains he took down here. They were in excellent condition."

"And very right you were, Von Urban," said the King, delighted at his friend's thrift. "They were good curtains and would have lasted for ten years if it hadn't been for all this tomfoolery about the wedding—and apropos, will you please notice that Olga has reappeared! There she is, doing a twirl like a humming top! What do you think-hey?" Here the Hofmarshal received a nudge in the ribs. "Do you think her return is the precursor to the Crown Prince's? By Gad, I hope it is! Anything to get him home! I declare, if I could only see him walking in, I'd pay the bills for his fishing trip and I'd engage to eat all the fish he has caught, too! But what is the use of wishing? I am frightened to death, and so nervous I can't settle to anything."

"Don't give it a second thought, Sir," said the Hofmarshal soothingly. "His Royal Highness is incapable of playing you false, and indeed the Russian Ambassadress has just told me that there is a rumor that he was seen driving away from the railway station in

a cab this evening."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the King triumphantly. "What did I tell you, Von Urban? Didn't I say that little whirligig over there was at the bottom of the mischief! What's that? You know she has been ill in bed for a week? You are gullible, my dear fellow, but we'll let it pass. Since you know so much, just explain to me why the Crown Prince doesn't answer my telegrams, and also when he means to conduct himself like a reasonable being. A joke can be carried too far."

"I thought, Sir, you had heard from him this morning," hazarded Von Urban.

"So I did," the King agreed, "and yester-day and the day before—and what does he write? Platitudes—and no two letters ever posted from the same place; and what is stranger still, wherever and whenever I telegraph, the answer is always the same—that his Royal Highness has just left. It is confoundedly queer, Von Urban, to say the least, and I don't like the look of it."

"Oh, well, Sir," the Hofmarshal pleaded, "we must remember how seductive trout streams are and how one goes rambling on without exactly calculating the distance; and then think how innocent the amusement is, so different to horse racing and pigeon shooting and those sports which bring young men into questionable company. We must allow his Royal Highness a little liberty before he marries and settles down."

The King shook his head dismally.

"Allow him liberty!" he repeated. "It makes precious little difference to him what he is allowed—except money!—he takes what he chooses. In my day sons didn't behave themselves like that, but in these times young people permit themselves great license and—Who is that chattering to the Grand Duchess?" he broke off, craning his head forward to investigate the cause of annoyance.

His daughter had taken the chair on his right, but had moved it till it was pushed to the extreme limit of the royal box, bringing her in close proximity to that of her friend, the Russian Ambassadress, whose shoulder

nearly touched hers.

The indignant scowl on the all highest's countenance warned Augusta that only one person could talk during the performance, and that person the King, so she put a whitegloved finger to her lips and made a tiny grimace, which Mme. Palovski received with diplomatic acumen, and the chatter ceased; but during the next intermission certain plans were matured which had popped into their pretty heads on the way to the opera, and the Hofmarshal received his final instructions in regard to a subject that had already been sprung upon him during his short absence from the royal box. The mere thought of what they wanted him to do turned him cold.

There was to be a masked ball at the Variety Theater that evening, of a quasi-respectable character, much patronized by the gilded youth of Keltzen, and therefore the subject of consuming curiosity on the part of the Grand Duchess. Knowing that the Grand Duke was obliged to be in Sitz-Baden on that particular night, she had laid her plans weeks before and arranged that Von Steinberg, who was always good for a lark, should take her and Mme. Palovski to the masquerade, and dominos and masks for the party were promptly bought and a parterre box secured at the Variety. The unexpected appointment of Von Steinberg to the command of the escort sent to accompany the Princess Hélène had put a quietus upon the plot, which was peculiarly distressing, as the only obstacle in their way had been removed by the Russian Ambassador being summoned to Petersburg for a fortnight. A revival of the plan had come about that very evening, however, when the two ladies were driving in the Sitz-Baden's brougham to the opera, as an outcome of the Grand Duchess's powers of narration. She sketched the plot of "Martha" for her friend, who had never heard it, with such vividness that Mme. Palovski exclaimed:

"So Martha and Nancy coerced their old beau into taking them to the Fair? What an invaluable idea! Why shouldn't we do the same? Let us substitute Von Urban in Otto's place, and go to the ball after the opera."

The Grand Duchess clapped her hands

with delight.

"You have the intelligence of all the Russias!" she declared. "Of course we will go. Leave me to manage him; he is in deadly

terror of my tongue."

The result was that the poor gentleman was sent for, the moment they arrived, to come to them in the foyer, and was badgered and tormented into doing a thing he loathed, and his feeble excuse that he had no domino met by the assurance that Von Steinberg's was at the Embassy, and that her Excellency's maid should take a tuck in it to suit the Hofmarshal's figure. This could be accomplished while they were enjoying the music, and all should be ready against their return.

It seemed as if Satan played into their hands, for the work of refurbishing the opera house was going on day and night, and at a door close at hand stood the head upholsterer with a yard measure sticking out of his pocket, intent on the draping of a portière. The Ambassadress promptly ordered him to measure Count von Urban from throat to toes, while she jotted down the figures on a leaf she tore from a memorandum book. Adding a few lines of instruction to her maid, she dispatched the order back to the Embassy by means of the Grand Duchess's footman, who was following with opera glasses and fans, and the Hofmarshal's fate was sealed. Indeed, he had made a poor fight against their tyranny, because his fear of offending his Majesty by a longer absence from the box was even greater than his distaste to taking them to the ball, and he began bowing and edging away before they had half finished with him. Moreover, his terrors were justified, for as he made his concluding salaam the King's equerry, Colonel von Meyer, came hastening toward them with the royal message of rebuke, and they separated like a party of conspirators surprised by the police.

The arrangements, however, were completed as the evening went on by whispered conversations and veiled hints to Von Urban, and finally, just before the last act, Mme. Palovski, in order to have everything in readiness, determined to go home. She accordingly swept out of the box, humming "The Last Rose of Summer" softly to herself, and in the corridor came plump upon his Majesty, hooked on to Von Urban's arm, taking a scrutinizing view of the new decorations. He stopped in his walk to acknowledge the lady's deep courtesy with a few words of conversation, and even condescended to address her playfully with a little chaff.

"Good evening, Mme. Russia!" he exclaimed. "Pray why are you running away so early? Bent upon ruining your roses with some fresh scene of dissipation and late

hours?"

"Your Majesty impugns my rouge," she laughed, touching her cheeks, "but it shall not suffer from very late hours to-night; there is no private entertainment of any kind this evening—nothing to tempt sober-minded, married people like you and me, Sir—only a naughty masked ball at the Variety Theater, more suited to gay bachelors like Count von Urban. I should hate to ask him whether he were going; it might lead him to equivocate!"

The poor Hofmarshal fairly writhed under her badinage, while the King broke into a

delighted chuckle.

"Ha-ha!" he exclaimed. "That's a good idea, upon my word. I can see Von Urban capering with all the Follies in town, and supping with a Columbine. I say, my dear fellow, we'll send for some dominos and go together—be boys once more. Will you join us, Mme. Palovski?"

She excused herself laughingly upon the ground that she might hamper the Hofmarshal in his career of gallantry, and ignoring his revengeful glance, she made another

courtesy and disappeared.

No wonder the Count was vexed, for the King—always hankering after forbidden pleasures—was so set upon going to the ball, now that it had been brought to his attention, that it required all Von Urban's powers of tact and persuasion to induce him to go home with the Queen.

"I might go with impunity," argued the Hofmarshal, "though Heaven knows I should find no pleasure in it—because I am small and insignificant, and nobody would recog-

nize me; but if your Majesty should go, no disguise could conceal your fine figure and the set of your whiskers; and then, Sir, pray consider the example to your subjects!"

The King heaved a sigh.

"You are right, Von Urban. I am a man of mark. Royalty has its penalties. Let us return to the Queen."

An hour later a rather crumpled figure, in a black domino with a skull-like mask, got out of a public hack at the door of the Variety, and having assisted two ladies in pink silk capuchins to alight, he disappeared with them into the theater. Their box was an excellent one in the first tier, and the trio stood for a moment surveying the gay scene—Von Urban in the middle, a pink-cloaked lady on each side.

The parquet was boarded over to a level with the stage, which was set with a picturesque representation of an Italian garden through which Watteau-like figures wandered in scattered groups; the space and repose of the composition presenting a strange contrast to the closely packed, surging throng that occupied every foot of the great area.

The first tier of boxes was only a few feet above this improvised floor, and the ladies with the Hofmarshal were so close to the dancers that they were constantly being spoken to and invited to come down and join the fun. Such familiarity was most distressing to their escort, who nearly betrayed them and himself in his efforts to protect them from the maskers.

"Go away," he would quaver in his thin old voice. "Can't you see these ladies are

not taking part in the festivity?"

"Oh, shut up, Methuselah!" exclaimed an *Incroyable* who had been especially persistent, "your ladies can't know much, or they would have had the wit to leave you at home, but such as they are, give 'em a chance!"

Von Urban nearly cried.

"Oh! do come home!" he pleaded.
"Things will get worse every moment and
this box is so exposed. Believe me, you
have seen all there is to see."

His entreaties were hardly heard, so busy were his companions in trying to single out some of their acquaintances among the giddy throng. Most of the participants were in costume, though here and there a plain domino gave rest to the eye. There were giants and dwarfs, acrobats and hunchbacks, Mephis-

toes, peasants, cavaliers, priests, Pierrots, nuns, mermaids, Follies, fairies, beasts, wild and domestic, Cardinals, and dragons-all swaying to the rhythm of the music, in which a preponderance of brass was necessary to make it heard above the din. If any couple chose to dance in a sober-minded, conventional way, they were at once the objects of mischievous persecution. A party of cats, holding paws, would promptly circle round them, or a Chinese Mandarin would pursue them with a sheltering umbrella, while he indicated to the company in unmistakable pantomime the love-making going on beneath its shade. Confetti were being thrown liberally, and now and then a well-directed kick would dislodge a hat or peruke; but so far nothing more irregular had taken place than the assisting of several ladies from the second tier to the floor over the front of the boxes, and the Hofmarshal made one more effort to get away before worse befell.

"It is one o'clock!" he whispered to Mme. Palovski. "It is not possible to stay later. I entreat you to persuade her Royal Highness

to come away."

As he spoke he felt himself tapped on the shoulder and a black-robed figure beckoned him to the back of the box. The Hofmarshal was so sure he had locked the door, that it sent a cold tremor down his back to be thus surprised, and though his words were fierce his voice was shaky as he asked:

"What do you mean by this impertinent

intrusion?"

"Nonsense, my dear Hofmarshal," was the answer in Von Meyer's well-known voice. "I came to tell you that you have been recognized—also Mme. Palovski. Perhaps your cab driver betrayed you; but however that may be, I advise you to get away before the news becomes more general."

Von Meyer, who in addition to his office of equerry to the King held the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the Crown Prince's regiment of Hussars, was much respected by the Hofmarshal, and he eagerly urged him to wait and share his responsibility in getting

the ladies to their carriage.

"How did you get in here?" asked the old gentleman, greatly relieved at securing a

coadjutor

"The Prefect of Police has a key that unlocks all the boxes," Von Meyer answered. "He and I have been watching you for a long time. I couldn't help overhearing the Grand Duchess's whispered arrangements at the



opera, and I determined to follow you in case you should need help. Get them away now as quickly as you can. I will wait," he added, pushing the Hofmarshal forward.

As Von Urban approached the front of the box a masquerader, in the guise of an Italian organ grinder, planted himself directly beneath it, and resting his organ on its wooden prop, began to grind out music in horrible discordance with the band. He was leading by means of a broad scarlet ribbon a most sportive young person dressed as a monkey. Her face was concealed by an apish mask, and her fashionable coiffure of puffs and curls was surmounted by a little red cap which she constantly snatched from her head after executing some wonderful steps and held out for money. Her short petticoats and gold-braided jacket allowed a great display of legs and arms which were covered by an anthropoid growth of brown silk fleece, far too realistic to be agreeable, and the costume was completed by a silver chain worn round the waist, to which her ribbon was attached.

A marvelous pirouette with her foot in her hand brought showers of coin into her cap, and enthusiastic cries of "Bravo, Olga; do it

again!"

Such an open recognition annoyed the dancer, and she scrambled up the side of the nearest box (which happened to be the Grand Duchess's), and seating herself on the cushioned ledge she scolded and chattered at her tormentors in true monkey fashion.

This caprice seemed to distress the organ grinder, who jerked her ribbon and tried to induce her to get down, but for some reason she resisted, while he—perhaps because he could not brook defiance—perhaps because he had seen something familiar in the appearance of the occupants of the box—grew more determined, and stopping his grinding he put his arm round her waist and whisked her off her perch without further ceremony.

In revenge he received a cuff on the ear that loosened his mask and revealed his handsome mouth ornamented with a well-

waxed mustache.

"My brother!" exclaimed the Grand Duchess under her breath.

"Von Steinberg!" exclaimed the Ambassadress.

"Really," said her Royal Highness hotly,

"you might accord me the privilege of recognizing my own brother when I see him." The Ambassadress laughed wickedly.

"It seems indiscreet to claim the more intimate acquaintance with a gentleman's mouth, but in this instance I believe I am not mistaken."

Before the Grand Duchess could reply, a black-cloaked figure shot from the back of the box and, leaning over the edge, almost hissed in the organ grinder's ear:

"I shall report you, sir, as absent from duty without leave. You are a disgrace to

the regiment."

The pink dominos shrank together in dis-

may

"Who is this person who dares to speak to my brother in this manner?" asked Augusta of the Ambassadress.

"Von Meyer, of course," answered Mme. Palovski. "You see he recognized the Rittmeister just as I did. Consider, my dearest, the folly of supposing that even Olga would dare to box the ears of the Crown Prince."

The Grand Duchess was silenced if not convinced; she hardly knew what to think, but the pleasure of the evening was gone, and she allowed the Hofmarshal to lead her from the box. Indeed she hardly spoke until they reached Beaulieu, and then she put a question that betrayed some dissatisfaction with the saturnalia she had witnessed:

"Tell me, my dear Count, are all figurantes

as bold as Olga?"

The Hofmarshal made a gesture of wholesale repudiation as he answered:

"Since the time of Darius, ma'am, when Apame snatched the King's crown and put it on her own head, barefaced impudence has been their chief qualification."

"Are you not thinking of Thais?" asked the Grand Duchess, historically at sea.

"I refer your Royal Highness to the fourth chapter of first Esdras—the wisest of books," returned the old courtier, bowing profoundly.

And this is why two young officers rowed across the Blue Lake from the Queen's villa to send a telegram to Keltzen, while the Princess Hélène watched their departure from her balcony and saw a shadow steal over a reputation dear to her heart.

(To be concluded.)

SOME RARE NAPOLEONS

BY S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.



HE latest census of engravings, mezzotints, woodcuts, and other published portraits of the first Napoleon fixes the number at above eighty thousand, while of caricatures.

French and foreign, about thirty-two hundred are known to be in existence. No celebrity of

any age has been pictured to anything like the same extent. It would seem that almost every artist whose period of activity was contemporaneous with that of the conqueror of Europe gave expression at one time or another to his real or fancied impression of the features of the man who above all others filled the public eye. One French specialist on Napoleonic iconography has compiled a volume, "Napoleon Raconté par l'Îmage," in which the story of his life is told in pictures. Every event of importance, political, military, and domestic, has had its delineator, and the book containing these illustrations is of goodly size.

Of all the characters of history, Washington is the only one who has even approached this record.

In spite of the researches of collectors and their agents, which it might be supposed would have exhausted the supply, new examples are continually coming to light, and there is scarcely one of the guild who is not constantly in receipt of offers of more or less

valuable prints. Occasionally something of supreme value is discovered in this accidental way, but the major part of such offerings is quite without worth.

Twelve different aspects of the great Corsican have been selected for reproduction here by the courtesy of Mr. William J. Latta, of Philadelphia, who has made a study and a hobby of Napoleoniana for many years, and

> who has accumulated a collection which for number, for variety, and for rare specimens is acknowledged to be unsurpassed even in Europe.

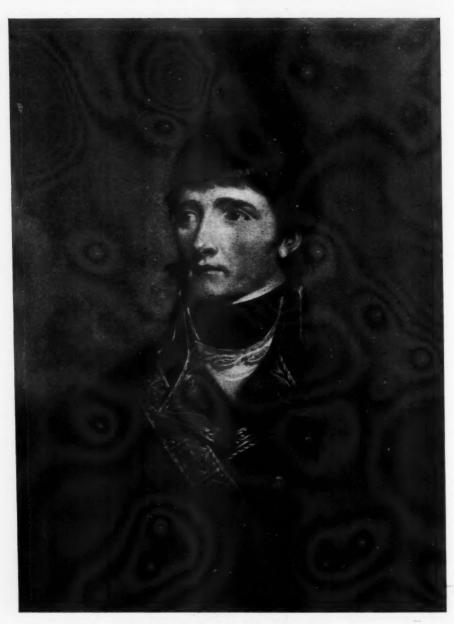
> These pictures have been chosen from over thirteen thousand, with the object of presenting those of especial rarity and beauty, and each one bears some distinguishing mark of the subject or the artist that makes it notable.

For example, the very fine portrait by Hodges shown here is not listed by any authority on Napoleon. A few other prints by the same artist are known, and one or two are valuable, but this was only discovered in Amsterdam in 1905 and

became at once the object of the most spirited emulation among the most prominent dealers and collectors in Europe and America. This is undoubtedly the rarest of all Napoleon prints and one of the most beautiful. It is in what is called the "manière noire" of the painter, very dark in tone. A striking feature of this print is that it is evidently not idealized, as were others by Hodges. The face is plainer,



MINIATURE BY ISABEY, 1815
On the lid of the snuffbox of Colonel Mace-



THE EXTREMELY RARE PORTRAIT BY HODGES
Discovered in Amsterdam in 1905.





PORTRAIT BY GUARNÉRY, 1805

PORTRAIT BY APPIANI, 1808

and less filled with that "serene expression with a beauty almost more than human" which was the desideratum of most of the artists who painted the emperor during his period of glory. The vanity of the subject doubtless contributed to this effect in no

small degree, for in 1807 he wrote to Duroc, "Advise the painters to seek less a perfect resemblance than to attain the beau ideal in preserving certain features, and in making the likeness more agreeable."

A notable example of this is the famous portrait by Gérard showing him in his coronation robes, which was painted by Napoleon's own order in 1805. Every accessory of pomp and power surrounds the imperial figure, and the face itself displays a kingly

dignity and beauty that few rulers have actually possessed. This portrait is probably as well known as any, and is here reproduced because of a discussion as to its resemblance to the original, which arose when it was first exhibited. Many critics quarreled with the

likeness. They said it resembled rather a Roman emperor than the familiar "Little Corporal," and, while praising the conception and the picture as a whole, disputed its fidelity. Upon this, Desnoyers, who had engraved the plate, declared that the likeness was perfect, and that it was only the unfamiliar dress that made the apparent difference. To prove his point, Desnoyers made a sketch of the ordinary military dress of Napoleon, and cut out a space to allow the face in the large



PORTRAIT BY THOMAS PHILLIPS, 1802



NAPOLEON IN CORONATION ROBES, PAINTED BY GÉRARD, 1805

plate to show through the opening. This "mask" he laid over the engraving, and when the critics saw it they were forced to admit the likeness. Truly doth "the apparel oft proclaim the man!" The mask here shown is the original pen-and-ink drawing by Desnoyers, and is, of course, unique.

Another instance of the apparent alteration of features by a change of dress is shown in the accompanying portrait of Talma, the foremost tragedian of the time, and the "Little Corporal" "mask." The curling hair and the classic toga would not appear to fit the



THE DESNOYERS MASK
Over the Gérard portrait.

personality of Napoleon at all, yet when the accustomed dress is superposed about the face, the likeness is at once evident.

Napoleon himself recognized this resemblance to his favorite actor, and is said to have been very proud of it. though this is, so far as is known, its only evidence in portraiture. Possibly the histrionism of his own character was subtly flattered by the similarity of his features to those of the most eminent histrion of the time. These prints are in color, and, while not remarkable in execution, are good speci-





THE PORTRAIT OF THE TRAGEDIAN TALMA
With and without the "Little Corporal" mask,



PORTRAIT BY CARLE VERNET, 1797

mens of the color printing of the period, and are extremely rare.

A portrait of quite uncommon interest, and

one which differs totally from those mentioned, is that by Thomas Phillips, engraved by Charles Turner, a prominent English engraver of the time. This portrait was painted at Petworth in 1802, without Napoleon's knowledge, the painter being enabled to accomplish the work by stealth with the connivance of Iosephine. The print which is here shown is a proof before all letters, and is so endorsed by the engraver. Additional interest attaches to this print from the fact that it was once the property of J. M. W. Turner, the famous English painter, and bears his initials on the upper left-hand corner. In some respects it resembles the well-known portrait by Greuze, though painted eleven years later, at the age of thirty-three. The delicacy of the features and the softness of the expression display neither the eager ambition of his struggling years nor the fat complacency of his period of mastery. The print in this state is unique.

The portrait by Appiani, the celebrated Italian artist and sculptor, and one of Napoleon's most frequent delineators, is also very rare and particularly beautiful. This was painted in 1803, during Napoleon's vice-presidency of the Italian Republic and his sojourn in Italy. There is more of the master shown here, and it is probable that it was an excellent likeness at the time it was painted. The print is in color, but the original tints are somewhat softened and faded by time. The brilliant red of the coat has become a trifle rusty and the complexion somewhat sallow, but it is a fine example still. The engraving is by Alix, and the print came from the collection of Cardinal Bonaparte in Rome. The cardinal was the grandnephew of Napoleon.

In the same year, 1803, the Dutch artist Vengorpe painted the portraits of the three consuls in one medallion, and the plate was also engraved by Alix. Several artists adopted this plan of portraying together the three leaders of the republic, but none more successfully than Vengorpe. Napoleon's face bears the expression that is most commonly seen in the portraits of the period, that which the circumstances of the time and existing conditions were most likely to produce. Ambition and the lust of power are betrayed in the keen features and the eager eyes, while



PORTRAIT BY GUÉRIN, 1801

his colleagues, Cambacérès and Lebrun, bear the same family likeness to their other portraits. This print is also in color, and shows the same effects of time. Below the main picture is a drawing representing Barthélemy presenting to the First Consul the Act of Constitution fixing the tenure of the consulship for life. This device of a more or less allegorical drawing accompanying the portrait of a celebrity was quite common at this time. This plate is very rare and commanded a high price.

In 1805 Guarnéry painted and J.-B. Moret engraved the fine portrait which is here re-

engraved the fine portrait which is here reproduced from the color print. The face is very strong, and the features show the same characteristics that were noted in the two pictures last mentioned. There are push and persistence in the attitude of the head and shoulders, and indomitable self-confidence in the expression of the eyes and mouth. The victorious general of the Rhine campaign is shown triumphant yet eager for more worlds



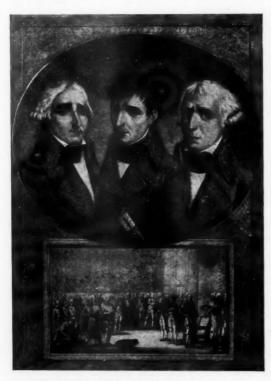
BUST OF NAPOLEON BY VALLOT

to conquer. About the lower edge of the medallion the legend, "Napoleon, Empereur

des Français et Roi d'Italie," is stamped upon the paper, but this stamp does not show in the reproduction. This was one of the very valuable prints in the Hofmann collection, the greatest in Germany, which was recently dispersed and from which Mr. Latta secured many of the choicest specimens.

From this collection (the Hofmann) came also the equestrian portrait by Ch. Vernet in 1797, engraved by Rossmäsler. This is one of the few contemporary portraits that were published in Germany, and is a spirited and characteristic drawing by this famous artist, better known as Carle Vernet, who accompanied Napoleon to Italy and who frequently portrayed him. The picture is a souvenir of the Italian campaign, and the legend accompanying it is, "Buonaparte, Obergeneral der Italienischen Armée." This print is rarely seen, and is considered very valuable and important.

The first impression of the bust of Napoleon by Vallot is likewise extremely rare, and was accounted one of the most valuable prints in the collection of Cardinal Bonaparte, whence it came. The original drawing is in chalk, and is a remarkably faithful representation of



THE THREE CONSULS, BY VENGORPE, 1808

a marble bust in the classic manner. It might easily pass for the presentment of some unknown Cæsar, for indeed the strong, aquiline features and the noble head resemble each other greatly in the figures, as we know them, of the two consuls, of Rome and France, so widely separated by the ages, yet so strangely similar in their careers.

The portrait by Guérin, painted in 1801

and engraved by Nutter, shows a peculiarity that is noticed in all Napoleon's portraits of this period. Before the expedition to Egypt, 1798-99, the hair is invariably shown long, falling over the shoulders. Subsequently it always appears cut short, often, however, with a long lock falling upon the forehead. In this example the scant, curly hair is unusual, and is not seen in any other portrait by this artist, who painted Napoleon several times. Guérin was formerly miniature painter at the court of Louis and Marie Antoinette, but followed with an impartial pencil the rulers of France throughout the various political changes of the country.

There is something pathetic as well as mildly humorous in

the engraving which was made from a sketch by General Gourgaud at St. Helena in 1818. The fat little gentleman of middle age seems trotting jauntily along, wearing little of the dignity and self-evidence of rank that were so conspicuous in his bearing a few short years before. Yet Napoleon clung to his military dress, and he is thus represented in all the pictures made from life during his last exile. He is also shown always as having become very stout, sometimes very corpulent, a condition brought about, no doubt,

by his lack of occupation. Gourgaud was one of Napoleon's trusted generals and accompanied him into exile, remaining with him till the end. This rare sketch was made in the middle year of his sojourn on the island.

A photograph of a very valuable snuffbox completes the illustrative material that it has been possible to include within the limits of

> this article. The box, one of the most beautiful known, bears upon the lid a miniature painted by Isabev in 1815. Napoleon is portrayed in all his military glory, and pridethat which "goeth before a fall"-is plainly shown in the firm mouth, the piercing eyes, and the arrogant pose of the head and shoulders. The painting is an exquisite one, and the colors are as fresh and vivid today as when first applied. The box is of heavy solid gold, and surrounding it on the side are closely set stripes of darkblue enamel. These are by no means adequately shown in the reproduction. This box bears for the collector a special interest beyond other similar mementos from the fact that on the under side of the



SKETCH OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

By General Gourgaud, 1818.

lid is beautifully engraved the following inscription:

This box,
Enriched with the portrait of the
Emperor Napoleon,
was a gift from him to his sister, the
Oueen of Naples.

AND WAS PRESENTED BY HER TO COLONEL MACERONE,

THE AID-DE-CAMP AND FRIEND OF HER HUSBAND, JOACHIM MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

THE SUBMARINE DIVER

By A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN B. CHILD



VERY surrounding, every condition, a l most every detail of the submarine diver's work is as if invented by the romancist for a setting to a weird, uncanny tale. Almost

from time immemorial when the impulse of knowledge stirred man to explore the underwater world, to the romantic era of sunken treasure ships and to the present matter-of-fact day, this useful adventurer with his stirring experiences and thrilling escapes has been the subject of more or less myth and misrepresentation. The true story of this man who sees what few humans see, who experiences what few humans care to experience, and who makes his living by taking his life in his hands, never has been written.

The one great danger to the submarine diver lies in his utter helplessness. No matter how or where he turns in his marvelous world, where even the very laws of nature seem turned topsy-turvy, he is handicapped with odds against the life within him. Groping in the mud of the pitchy darkness of a river bottom, or crouching on the sands in the green-gray twilight of an ocean bed, he works alone, a monster-headed, awkward, hideous creature, squeezed as if in a vise by the tons upon tons of water surrounding him, and clad in a cumbersome, unwieldy armor, stiff as sole leather, which often proves his casket.

From his feet to his throat the diver is dressed in a one-piece, loose-fitting, quarter-inch-thick suit consisting of the best rubber molded between two layers of heavy canvas and terminating in a copper breast-and-shoulder-plate to which is screwed the ponderous twenty-five-pound helmet, provided with circular face-plates in front and at either

side, and at the back with a "goose neck" for the attachment of the air hose. Each foot of the daring adventurer is fastened to a twenty-pound iron sandal, and about his waist is buckled a hundred-pound leaden belt and a life line. Once inside this armor, so heavy and stiff and clumsy that a strong man barely staggers across a deck in it, the diver appears for all the world as if he were inside a huge, man-shaped balloon. And in this awkward outfit, hampering every free movement, dependent upon a hundred and one favorable conditions, the diver braves the unknown dangers lurking far below.

From the instant the helmet is screwed down and the "helper" grasps the life line and lowers the diver hand over hand, the "clickclick-click" of the pumps bringing fresh air, and the hiss of the escape valve carrying away the "used-up" air, sound in the diver's ears. The "click-click" becomes part of his subconscious self. He is listening for it always, ever; not a "click" escapes him. He starts violently at the slightest irregularity of the sound. He listens for it so intently that to save his soul he cannot count correctly one hundred bricks into a bucket, taking them one at a time. It is the speech, the one speech, the speech of the pumps which tells him, "All is well so far as we are concerned."

The diver hears the acceleration of the "click-click-click" as the pumps work faster with his descent where he needs more air to counteract the increasing water pressure. The "click-click" tells him he is going deeper. So does the fast-fading light. So does the water pressure which collapses the suit against him tight as skin—save beneath the helmet and breastplate where his lungs require freedom. As his feet strike bottom, the helpless man becomes even more helpless



"They were his own feet, buge and cumbersome, in their ponderous sandals."

than before. He is as if cut off from the world above him. His sole means of speech consists of a few sentences communicated by tugging or shaking hose or life line. His one interpreter is the watchful helper, paying out or taking in hose and line and ever "feeling" the man below as a fisherman "feels" a fish.

And now the very laws of nature seem turned against his very helplessness. Despite the 180 or 200 pounds of armor under which he staggers in daylight, he now feels light as a feather. He has lost practically all semblance of that most fundamental element of physical strength-gravity. So nearly equal is the balance between air and lead and iron and copper that he finds that, like a man on the moon, he can make fabulous jumps by giving the slightest spring. For all practical purposes he is powerless as a man suspended in a swing, and his muscles and sinews of steel become useless, almost like those of an eight-year-old child. So helpless is he that he may not stand erect without being swept from his feet by the drag of current or tide against hose and life line. If he wants to progress, he must lean forward at an angle of forty-five degrees and laboriously use his hands for paddles; or he must crawl on his hands and knees, digging his fingers into the muck, a gigantic, human mudfish. If he strikes a blow with an ax, it falls comparatively harmless. Oftenest he is in such pitch darkness that he cannot twice hit in the same place. If he uses a shovel he may not shove the blade into the mud lest he go backward like a crab, but must scoop the blade full with his hands at the risk of cutting and tearing them against broken glass, tin cans, and other rubbage.

Even his senses the diver may not trust to warn him below water. He smells nothing except the stenches sucked in by the pumps above; these and the odor of rubber from the hose and the smells of the machine oil used on

the cylinders clicking air to him.

His ears he may trust only in part, for, if loud enough, sounds come to him through the escape valve—under-water noises. You might fire the sixteen-inch Sandy Hook gun over his head and he would not know it except for the quake of the mud under his feet. But he can hear an under-water explosion three miles away; he can hear the thumping and stamping of submarine drills more than a mile away; he can hear the grating and grinding of splintered spars and timbers moving in the grasp of current or tide on the deck

of a sunken hulk; and he may converse with another diver under water by shouting loud enough and holding the escape valve of his vescing champagne, and the apex of this is his eye. But everything about him is distorted many times. Crabs, lobsters, and



"Lying face down in the mud under the bow of the old ship was Tom Wall."

similar slow-moving fish, which he can catch at will, are distorted. That monster sea tiger, the hammerhead shark, arch coward, who might take the leg off a diver descending into a hold feet first, but who is frightened to death at sight of a diver in full armor, appears as big as a small sailing yacht. Briefly, everything seems against the helpless intruder even among the most favorable circumstances.

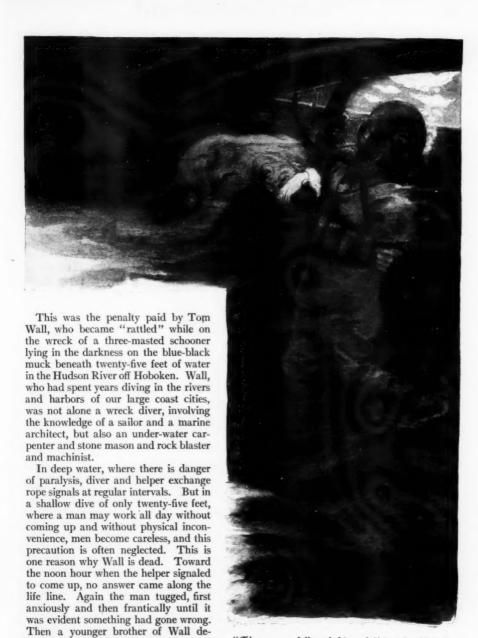
By all means the most dangerous specialty of submarine diving, that offering the greatest chance for accident and adventure, is that of the wreck diver. He it is who descends to sunken vessels to bring up cargo, to recover dead bodies, to repair the leaks in a hull, to "worry" under a keel ponderous chains for pontoons and derricks. And he it is who blasts out the masts or with "chains" of dynamite cartridges cuts the vessel, clean as if with a chisel, into so many huge sections that may be lifted by the one-hundred-ton

arms of gigantic hoisting contrivances to remove the obstruction in a channel.

A strange steamship floating on an even keel in broad daylight is a difficult enough thing to explore; but a strange ship, lying topsy-turvy, with decks slanting at a steep angle, buried beneath twenty-five or more feet of water in inky darkness, battered, littered with débris, with a thousand projections and corners and cleats and ropes and a maze of splintered spars and timbers to foul hoses or life lines, this is a different proposition. Frequently two or more divers are sent down to form a human chain in exploring these desperate hulks, each diver guiding the hose and line of the man forty or fifty feet ahead of him; for in emerging from a vessel the diver must retrace his steps inside exactly. On smaller jobs the diver works all alone, and if he loses presence of mind is hauled to the surface, black in the face, eyes bulging, blood oozing from nose and ears.



"Young was bastily undressed."



"The corpse followed him, drifting headfirst."

under the bow of the old ship was Tom Wall, limp and unconscious, his hose and line fouled about the fluke of an anchor overhead; and when the body was stretched on the deck

scended. Lying face down in the mud

of the wrecking barge, out of the lifeless hand of the diver dropped a huge clasp knife, while the hose told the rest of the tale.

Up at the Baxter Wrecking Company they keep a section of air hose slashed and reslashed deeply in a dozen places. They show this to visitors. This is a piece of

the hose used by Wall. When the hose and

line fouled and Wall found he could no longer signal, he forgot in his fright that all he had to do was to sit on the river bottom and wait until assistance came. In his frenzy he did the last thing he should have done: he tried to cut the air hose. trusting to free his life line and ascend by it. Even at that he had one chance in a thousand. But in the darkness he was unable to slash again and again into the same cut in the hose, and before he could sever the tube, he slashed it in a dozen different places, cut off his own air, and died.

A widely different accident, and probably the most remarkable escape in the history of diving, happened to Frank Dwyer, a deep-sea diver, while at work on the Cunarder Oregon, sunk fifteen miles off the Long Island coast, E. by S. from Fire Island.

Like all vessels that go down bow first, the big steamer had fairly tobogganed into the depths, darting with the frightful im-

petus of a 6,000-ton projectile and fetching up nose first against the hard, unvielding sands. There she lay, barely the tips of her masts showing, backbone broken, toppled on one side, a bent, twisted, torn hulk, a menace to shipping and a veritable death-trap to divers, submerged 132 feet, deep as men dared risk the enormous water pressure of sixty-five pounds to the square inch.

So great was this pressure that steam instead of hand pumps had to be used to force



"He it is who descends to sunken vessels."

air to the men. So great was the pressure that an empty champagne bottle taken only to threefourths the depth of the wreck would have been collapsed like a blown eggshell hurled to a pavement. So great was the risk of paralysis in this pressure that among all the divers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia only four men could be found willing to take the chances. And in this inhuman pressure, so great that belt buckles. buttons, coins, and even the ribs and seams of clothing beneath the armor were driven painfully into the flesh, Dwyer and his assistants worked throughout a summer on this wreck, salving cargo, diving once an hour in shifts of twenty minutes, including seven minutes for gradual descent and seven for gradual ascent to avoid the sudden changes of pressure so fatal to the strongest heart action.

Among the cargo of the Oregon were a number of valuable cases of silver located

beneath the main hatch among boxes and casks and general merchandise. Dwyer, 132 feet beneath daylight, in the twilight on the steep decks of the wreck, had just worried a draught of barrels into a sling, had tugged his life line to "hoist away," and had sat on the coamings of the deep hole watching the ascending barrels turn and whirl amidst a sunburst of silvery air bubbles playing in the golden cone, when he saw something that threatened to stop his heart stock-still. There, fouled about the great iron hook on the end of the cable hoisting the draught, was his air hose. In an instant he would be jerked from his feet in an upward, maddening flight. Quick as a flash, almost instinctively he seized his life line to signal "stop," but owing to the ocean swell the life line had been permitted to hang slack, and he was horrified to see that the current had fouled it into a V-shaped rent in the coamings. He pulled

and pulled-but in vain.

"I gave up right there," said Dwyer when recalling his experience. "My mind worked with the rapidity of lightning. I seemed to think more in those few minutes than I thought in all my previous existence. Here was I, hopelessly fastened to the deck of the ship by the line about my waist and about to be pulled upward in the grip of a steam engine pulling the hose fastened to my helmet. Before I could realize it, I felt myself shooting upward, cutting the water at frightful speed. For an instant there was a dreadful. numbing wrench as if I were being pulled in two. Then I heard a snap and a click. I knew the hose had parted and the check valve in the rear of the helmet had closed, preventing the inrush of water. Then I began to fall, coming front wise, side wise, any old wise down to the deck. I recalled that at best the air in the suit would last me five minutes and that I had just that long to live. The most frightful sort of death with all its horror stared me in the face. As the air pressure in the suit would go down more and more, the tons upon tons of water would squeeze me from all sides, force the blood from feet and hands and trunk and legs toward my head, and crush me limb from limb and bone from bone, bursting my skull open and smashing me flat as pulp. I recalled the hid-eously distorted faces of friends taken dead from their armors, and the thought filled me with frenzy until my brain was awhirl and I was seized with a crazy panic that sent a billion pin pricks to every nerve throughout my body. Instinctively I felt I must loosen the life line, and I grabbed it and drew myself toward the fatal rent and pulled and pulled and tugged and tugged. My strength was going at an alarming pace. My breath was coming harder and harder. I felt as if I were in the grip of a gigantic vise; as if I were in the center of the earth closing in upon me at every side. I tugged and tugged, feeling my eyes bulge, feeling my brain aflame, feeling as if a million pounds were lying on my chest to stifle me. I realized I was hopelessly doomed. I gasped for air like a fish out of water, still tugging to free myself. Then with a whirl of red mist before my eyes I lost consciousness.

"When I came to, I lay under heaven's own golden sunshine in a steaming hot bath on the deck of the wrecking barge, a dozen anxious, bronzed faces bending over me. All night I lay writhing in the agony of the bends, but the hot water and a subsequent gradual descent averted paralysis. Not until next day did they tell me how I was rescued.

"When the draught came into daylight, the end of my broken air hose came with it. At the same time the pressure gauge at the air pump jumped to nothing. So, a dozen of the boys laid hands to the life line and, signal or no signal, paralysis or no paralysis, yanked me up by main force; but whether they pulled the life line free or whether I finally loosened it myself, only God knows, and He has been very good to me."

Aboard every man-of-war in the American and the British navies are a number of divers whose duty it is to inspect the bottoms of vessels when occasion requires, to scrape barnacles and marine growths, and to make themselves generally useful beneath the waters of the seven seas. Among the unusual accidents the veterans of the copper helmet tell about, is one which befell one of these specialists, seaman, gunner, and diver John Young, of H. M. battleship *Hood*, who became fouled and spent six hours pounding his head into the stiff clay thirteen fathoms beneath the waters of Suda Bay, Crete.

The *Hood*, hard at war play, was making practice with the twelve-foot "baby" torpedoes used for this purpose, when, owing to a defect in a mechanism, one of the deadly toys swerved in its flight, leaped clear out of water, turned head down, and shot like an arrow to the bottom of the bay, where it stuck, nose first, seven feet deep in hard clay, sending up a diminutive geyser as the compressed air in its tank gushed toward the surface.

Now, even a "baby" torpedo is a costly thing; also, it is a dangerous thing to leave around; also, it would make excellent practice for the divers to try to recover it. Wherefore a boat was manned with diving apparatus to bring home the runaway, Young being detailed to go down. A "shot" rope—a line weighted heavily at one end—was lowered directly alongside the torpedo, and, thus guided to the exact spot, Young was lowered overboard to fasten a five-inch manila hawser. The diver, caught by the current, became twisted once around the shot rope without having so much as a chance of knowing it, and, after fastening a cable to the torpedo, in the darkness he inadvertently walked entirely around it, doubly fouling himself. The instant he was hoisted, upside down he went, air rushing to the feet of the armor, and there he hung, unable to go up or down, his head

bumping against the bottom.

Up above, the men found they could not hoist Young, and knew something had gone wrong. Other divers and other armors were on board, but the only air pump was already in use, and while powerful enough to send air for two men to a depth of twelve fathoms it was useless to try to use it at a depth of thirteen. For six mortal hours the men in the boats worked, pulling and hauling and heaving at the five-inch hawser at the risk of killing the man below, but hoping, as a last resort, to free torpedo, diver, and all. And all this time Young was anchored feet up and head down, bumping against the bottom of the bay, while owing to a slight leak in the armor, water was steadily rising in the helmet, finally touching the hair, and rising, rising toward the death line, the instant it would reach the nostrils. Still worse, the cylinders of the pump, which had been working about eight hours steadily, were getting red hot, and could be run only by packing them in ice.

Finally, when hope of saving the doomed man was all but abandoned, H. M. S. Dolphin hove in sight. A diver from the Dolphin reported, however, that Young was dead, for he had clasped the unfortunate by the hand and had received no answer. Heroic means had to be resorted to quickly, even at the risk of cutting Young into halves or blowing him to smithereens by the accidental discharge of the torpedo. Both warships sent their most powerful launches, and these were attached to the cables. Engines were started, and with smoke belching from funnels and water churned into foam they pulled again and again, first one way and then at right angles in another, until at last the torpedo, still buoyant with air, shot skyward, bringing the unconscious prisoner with it.

When Young was hastily undressed it was found that the water at the top of his helmet had reached the eyes. Fifteen minutes more and the man would have been drowned in something like three quarts of water.

Hardened though a diver may become to the dangers and trials of his work, there is one detail which no diver covets and which many of the most iron-nerved absolutely refuse. This is the recovery of bodies from sunken ships. No money, nothing but the higher impulse of charity prompts a diver to

undertake a search for the dead.

When the fire-rusted, charred hulk of the German Lloyd liner Saale, a victim of the big Hoboken fire, lay on the flats off Communipaw, N. J., her hull filled with something like two hundred drowned or roasted corpses, the wrecking company found the greatest difficulty to obtain divers willing to undertake the work of recovering the bodies. A Swedish diver, however, named Johnson, recovered four or five corpses for each one brought up by the other men. It was while body hunting in the main saloon on the ship that Johnson had a perfectly natural experience which completely unnerved him.

The wreck lay sunk in water level with the main deck, her floors burned through in spots so that a misstep would precipitate a man clear to the very bottom of the hull. As if to intensify the darkness within, a two-inch layer of charred wood floated and grated on the surface of the water inside the hulk, and somewhere below in this death trap, amidst a *débris* of water-logged mattresses and bed quilts and spiral sofa springs, iron chairs, bottles, charred furniture, and a hundred and one other objects, were the bodies.

Johnson, who had brought up six bodies in rapid succession, descended into this uncanny vessel, clinging with one hand to the beams of the ceiling, and groping in wide sweeps with his free arm; for it is not on the floor but under ceilings where divers seek bodies submerged three or more days. Nerved every instant for the momentary shock upon touching a grewsome find, the diver was beginning to think that his search was ended when his hand blundered directly into the cold, clammy palm of a dead man. Startled beyond measure, the diver quickly retreated. Drawn by this suction, the corpse followed him, drifting headfirst against the diver's breast. With a cry of alarm stifled within the helmet the diver struck frantically at the thing, dropped to the floor, and tried to flee when a sharp tug at his air hose brought him to a standstill.

With brain awhirl and cold perspiration breaking from his forehead and strength leaving him, his outstretched arms encountered an iron pillar, and here he stood for many minutes pluckily recovering from the grewsome series of incidents. Throughout, it never occurred to him to ascribe his adventure to other than perfectly natural causes, and gradually he regained his nerve. Then he cleared his fouled hose. And then he did something for which Mr. Carnegie ought to present him even at this late day with one of his hero medals—he went back after the body and got it and signaled to be hoisted up.

Dripping water, his distended armor appeared at the foot of the ladder. It was evident he was in distress, and he was helped up the ladder, where he leaned limply over the edge while the helmet was unscrewed. He swayed while standing there, and as the fresh air struck his nostrils his chin sank to his chest while his face had the ashy-gray pallor of a man on the verge of fainting. Helpers and pumpers grasped him, but he waved them aside, weakly scrambled to the deck, and signed to be undressed. It was twenty-four hours before Johnson returned to work, and not for several days, until he began to view the experience from a ludicrous aspect, did anyone know what really happened.

However stern and grim the career of the diver, sometimes it is not without its fun and its compensations. Some of the underwater illusions, especially in the crystal clear waters of the tropics, where animal and plant life flourish as nowhere else on earth, the submarine scenes are simply beyond imagination and description. The most beautiful, gorgeously colored fishes, exercising their strange faculty of changing to their most widely different hues, are encountered and sometimes become playfully bothersome. This was especially the case at Roncador Reef, where divers were at work clearing the telegraph cables fouled by submarine rocks owing to heavy storms. Here entire schools of the most beautifully colored "boobies" came, attracted by curiosity to inspect the strange creatures with the beautiful silvery bubbles spouting from the backs of ponderous heads. Like a swarm of mosquitoes the fish pestered the life out of the divers, trying even to nibble their fingers unless these were kept in motion. Sometimes a "booby" would tick his nose against the face plate of a

diver as if to get a good look at him, and the instant he was "shooed" away he was back, like a troublesome fly, ticking at one of the side windows. Yet it was impossible to catch a single one.

Among the ludicrous experiences, some, for the time, are the most startling. Dwyer, while at work on the *Oregon*, had one of these. Between "draughts" he was sitting on the edge of an open hold swinging his legs into space when he happened to look down just in time to see the body of a big shark. Without waiting to gather himself he simply threw his feet over his head, turning a back somersault, while not one but *two* big sharks passed over him. Worse, the sharks were firmly attached to his ankles. They were his own feet, huge and cumbersome in their ponderous sandals and distorted under water to enormous size.

The career of the wreck diver is not the only interesting branch of the business. Diving is at the very foundation of our river and harbor engineering feats. Where rock is to be blasted, down goes the diver carrying deadly charges of dynamite or nitroglycerin, loads the holes, tamping the deadly charge properly, and inserting the primer connected by wire with the firing battery.

In the dock departments of all coast cities divers are employed steadily to lay masonry and foundations built under water. Every railroad contracts with firms of master divers to inspect the under-water piers and foundations carrying the steel rails high overhead. Therefore the general diver must know at least rough carpentry, must be a stone mason versed not only in guiding the mightiest of rocks carefully upon one another, but also in cement and concrete work of all descriptions. In fact, he must be machinist enough to take a locomotive apart under water, as happened not so very long ago when a diver brought a locomotive out of Cayuga Lake.

The accidents among the rank and file of the general, or engineer, diver are fraught with as frightful details as are those of the wreck specialist.

Undoubtedly the most harrowing death that ever befell a diver was that of William Hoar, beneath sixty-five feet of water at the Boonton dam. At the bottom of the dam, which was ninety feet high, was a gigantic exhaust pipe measuring forty-eight inches in diameter, and down through the masonry of the dam was sunk a vertical well containing a sluice gate controlling the flow of

water through the pipe. This gate became out of order and refused to close more than halfway, and in order to repair it it was necessary to stop the flow of water from the reservoir entrance of the pipe. In order to do this a huge wooden ball, measuring fifty-two inches, four inches more than the diameter of the pipe, was weighted with 1,300 pounds of lead and lowered into the depth, the idea being to direct the ball toward the entrance of the pipe where it would be caught in the suction and would fasten itself over the opening. The contrivance, however, failed to land evenly, and Hoar was sent down to stop the leakage by means of sand bags.

Whether Hoar misstepped or whether he blundered too near the suction of the outpouring cataract, he was caught in the resistless swirl and swept from his feet to his back, one leg being sucked to the knee in the opening. He tried to rise and to extricate himself, but fell back helpless. Then he sig-

naled for assistance.

The gravity of the situation was recognized at once by the engineers, the news of the accident spread like wildfire through the town, and within less than an hour fifteen hundred people were at the edge of the dam, where they stood as helpless spectators. The engineers at once telephoned to New York for another diver and chartered a special train to race from Hoboken to the town. Within an hour a diver named William Ohlsen, an intimate friend of Hoar, stepped from the train dressed in his armor. He found Hoar lying helpless on his back, apparently suffering great agony. Ohlsen raised him to his feet and tried to talk to him through the escape valve, but the din of the cataract drowned all sounds, and all he could do was to grasp Hoar's hand and squeeze encouragement.

For an hour Ohlsen worked and tugged in vain. Then he signaled to be hoisted. Pale and fatigued, his blond head bobbed out of the helmet over the edge of the breastplate.

"It looks bad. Give me a knife and a

crowbar," he said.

Down he went. Hoar was again on his back. With might and main Ohlsen struggled with the bar, first trying to pry away the ball and then trying to pry against Hoar's iron sandal. As well might he have tried to pry the Washington Monument with a toothpick, and he returned to the surface after three hours' work, exhausted and agitated by the hard work and by the inevitable under-water tragedy enacting itself before his very eyes.

It was evident that heroic measures had to be resorted to. Ohlsen went down again and tied a rope about the diver's waist, and while he pried with the bar a score of men pulled and yanked unto sinking the big raft on which they were afloat. But not a hair-breadth budged Hoar.

At intervals of about a half hour Hoar signaled bravely. Ohlsen, who was fast giving out under the combined strains of work and excitement, made frequent trips below, and there the two men stood in utter darkness, grasping each other's hands like a pair of frightened schoolgirls, squeezing encouragement to each other. Once Ohlsen remained for two hours, arms wound about the drooping form, supporting the dying man and relieving the weight of the body thrown on

one foot. And throughout the night the men stood by each other, hoping against

hope for succor to be devised by the engineers

in charge.

When morning came the situation was no better. Hoar's signals were becoming pretty weak. Some suggested that Ohlsen amputate the leg to save the man; but against this there was a storm of protest. Then came the bright idea that resulted in the direct cause of the death of Hoar. Up to this time he had fought death under thirty-three pounds pressure to the square inch, had fought it for twenty-two hours, standing on one leg and suffering the keenest agony, and without a crumb or a drop to eat or to drink.

Up in broad daylight they had procured four horses and a rope scarcely able to stand the strain of two. This was fastened about the ill-fated man's waist. It never occurred to them that a man anchored by one foot and hauled in an opposite direction by four horses might be pulled literally apart. The horses were started. The rope stiffened and trembled like a fiddlestring as it leaped out of the water, and then, fortunately, it broke in two, and when a diver named Myers went below, Ohlsen having completely collapsed, he found Hoar lying on his side, dead.

Twenty-four hours later, when a diver descended the well and within two hours repaired the gate so that the water was shut off, Hoar's body was recovered as readily as if it were picked up peacefully asleep under a green tree in God's sunshine. Investigation showed that the rope had cut through the diving suit, and that, after all, Hoar had died the supposedly easy death of drowning—a victim to no fault of his own.

MOIN ARCADY OF



A Villanelle



Although tis but a memory, Still in the days of long ago We tended sheep in Arcady.

Then were we both of fancy free And laughing Youth had much to show Although tis but a memory.

Again the pasture lands we see Where in the golden summer glow We tended sheep in Arcady.

And hear the tender harmony Of shepherd pipes that softly blow, Although its but a memory.

Nor thought of any end had we As through the grasses to and fro We tended sheep in Arcady.

So what if life now empty be Of all the past this do we know, Although tis but a memory, We tended sheep in Arcady!

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.



INDIA AND THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE STATUS OF THE FAR EAST

BY CHESTER HOLCOMBE

Formerly United States Minister to China and author of "The Real Chinese Question," etc., etc.



HE events of the recent war between Japan and Russia, the terms of peace with which it came to an end, taken with the fact and character of the alliance between Great Britain and

Japan, indicate a new departure in Eastern Asia. Studied separately, either of these factors will give an inadequate or incorrect conception of the far-reaching extent of changes not so much brought about as made evident by the war, of new forces brought into operation, new attitudes assumed, and radically

new policies adopted.

It is merely asserting what every thoughtful student of Eastern affairs well knows, to say that Japan entered upon war with Russia from patriotic devotion to a purpose far broader and more important than the expulsion of the latter from Manchuria and the restoration of that province to China, its rightful owner. But perhaps few have yet realized that, having engaged in the struggle with one great purpose, she has emerged from it with another less purely patriotic in character; or, as may be more exact to say, was induced, in the last days of the war, to accept another, and that confused with an "entangling alliance." So, too, it is generally known that Japan entered upon the wearisome negotiations at Portsmouth, when neither belligerent was in fact ready to make peace, with certain welldefined and, as most of us believe, justifiable demands, upon which she was determined to insist at all costs, but that, at the last moment, she was persuaded to abandon some of the more important of these, at the risk of a revolution in her own island empire. The influence which caused this sudden moderation, unexpected even by Japan, had its source not in Washington, as is commonly believed, but in London, not from the United States, but from the new ally, Great Britain, as Lord Lansdowne intimated truthfully, though perhaps unwisely, to the Governments of France and Russia through the British ambassadors at those courts. And thus it was. Japanese successes in the war, wholly unanticipated by the wise ones of Europe, suggested, or at least caused Great Britain to regard with favor. an alliance with this newly discovered great Power of the Far East and with it a new line of policy and action for Japan. This in turn, under British influence and persuasion, secured largely modified terms of peace, Japan being led to see that she would gain in other ways full equivalents for the several demands which she was induced to forego. The Czar may well thank King Edward that he was not either forced to accept more humiliating and onerous conditions at Portsmouth, or to fight further and, unless all signs had failed, fare worse in the end.

While it cannot be questioned that Japan was the uninterrupted victor at every point of offensive or hostile contact with her enemy throughout the war, it appears equally plain that Russia proved her superiority over the Japanese in the less bloody, yet more difficult, battles of diplomacy at Portsmouth. And Great Britain, while playing the rôle of a deeply interested though strictly neutral bystander, has manifestly outreached them both and fairly won the first prize for shrewd diplomacy and selfishly wise statecraft in the whole business. International agreements, called treaties, are invariably couched in smooth and plausible language. Yet it would be a waste of effort to seek any considerable infusion of high motive or philanthropic purpose in their terms and stipulations. This remark holds emphatically good of the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan. It may, indeed, become "a great human document," as has been somewhat incautiously predicted of it, because humanity is largely selfish, and this document is wholly selfish in both motive and object. But, in point of fact, it is a strictly business document, a contract of combination between two great Powers, one European, the other Asiatic, avowedly entered upon in order to protect their own special, and sometimes questionable, rights and interests in Eastern and Southern Asia, and-no less in mind, though unstated—to secure to them a dominating influence, commercial as well as political, in that part of the globe. Surely it is at once reasonable and prudent to consider it in that plain light, free from any premature, and possibly undeserved, halo, since the key to the changed situation and the new departure in the Far East is to be found in its terms and pledges, and great issues affecting America, no less than Europe and Asia, may hinge upon it.

For many years the wise leaders in the marvelous and unparalleled transformation which has taken place in Japan had foreseen a time when a stand must be made against the persistent and wicked aggressions of the great European Powers upon the territories and sovereign rights of the several remaining nations of Eastern Asia, if any one of them was to maintain permanently an independent existence. While the peril was common to all and the absorption of one, or even a part of one, would greatly increase the prospects of complete national annihilation to all, Japan alone appears to have recognized the situation afar off and to have shown a disposition to meet it. Abundant proofs of the danger and Japanese prescience of it are at hand, but need not be given here.

The opening of Korea to foreign intercourse in 1882 and the political intriguery which followed upon the part of Russia, convinced Japan that the danger was even greater than had been feared, and that Russia was the most immediately threatening foe to the continued independence of either Korea, China, or herself. The contemptuous and imperative interference of the Czar with the terms of peace agreed upon with China in 1895, in which he forbade Japan to acquire Port Arthur, the Liao Lung Peninsula, or any portion of the Continent of Asia—had he added "because I have reserved it all for myself," his words could have been no more plain—this

ultimatum, to which France and Germany nodded assent from the background, proved that the danger was imminent, and that preparations adequate to meet and successfully cope with it must be made at once. Hence the wonderful concentration of energy, hence the large expenditures of Japan, in military and naval preparations seen during the past ten years! She was stripping and training for a struggle which involved her existence, as she well understood.

she well understood.

But, while making ready to stand forth as the champion of the liberties and rights of three nations of the Far East, against the lust of domination and the aggressive, neversatisfied greed of the great Powers of Europe, Japan neglected no effort to secure by diplomatic negotiation what she was preparing to fight for. With this end in view her ablest statesman, the Marquis Ito, was sent to St. Petersburg in 1902, under instructions to reach, if possible, an understanding with the Government of the Czar. The attempt was made, but proved a complete failure. Nothing was gained by it other than an added conviction that something stronger than words or treaties must be employed to stop the progress of Russia in the Far East, destructive to all nationality save its own.

Then another line of diplomatic effort was undertaken. Since the leader and chief exponent of the European absorption of Asia would not listen to reason, it became both wise and necessary to separate him from any possible allies, or at least to hold the latter in check. It had not been forgotten that both France and Germany had silently ranged themselves beside the Czar in 1805, as mentioned above. Action corresponding to this by either or both of these, in the event of war between Russia and Japan, could hardly be other than fatal to the latter, and must be prevented. The Power having the largest interests in Asia, and consequently the most active and interested rival of the Czar in his ambitions there, was sought. The Marquis Ito traveled from St. Petersburg to London, and the preliminary or limited alliance between Great Britain and Japan was the result of his negotiations there.

It was a simple agreement providing that, if any two nations should attack either contracting party, the other should at once come to its aid and make common cause with it. It was greatly to the advantage of the Japanese, though costing Great Britain nothing, in that it acted as a warning to France and Ger-

many to keep hands off, to maintain at least a semblance of neutrality throughout the struggle between Russia and Japan. What France might have done without such a notice, and under excuse of her earlier alliance with Russia, cannot be certainly known. Yet much may be inferred from the lengths to which she did go in spite of it, and in violation of any reasonable interpretation of the duties

and obligations of a neutral.

The event has proved that this conditional pledge accomplished all that was expected from it or necessary. Yet it well may be doubted whether more active support could have been secured however great Japanese need might have been. British military resources had been heavily drawn upon, to say the least, by the South African War. A conflict with Russia might, and probably would, bring about complications and entanglements nearer home which, in turn, would cause serious loss to British prestige and more substantial interests. Furthermore, the British realized as little as we did the genuine capacity and power which Japan had developed and could demonstrate as a fighting nation. As a matter of fact, the British people did not believe more than others, more than the Russians themselves, that the Japanese could possibly win in a war with the forces of the Czar. And thus, in view of any actual knowledge, Great Britain risked much when military assistance was pledged, even in the contingency named in the alliance. Yet it was only less important to the British than to the Japanese, though for quite different reasons, that the Russians should be expelled from Manchuria, should abandon all ambitions looking toward Korea, and that final check be given to Russian progress southward in Eastern Asia.

But what were those "different reasons"? What led Great Britain to assume the risk, to enter into an agreement with Japan in January, 1902, and to be "desirous of replacing the agreement by fresh stipulations" in August, 1905? Since the changed attitude of Japan, the new departure, and the outlook for the future in Eastern Asia are to be made clear largely by the answer to this question, it becomes necessary at this point to examine it with close scrutiny, and reach if possible a logical and complete solution.

The proposition that Great Britain was inspired by any philanthropic motives does not merit a moment's consideration. She was not anxious to aid Japan, but herself. Nor had the British Government the least sympathy with that spirit which led the Japanese to risk national extinction and stand forth as the champion of the independence and territorial integrity of the nations of the Far East. Manifestly it had none, since Great Britain has from the beginning formed one and, as many believe, the most dangerous leader of that quartet of European Powers which have encroached upon the sovereignty and trampled under heel the rights of the nations of that part of the globe, one among the very class of interlopers and marauders whom Japan was forced to resist for the sake of her own permanent national existence. The Marquis Ito did not journey to London to secure the sympathy and support of a friend, but to effect, if possible, a division among the enemy. He was not deceived nor misled. He appealed, though doubtless not in plain words, to the selfish interests of Great Britain in the Far East and her suspicions and fears of

Russia, and, so appealing, won.

It is true that the British Government had mildly opposed the partition of China when its associates in the spoliation of Asia had favored it. But that was for commercial reasons solely, and it is worth remembering that, in the same breath with this opposition, notice was served that, if China were to be quartered among them, the British would claim the great valley of the Yangtse River, the most valuable portion of the empire, as their share. And, not to be laggard in preparation, a powerful fleet of ships of war had been stationed in or within easy reach of that self-selected allotment, not to protect China from plunder, but to be in readiness to take possession of the lion's share in case an attempt was made to exterminate the legitimate government of that great and ancient empire, dismember and transform it into a cluster of petty colonies under European authority. In its dealings with other and weaker nations and peoples Great Britain has furnished the world with some strange interpretations of that motto upon its coat of arms: "Dieu et mon droit."

A double motive controlled the selection of the portion to be claimed by Great Britain in the event of the dismemberment of China. The first was commercial, the other political. As has already been suggested, it would secure to British trade and exploiture by far the richest and most valuable portion of the empire. And, what was considered of even greater importance, it would interpose British arms and a great British colony against the

further progress southward of Russian domination in Eastern Asia. It would serve as a positive warning to the ambitions of the Czar.

This advantage is now gained, in even better measure, by British alliance with Japan. The latter, through the practical seizure of Korea, the possession of Port Arthur and the Liao Lung Peninsula, to which is added the control of the railway lines and mines throughout the southern and more valuable portion of Manchuria, does for its ally, without cost or care to Great Britain, what that great European Power had proposed to do for itself, many hundred miles farther south, in the event of the distribution of China. Herein is to be seen one of the motives, and not the least important, which induced the Government of King Edward to take the earlier risk of a limited alliance and, when Japanese victory was assured, to desire to replace that agreement by fresh and far more advantageous stipulations.

It is necessary now to go farther back and farther afield in order to completely uncover those "different reasons" which led Great Britain to seek a closer alliance with Japan, which, in turn, has brought about a new departure and a greatly modified outlook for the

future in the Far East.

During the last half-century British policy and conduct in Asia and the regions bordering upon the eastern Mediterranean, always selfish, at times inhuman, and often apparently inconsequent, have needed but a single word to serve as a master key to a clear interpretation. And that word is India. To hold in a secure grip, to develop that vast acquisition, to increase the harvest of gold which British commerce gathered there, these purposes have combined and grown into a master passion. Every other European nation has been suspected of designs on India, and Great Britain has literally stopped at nothing to prevent or ward off any possible interference with its greatest harvest field in Asia.

Fifty years ago Great Britain fought Russia in the Crimean War because of a possible danger to the continued possession of India which might arise from the extension of the authority of the Czar to the Mediterranean. For that reason alone the iniquitous career of the "unspeakable Turk" has been and is maintained in Europe, almost wholly by British arms and influence. Atrocities at which the entire civilized world has shuddered have been winked at or allowed to pass un-

noticed. What, for example, were the Armenian atrocities when compared with the safe possession by Great Britain of "the wealth of the Indies," and the annual harvest being reaped there by British commerce? For the same reason-the security of India as a colony of Great Britain—Cyprus was seized and held, Malta was developed at great expense into naval headquarters for the strongest fleet that England maintains in any waters. For the same reason Lord Palmerston opposed the construction of the Suez Canal. While it would lessen the wearisome and dangerous distance between London and Bombay or Calcutta by some five thousand miles. it would render the same service—undesirable in British eyes-to other European Powers. And when it became an accomplished fact, moved by the same purpose or fear, the British Government quietly secured a majority of the stock and now controls and holds the canal. For the same reason the pledged word of Great Britain to France concerning the occupation of Egypt was falsified. It would not do to allow that government, ambitious of colonial possessions in the Far East, to secure a foothold so near to the Mediterranean terminus of the Suez Canal. For the same reason, in regions nearer to India, yet where neither has dared to make seizure of territory because of the other, a battle in diplomatic intriguery has been waged for years between Great Britain and Russia for the political control of Persia and Afghanistan. And, not to continue this list indefinitely, for the same reason, when Russia was indeed watchful but kept rather more than busy by the Japanese. Great Britain, taking advantage of the opportunity, has recently overpowered and "absorbed" Thibet, worthless commercially, but easily defended, and a most important strategic point from which to hold the forces of the Czar in check, in case any attempt should be made to enter India from Russian possessions by what may be called the back door.

Perhaps it ought to be said just here that it is no part of the purpose of this article to attack the policy and conduct of Great Britain in Asia, or to create an unfavorable opinion concerning them. In order to develop in true light, and clearly, the motive which has led that great European Power to seek close alliance with Japan at this juncture, it has been thought necessary to recall certain facts which surely are well known to all intelligent readers. If the recital is to the discredit of Great Britain, then the facts are responsible,

and not the pen which has brought them to mind.

Not only to maintain a secure hold upon India, but also to develop Indian commerce, that vast source of wealth, to its utmost limit, has been the dominating purpose of Great Britain since it refused to renew the charter of the British East India Company and assumed direct control of that empire, now some seventy years ago. Among the earliest and most persistent efforts in the latter direction was that of forcing open a Chinese market for opium, produced by Indian farmers under government control and a government monopoly. This is not the place in which to recite, even in briefest terms, the appeals and struggles of a great and, so-called, heathen nation in resistance to the force and trickery made use of by a nominally Christian government to drive it to financial, physical, mental, and moral ruin. But a few facts, mainly taken from British official documents, will show how well Great Britain succeeded.

In 1800 the total import of opium into China was less than 300,000 pounds. From 1838 until 1900 the total amount of the drug imported was 284,582 tons, or an average of rather more than 1,120 pounds each hour of every day and every night in that long period of time. This does not include the immense quantities surreptitiously introduced, or smuggled, into China during the period named. From this nefarious traffic the British Government received within the years named a revenue of £265,827,126 sterling, or about \$1,329,135,630. This sum represents the government revenue only. In order to appreciate the full extent of the mere financial impoverishment of the Chinese nation caused by this traffic, an even larger sum must be added for the profits derived from the business, which is almost exclusively in the hands of British subjects. Then many more millions must be added to represent forced indemnities, costs of wars waged by Great Britain in the effort to force opium upon China, which the latter was compelled to pay, and the direct cost of these same wars to China in the hopeless efforts of the emperor to protect his people.

In the accomplishment of this infamous purpose Great Britain has proved herself to be the most dangerous foe to the entire Chinese race which it has ever been their ill fortune to meet. She has been the constant and successful enemy to the development of the enormous natural resources of the empire, and to the honest commerce with China of every nation. The merest glance at the facts will show this statement to be well within the bounds of truth and moderation. Take the year 1871 as an example. Three-fifths of the total British imports into China consisted of opium. In that year nearly \$64,000,000 worth of the drug was imported, while the total exports of all Chinese commodities to all parts of the world were under \$105,000,-000. The bill of John Bull against China that year for opium furnished, smuggled opium not being included, was nearly three times the amount due to China for all merchandise sold to all foreign nations, Great Britain only excepted. Thus from year to year Great Britain has balanced with opium the accounts of the world with China. When a foreigner of any other nationality pays a debt due the Chinese, the money goes, not to the Celestials, but to Bombay, Calcutta, or London. It is hardly necessary to add that opium constitutes by far the most important factor in British commerce with China, which exceeds that of any other nation.

With this somewhat frank but, it is believed, entirely fair statement of the influences and motives which have shaped British Asiatic policy and controlled its actions in the past clearly in mind, it is but a simple matter to explain why Great Britain welcomed, if she did not seek, a closer alliance with Japan when, but not before, the latter had shown itself to be a strong military Power. Leaving out of sight all other considerations, some of them of the highest importance, the largest and most profitable item of British commerce with China depends upon the continued possession of India. India furnishes the crop and China the market. The British Government has long had reason to suspect and fear the ultimate designs of Russia upon its great possessions and commerce in Asia. Indeed those designs have been only half concealed, since the armies of the Czar have come within an undesirable proximity to the northwestern frontier of India. Aside from this serious peril, any Russian progress through Manchuria, to be inevitably followed farther southward in China, would at once cripple British trade in that great empire, and eventually open the way to a new attack upon India at another point in its northern frontier. And thus British hold upon India and British commerce in Southern and Eastern Asia might go together to destruction. And all this without reckoning with either France or Germany, the former having well-known ambitions for the enlargement of her remote Asiatic colony at the expense of Chinese territory, though India would serve as well, the latter an unknown though dangerous factor in the situation, and both plainly hostile to British ascendency in either commerce, political influence, or territorial possessions in the Far East. In the face of such an accumulation of dangers, a coalition with a newly great, active, and ambitious military Power would be a veritable Godsend to Great Britain. Hence the closer alliance with Japan.

In summarizing the argument it becomes desirable to examine the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty in order to see how they may affect the existing situation in Eastern Asia and India, and what may reasonably be expected to result from them. So far from being a herald of peace, the document is rather in the nature of a pronunciamento, a notice served upon the three great Powers of Europe, not parties to it, to accept what they have already secured and be content. And no one need imagine for a moment that Russia, Germany, and France will abandon their ambitions, their schemes for the further development of their interests in Asia, in obedience to this dictum of Great Britain and Japan. It is a well-known fact in politics, either local or international, that one coalition invariably provokes another, rival to it. The present alliance has set the three Powers just named into a party by themselves, and cannot fail to arouse their combined opposition, not to say active hostility, to the check sought to be given to their interests, to what they cannot fail to regard as a brazen attempt to secure the political and commercial control of the most valuable portion of the Continent of Asia. If no counter alliance is formally effected or announced, one will exist in fact and of necessity, and the disturbing results will not long remain unnoticed. Thus the Anglo-Japanese alliance simply combines the four rivalries hitherto seen in the Far East into two, with a corresponding increase in intensity.

As between the two contracting parties, the alliance is inequitable, vicious, and unnatural. The two governments are not more remote geographically from each other than they are in their motives and ideals. As the champion of the sovereign rights of the nations of Eastern Asia, Japan entered the conflict with Russia, determined to put an end to the brigandage and marauding propensities of the four great Powers of Europe, among whom

her antagonist stood at the moment as the most immediately dangerous type and representative. She emerges from the war victorious indeed, but transformed into an ally and supporter of that one of the European quartet which has wrought the worst havoc of all in Asia. Beginning as a champion of her own and her neighbor's inalienable rights, she ends as a cat's-paw of Great Britain. She gives much and gains nothing excepting what is at least of equal advantage to Great Britain. Thus Japan gains a free hand in Korea. But it is far more to the interest of Great Britain to see her in possession than Russia, and it appears that one or the other must occupy that peninsula. And, as has already been pointed out, the same holds true of Port Arthur and the Liao Lung Peninsula. In both of these nominal concessions the British Government has served its own interests equally with those

of Japan.

Upon the other hand Japan antagonizes her own best interests in order to serve those of Great Britain. If the former develops to any great degree, it must be in the line of manufacturing industries. But Great Britain is strong in the same direction, and in the contest for the immense commerce with China the two are natural and inevitable rivals, but never allies. Yet Japan, in pledging a free hand to Great Britain in all that concerns India, to be supplemented with armed resistance if occasion demands, is pledging countenance and support to the infamous opium traffic, though every Chinese dollar spent for the drug lessens the commercial opportunities of Japan in China. The Japanese have always sternly resisted the introduction of opium into their terri-It has always been, and still is, contraband in every port and part of the empire. Japanese officials are energetically engaged in eradicating the vice from Formosa, where, thanks to her present ally, it had a strong hold when the Mikado secured possession of the island. Yet Japan has bound herself to aid, if called upon, in the protection of British poppy fields in India and, constructively, in marketing the harvest in China.

This is, indeed, a changed attitude and a new departure for the great leader in the Far East. What will come of it all only time can tell. The immediately apparent results of any great war are seldom the most valuable or disastrous. The after harvests alone can tell the complete story, give the accurate

TILLMAN

A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN FROM THE SOIL

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD



LITTLE over ten years ago—it was January 29, 1896—the Senate of the United States assembled to give ear to the speech of a farmer. The occasion was a remarkable one in many

ways. It was the first time in the history of the Senate that a farmer—a man who handled a hoe and a pitchfork for a livelihood—had been given a place in this élite body. And, moreover, it was the first time within the recollection of any of those present that a newly arrived member (for this man had come among them scarcely a month ago) had been permitted to tamper with the cobwebs of tradition by presuming to raise his voice while yet the nap was fresh upon his senatorial

Nor was it alone this invasion of sacred precedents that made the occasion notable. The Senate has a haughty habit of solemnly dissipating itself when not in sympathy with a speaker; yet on this day every Senator was in his seat and remained in his seat, while scores of Representatives, coming over from the other end of the Capitol, crowded themselves around the walls, and from the overlooking galleries an eager public gazed down into the arena.

And all this was not because the Senate wished to pay special tribute to its new member. Far from it. No man ever came to the United States Senate with more prejudice awaiting him than this lone farmer from South Carolina—Benjamin R. Tillman.

He had come to the nation's council heralded as a demagogue and a revolutionist. He was the man whose dramatic and turbulent career in the public affairs of his native State had pictured him to the onlooking country as a boisterous incendiary; a man of passionate emotions and unbridled speech, and an advocate of dangerous economic principles. He was the man who, as Governor of the State, had made himself notorious by his unconventional deportment and drastic reforms and by his outspoken contempt of the federal courts; and, latterly, whose reputation for radical behavior had been emphasized by a fiery outburst of accusation against the President of the United States, a President of his own political faith, a President whom he had helped to elect, and yet whom he now denounced openly and unequivocally as a traitor both to his party and to the nation.

He was welcomed in Washington not as a Solon, but a circus. He was billed for a spectacular performance. He had no friends in the Senate. His record, his personality, his political creed, found no applause or sympathy there. The conservators of senatorial dignity resented the injection among them of this agitator, this man of the soil, this interloper. They received him as an Ishmaelite. When he arose to address them it was in an atmosphere charged with scorn and antagonism, tempered only by the spirit of curiosity that animated the galleries.

If any of his auditors expected him to turn the present opportunity into an effort to conciliate his fellow-legislators, it was simply because they did not know their man. Not only had he no overtures to make, no apologies to offer, no melting notes to twiddle on the harp of peace, but, quite the contrary, he delivered himself at once of a candid opinion of the United States Senate, and let it be understood without further waiting that he had come among them as a Philistine with a chip on his shoulder.

"My experience," he declared at the outset,

in a voice that snapped defiance, "has been in a different arena. I am a farmer, pure and simple, with no collateral occupation. The speeches I have made have been upon the hustings, out in the open air, under the trees, before the common masses, where men are allowed, if they feel so disposed, to applaud the utterances of the orator. I find here that the Senate considers it beneath its dignity to applaud anybody, and the galleries are reprimanded severely if they break over the rule and indicate that they approve something that has been said. And what has been the result? I find that men eminent in our history, whose speeches are read all over the country, get up here like schoolboys and read essays in a monotone to empty chairs when the Senate of the United States, supposed to be in session, has gone to the cloakrooms or somewhere else. . . . So far as I know I am the only farmer in this august body. Yet out of the seventy million people in this country, thirtyfive million are engaged in agriculture. If, then, one farmer has broken down the barriers and forced his way here, upon his head rests the responsibility of giving utterance to the feelings, the aspirations of his fellows. Before I get through you will realize that I speak plainly and bluntly and use Anglo-Saxon, the vernacular, the language of the common people; for I am one of them, and I expect to tell you how they feel and what they think and what they want!"

In this wise Benjamin Tillman introduced himself to the Senate of the United States, reënforcing the independence and belligerency of his words with a declamation that blazed and roared and crackled in a riot of inflammable emotion. It was a unique and a wholly unpleasant experience for the staid and ceremonious Senate to be thus frankly stormed at. It put it into a frame of mind well calculated to resent the tempestuous and unmincing vituperation of the President of the United States which followed hotly upon this introductory fling at the legislature.

It was this salutatory speech that furnished the cue for the contemptuous appellation of "Pitchfork Tillman." Referring to the question of the free coinage of silver, which was the text of his tirade, he said: "This question has been thrashed and thrashed and thrashed. It has been thrashed, sir, by the lawyers; it has been thrashed by the railroad magnates; it has been thrashed by the president of this corporation and the attorney of that corporation. But it has not yet been handled on the

pitchfork of the farmer!" And thereupon he proceeded to handle it in the vigorous fashion suggested by his figure of speech; taking particular pains incidentally to jab his metaphorical pitchfork into the occupant of the White House and hold him aloft on its sharp prongs of invective and accusation.

No more fearless or reckless speech had ever been delivered within the halls of Congress. The Senate had been disgraced. That, at any rate, was the verdict of the polite element of America, and Tillman found himself an outcast among his fellows and regarded variously by the good-minded public as a diverting spectacle and as a profane and

dangerous agitator.

This made no difference to Tillman, however. He had come to the Senate with preconceived notions of his duty, and to these he stuck. He was after sham and corruption with his pitchfork, heedless of the holy precincts in which he happened to discover them. Corporations, the Senate, the high priests of finance, the courts, the Chief Executive of the nation-it mattered not to him what the exalted nature of the institutions—he pitched into all alike with irreverent noise and commotion in the sacred name of the Declaration of Independence. He stamped roughshod over the embroidered conventionalities of speech and conduct. The dignity of the Senate was of secondary importance to personal rights. A fellow-man was no more privileged to confuse him with Ananias on the floor of the Senate than out in the cornfield. That is why on Washington's Birthday, four years ago, he punched his fist through the ark of tradition and simultaneously blackened the eye of Senator Mc-Laurin. It cost him his invitation to dine with a German prince at the White House; but small loss was that to Tillman. The President and the public might think what they liked about him. He would maintain his personal honor, as he maintained his personal opinions, in a manner which seemed to him befitting a freeborn American farmer.

As time ticked on, some of the more discerning men of the Senate discovered that beneath the rough and tempestuous exterior of their agricultural associate there were traits of character that measured up well to the top notch of human standards. One of their earliest discoveries was the fact that his speeches were more eloquent, more convincing, and remarkably less fervid in the reading than in their inflammatory delivery. His bark

chief.

was worse than his bite. They found, too, that with all his clamor he was a conscientious and untiring worker; an example to many of his fellow public servitors in his devotion to public duties and public affairs.

As a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he so carefully studied the questions coming before it and showed so keen and masterful a judgment in dealing with important problems, that he won both the respect and the friendship of Senator Chandler, then the chairman of the committee. And this in opposition to a well-formed prejudice founded upon political as well as personal antipathy. Likewise, Senator Hoar, one of the most conservative of the old-school statesmen, became early a stanch and admiring friend of this impetuous Southerner; for he and the others who followed him, as they learned to know the real man, allowed their prejudices against his methods and his manners to give way before the rugged honesty. the high patriotism, and the simple integrity that actuated his public life.

Thus year by year Tillman rose slowly in the estimation of the Senate. Personally and politically he became better liked, better understood. His explosive remarks no longer excited general ridicule nor disfavor. He was listened to; his financial and economic views received a higher rating; his knowledge of affairs was respected; his consistent honesty of purpose was banked upon, and his abilities were recognized and called into service, until, in the whirligig of time, he stood before the country during the past session of Congress in the remarkable situation of trusted champion of a measure inspired by an administration hostile to him both in political faith and in the person of its White House

And in explanation thereof we now talk sagely of the change that has taken place in Tillman. It is intellectually fashionable to remark that his ten years in the Senate have tamed him; that he is no longer the firebrand that he was when he arrived in Washington with his pitchfork, hot from the stormy governance of his stormy State; that he is less impulsive, less revolutionary; that his ideas have grown more reasonable, more temperate, more in accord with accepted notions; that the one-time Bombastes Furioso is become the eloquent exemplar of intrepid honesty; that, in fine, he has been tamed, trimmed, and tempered, and, behold, as a changed man he is a great man!

It is true Tillman is not the man he was twenty years ago nor five years ago. But this is not because of any change in Tillman. He has not altered; he has not changed his position. He is to-day exactly where he was when he first appeared in the political firmament. At the same time, however, his relation to the public has changed; but it is the public that has moved and produced the change.

We have come closer to him and are looking at him from another angle. We are merely catching up with him on the forward drift of events. The front ranks of the public are already abreast of him. They are thinking on economic and ethical questions as he thinks. They see conditions as he sees them. Their point of view coincides with his. Proximity proves him to be not the engine of destruction he seemed at a distance of ten or twenty years. But ten years ago the public was behind him.

To-day it is back of him.

If to-day he is hammering with seeming less vigor or less noise against some of the particular objects of his warfare, it is because the people have taken a hand in the fight and are minimizing his exploits with their more turbulent ado. The bugaboo of mystery and divine privileges inhering in corporations or exalted position has been driven into the night. It is no longer an act of profanation to hint at corruption in high places. The measuring rod of honesty has been sterilized as well as standardized. All men, whatever their office or station, must measure up to its Procrustean fixity. If it involves the lopping off of heads or the racking of bodies, so much the better for society and for politics. Suspicion of wrongdoing in the synagogues of the mighty is no longer timorously whispered in dark corners, but is shouted from the house-

It has become a popular pastime to belittle the proud, to snuff the halos of political saints, and to hold up to ribald scorn the makers of fortunes. The public is on a rampage against graft and trickery and every manner of evil on the part of the people's servitors. We, as the public, have reached a position in our national development that Tillman as the voice crying in the wilderness has occupied and held for the past twenty years. Therefore, we are now one with Tillman; and as the public always regards itself virtuously and complacently we see in Tillman to-day, as a reflection of our own achievements and understanding, a man of courage and ability and determined honesty. It is essential for the purpose of this study that recent happenings should have hurried forward this coinciding of the public's attitude with that of Tillman's. Had there been a different move in the game of destiny, whereby the popular crusade of the past few years against corruption and graft had been averted, Benjamin Tillman would never have been recorded as a representative American.

The history of all men who have stamped their impress upon the world as leaders or representatives of their fellows is founded upon seeming chance. The circumstance, the caprice, the determining incident that makes a Cæsar, a Luther, a Washington, estops the career of each of hundreds of others who unknowingly awaited some different turn of thought, some different trick of time, to lead

the world to other destinies.

Circumstance made Tillman the leader, the creator, of a political party in South Carolina. He appeared on the scene, not as a politician, not as a man bidding for fame or seeking a public life, but simply as a farmer pleading for better educational advantages for such as he. Nothing was farther from his purpose or his thoughts when he penned his first newspaper article advocating the establishment of technical and industrial schools. Yet it was this that brought him almost instantly into political prominence, and, in conjunction with the Farmers' Alliance movement, swept him into a campaign which for bitterness of feeling and disturbance of conditions has perhaps never been equaled without resort to bloodshed. It was circumstance that thus made him virtual dictator of his State, and circumstance is making him now a notable exponent of a significant phase of national character; a phase vibrantly reminiscent of the Boston tea party in its overriding insistence upon the principles of honesty and justice.

Like Cato, he comes from the farm to remind his countrymen of the homely and sustaining virtues upon which the Republic is laid. And as was said tauntingly of the Roman, so may it be said of Tillman, that he

snarls at all in every place With somber eyes and with his fiery face.

And superficially this is true. His voice is sharp and penetrating and snaps with the twang of South Carolina. It grips your notice at once. It invites antagonism. It is different, distinctively different, from any other voice in the Senate. And, true to the

verse, there is a note of snarling savagery in his speech whenever he delivers himself in public, whether it be in the Senate or on the stump. And yet this characteristic snarl is wholly absent and gives place to a tone of fatherly gentleness, a softness and geniality that breathes of the South, when he speaks with you alone. And at such times, too, his face softens, his eye beams with kindly radiance, and you do not see that the bend of his mouth is downward. You have before you now the individual, the man, the brother; gentle, sympathetic, magnanimous. You accept now with enlightened certitude what his friends have told you concerning his private life, his absolute probity and simplicity, his rare love of home, his devoted family attachments, his passionate fondness for flowers, for poetry, for music, and the real chivalry that governs his every relation with womanhood. Here you have him as the private citizen, the father, the husband, the man of tender heart and gentle ways, the lover of the good and the beautiful.

It is not that he becomes a different man in public. There is nothing of the Jekyll and Hyde about Tillman's nature. But as the publicist, as the spokesman of an aggressive and impelling cause, as a member of the Senate speaking for his people, he calls into power the fighting elements of his being. He is simply the man, the brother, aroused; aroused on behalf of his ideals of right and honesty. And then it is, viewing him from this angle and in the distorting high light of publicity, that the picture outlined in the couplet is every bit a faithful portrait.

Perhaps there is no characteristic of the man that so impresses itself upon the beholder, the first time he looks upon Tillman, as the snarling droop of his sharp, austere mouth, and the fierce, almost sinister, expression of his countenance; an expression partially due, however, to the absence of his left eye, which he lost when a boy of seventeen. It was this disability, resulting from an abscess, that prevented his service in the Confederate army, in which he had just enlisted at the time of his misfortune. Being thus denied the opportunity to achieve a soldier's glory and, perchance, a national military reputation, he bided his day—and the day was twenty-two years in coming; patiently bided his day in strengthening communion with the stress and the wisdom of nature upon his farm in the back country of Edgefield county.

Always in time of a nation's social or spirit-

ual need there comes forth a prophet from the soil. Every nation, every being depends upon the soil for its existence. Sometimes in the maze and the complexities of the social whirl we forget this. We are lured away. We are no longer in direct touch with the earth; we lose our hold upon the ground. The tower that every nation, since the days of the children of Noah, has sought to raise to heaven in order to escape the vicissitudes of the world carries its builders sooner or later into the intoxicating atmosphere of moral confusion. They fail to remember that they are still of the earth; that however elaborate or however lofty their structure may be, they have no power, no strength beyond that which comes primarily from the soil.

No race can escape its fight with the Hercules of luxury and corrupting power, and only so long as it is able, like the giant Antæus, to renew its touch upon the earth will it survive the struggle. Greece and Rome went down eventually in the conflict, when their wily antagonist, discovering the cause of their ability to withstand its onslaughts, deprived them of the means of re-

storing their strength.

It marks a critical period in the life of people when there comes upon the scene of its social or political affairs a man from the soil. It indicates a need for a renewal of strength, for the revivifying touch of the basic principles of justice and morality. This man, whether he be a Cato, a Rienzi, a Lincoln, or a Tillman, comes in obedience to a call beyond our ken as the incarnation of the spirit of the soil. It is the spirit of purity, of justice, of honesty, of strength; the spirit of those primal virtues and qualities which the tillers of the soil, the dwellers with the earth, preserve intact and untrammeled through the inspiration of nature's might and freedom.

He comes not as the result of political contrivance or of human judgment. Human judgment plays always a minor part in the drama of nations. It never leads; it never creates nor directs the destinies of the world. No reformer, no leader, no movement succeeds unless there be a waiting need in the mysterious economy of human affairs.

Suddenly, at the age of thirty-nine, Benjamin Tillman was called from his farm to the leadership of an uprising against the aristocracy of the State. Up to that time he had taken no part in public affairs. Charleston and Columbia did not know of his existence. He was but a farmer, a "wool-hat"

of the "up country." His lot lay with a caste that could hold no social relations with that of the Calhouns, the Pinckneys, and the Hamptons. His schooling had been meager; he had never studied law, and political economy lay beyond the domain of his academic experience. But what mattered the degree of his relation to the formal standards of social and educational excellence? Like the Roman, he was taken from his farm because, as a man, the people needed him, because the State needed him, because the country needed him. He sought neither issues nor position. They came to him. With no experience as a politician, he became at once a political leader. At the head of his fellow-farmers, the woolhats, one-gallus tillers of the soil, he swept through the State on a political tornado. With no legal training, he made over the constitution of the commonwealth and dictated and administered a set of reformatory laws for the better government of the people. With no knowledge of statecraft, with no experience in the governing of men, he served as chief executive of the State for two terms, and, without parliamentary training and caring naught for the conventionalities of the Senate, he has moved to the forward rank of American senatorhood.

Each hour, each phase of our national being has its personal representative; its personification of conditions. Tillman is to-day but one of a number embodying the spirit of public restlessness, and the need of a return to elementary honesty and simplicity in the administration of public affairs. In its general scope he is one of a band of aggressive reformers, with Roosevelt, LaFollette, Folk, and Tom Johnson and a dozen others heading the procession toward cleanness in politics

and integrity in business.

In his individual methods and ideas, however, Tillman represents a more revolutionary type of American than any of his fellow-reformers. And incidentally we should note here the subtle influence of historical environment in the building of character. Without South Carolina for his native State, Tillman would have been impossible. He is a worthy offspring of the Stormy Petrel of the South; a breathing exemplification of the temper of rebellion that has inhered in the territory of the Carolinas from the days of its first settlement, when kings and governors were knocked on the head with equal impunity. North Carolina was the first of the colonies to authorize her delegates in Congress to vote for inde-



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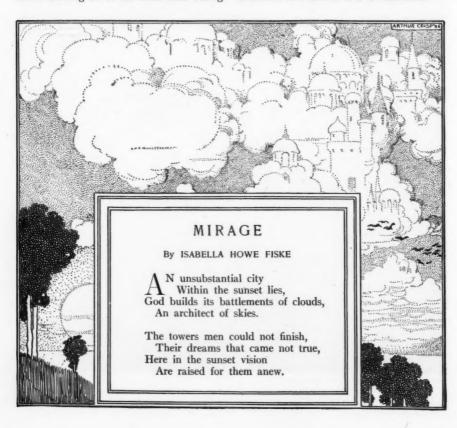
BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN

pendence, and not satisfied with that she issued the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence full more than a year ahead of time; while South Carolina with her Nullification Act put herself on active record thirty years before the final test as ready to secede upon occasion, and at Fort Sumter gave added proof of her desire to take the lead in movements revolutionary.

But whatever the cause of his impetuous character, Tillman to-day personifies a type of American manhood that harks back to the early days of Independence. It is that of the rough-and-ready fighter; the heretic against the worship of authority because it wears a crown or is clothed in the vestments of tradition and dignity. Presidents and parties and corporations must make good, not as institutions, but as men.

It is the simple type of the farmer, the man of the common people, who goes to his daily labors desiring to be let alone and willing that others supposedly better fitted for the task should attend to the administration of law and justice and the upholding of the sacred rights of the people. Close to the soil, close to the Almighty, and away from the hurly burly of political storms, he is the last to be aroused. But when aroused he goes forth from the field, carrying with him the untamed vigor of the air and the earth, and unmindful of the conventions of politics or diplomacy, but on the authority of his clenched fist, demands an immediate reckoning.

It is this type of American that makes secure the foundation of our existence as a nation. Only in times of stress does he appear in the political arena. There, out of his element, and knowing only the blunt and fearless, straightforward ways of honest manhood, he neither respects nor appreciates the technicalities and the formalism that lie between him and his demanded recognition. Therefore it is that he is a revolutionist.



THE SALVAGE OF THE "PEANUT"

BY W. VICTOR COOK



HE mate of the *Peanut* stopped short in the midst of an anecdote he was telling the skipper about the Chinese cook.

"What — on — earth — is—that?" he said, falling

back in the extremity of his amazement upon mere unstrengthened speech. Shading his eyes with his hands, he stared away under the sun on the port bow.

Dick Ramsey's eyesight was a proverb aboard the *Peanut*. The skipper took the binoculars from their box on the bridge rail and peered in the direction indicated.

"Looks like a blooming soap factory going for a bath," he said after a few moments. He headed the *Peanut* round a point or two.

The nearer they approached, the more apposite seemed the skipper's simile. When they came within a mile they could gather an idea of the thing. A great oblong monstrosity, about the length of an average liner, but with the ends enormously broad and only slightly rounded, heaved slowly up and down upon the bosom of the deep.

"Well!" said the mate in a kind of superlative gasp.

"Hang me if she isn't showing signals!" said the skipper. "Dick, she wants a tow."

The object had no masts. Two tall funnels stood side by side like twin factory chimneys in the middle of her vast deck, and high in air between them hung a dizzy iron framework. Halfway up the framework, and some thirty to forty feet above the deck, was the bridge, if bridge it could be called, and between the bridge and the top of the framework the signal pennants fluttered in the sunshine.

"I believe 'tis Noah's ark on another cruise," said Dick Ramsey. "Look, sir, there's father Noah himself on the bridge."

An old man, with a long white beard that parted and blew behind him with the wind,

peered over the bridge canvas and shouted through a megaphone at the *Peanut*.

"You'd best lower a boat and go and talk to the old duffer, Dick," said the captain of the *Peanut*. The *Peanut*'s engines were good and strong, and she had plenty of coal, but she was only a little three-thousand-ton tramp, scarcely more than a tug in comparison with the huge helpless-looking hulk that swayed and pitched beside her. Unless there were lots of salvage in it, the *Peanut*'s captain was not going to risk a tow half across the ocean.

The name Scotland for Ever was painted in huge white letters along the side of the strange craft. As Dick Ramsey climbed aboard her, the old man with the flowing beard descended a long steel ladder from the height of the bridge, and came to meet him. He was dressed like the skipper of a liner, in fault-lessly clean uniform covered with gold lace.

"I'm pleased to meet you, sir," he said with solemnity.

"The same to you, captain," answered the mate cheerily.

"Can you give us a tow into Halifax?" said the commander of the Scotland for Ever.

"That's a thousand-mile stretch," answered Dick Ramsey. "And she's a big proposition for the little *Peanut*." He took a look round the peculiar craft. "Excuse my curiosity, captain, but what is she, anyway?" he asked.

"If you will be so good as to step into my cabin, Mr. ——"

"Ramsey, mate of the *Peanut*, of Boston."
"Mr. Ramsey, I think we could talk more comfortably below."

They descended a companion into the huge square body of the *Scotland for Ever*. The great vessel's engines were still, and as she swung to the seas her loose gear crashed. At the foot of the companion Dick Ramsey caught his breath.

A girl of eighteen or nineteen summers, with a roguish, laughing face, and fair hair tied in a bunch behind her neck, burst suddenly from the door of what seemed to be the saloon and almost ran into the two men as they left the stair. Dick had a momentary glimpse of a uniform that disappeared again like a flash when the captain of the Scotland for Ever turned his head.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Captain Simpson," said the young lady, with an absurd attempt to look suddenly serious. And then, catching sight of the mate of the Peanut, she uttered a

surprised "Oh!"

The patriarchal captain bowed with supreme deference. "My dear Miss Constance, we are on the road to rescue," he announced.

"Oh, how awfully jolly!" cried Miss Constance. "Did you rescue us?" she asked the mate.

"Not yet, but we're going to," said Dick Ramsey, suddenly realizing that the Scotland for Ever must be towed into Halifax Basin.

"I will tell you all about it later on, my dear Miss Constance," said Captain Simpson, smiling at her, Dick Ramsey thought, like a lovelorn Methuselah. The old man watched her ascend the companion, which gave Dick Ramsey the opportunity to do the same. He entered the captain's cabin more firmly convinced than ever that the salvage from the Scotland for Ever would justify any risks.

"Were you ever through the Gut of Canso?" inquired Captain Simpson, pro-

ducing a bottle and two glasses.

"Lots of times," answered Dick. "Got aground there once in a coasting schooner. Beats the Faroe Islands for currents. Tides like a mill race, twenty ways at once, enough to make a ship giddy. Thank you, captain."

"Canadian rye," said the captain. "I can recommend it. We are the new ferry for the They didn't give us enough coal,

> and they overestimated her speed in ocean steaming, and here we are, three weeks out from the Clyde, with scarce enough in our bunkers to boil a kettle of tea. We've had an awful time-heavy weather, and seas sweeping her clear from stem to stern, if you can speak so of a craft that looks the same both ways."

> Dick Ramsey scratched his head. "If I were to go on the bridge of her in a hurry at night, hang me if I should know which way to drive her, cap-

tain," said he.

"Undoubtedly she's a terror," the captain confessed.

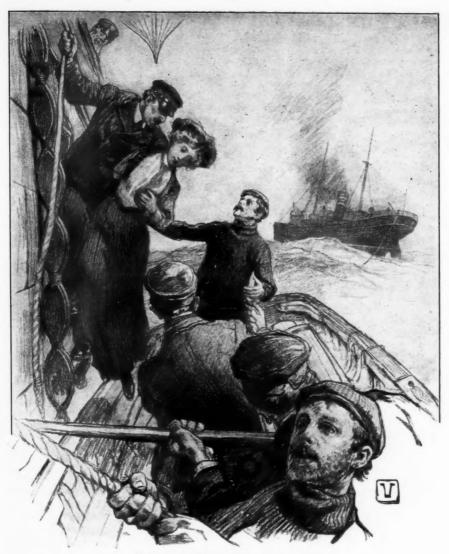
"How much is she worth?"

"She cost a million dollars to build. The Nova Scotia Railway Company would have her built on the Clyde, and the contractors would put me in charge to bring her across. I never was on such a contrivance before. Still, the voyage has not been without interest - of a kind." Captain Simpson smiled, a satisfied yet mysterious smile.

"No?" said Dick tentatively. "You see," said Captain Simpson, "Petersen Brothers, the contractors, were so confident of the vessel's seagoing



"The skipper took the binoculars."



"The mate had no time to glance above."

powers that the senior partner had a couple of rooms fitted for himself and his daughter.

"His daughter?" said Dick.
"That was the young lady you saw."
"Well, well!" said Dick politely.
"And of course," resumed the captain, "Mr. Petersen is in a great way about his contract. The Scotland for Ever has to be delivered at Halifax by this day three weeks under the terms of the agreement, and we're scarcely more than half way. It's an un-fortunate position for me, too, as one of the firm's most trusted commanders."

"Yes, of course," agreed Dick.

The Canadian rye was very good, but quite unnecessary. The one consideration that troubled the mate of the *Peanut* was the memory of that vanishing uniform in the saloon and the captain's patriarchal smile.

Within an hour there was a cable made fast to the Scotland for Ever, and the little Peanut, straining and tugging at the line, panted and splashed westward over the desert of whitecapped billows. At the other end of the cable the great plunging square sides of the Scotland for Ever flung abroad the spray.

Thus passed a day and a night. For two whole watches Dick Ramsey, who usually knew nothing from the moment he flung himself in his bunk till the black steward thumped at the door and said "Comin' eight bells, sah," could not sleep for uneasy thoughts of the new ferry, with particular reference to the laughing young lady with the fair hair, the vanishing uniform, and the captain's smile. A fixed purpose had taken possession of his mind—to get aboard the Scotland for Ever again by fair means or foul. But how?

On the second morning, when he dropped into the chart room to look at the log and consult the glass before starting his watch, he beheld the skipper gazing at the barometer with a glum face. The mercury had had an alarming relapse, and was away back in the

twenties.

"Going to blow like the devil presently," growled the skipper. "We'll have to drop the old soap factory, Dick. Did you say there was a woman on board?"

"Aye; the contractor's daughter. The

contractor's there, too."

"The contractor can go hang. What sort of a girl is she, Dick?"

"Well, she's kinder pretty, sir."
"Where could we put her?"

"She could have my room, sir," said Dick eagerly. "It's not fit for her aboard that ramshackle old biscuit tin."

"What about all those other helpless human beings?" demanded the skipper maliciously. "You don't think of them. I'm a married man myself, and I'm not at all sure that it would be nice for a young lady that has been well brought up, with a lot of loose-livin' beggars like you on the *Peanut* here."

"It's up to you to decide, sir," said Dick solemnly. "But if you had seen—"

"The sea is down nicely, too, just now," murmured the skipper, as if to himself. "Hardly any sea at all, sir," said Dick.

"On second thoughts, perhaps you had better lower away the dingey and go and see what she would like to do. You said she was pretty?"

"Pretty as a picture, sir." The mate had already opened the chart-room door and blown his whistle. "Shall I bring her father, too?"

"I guess you'll have to," said the skipper.

"Of course, we shall stand by the old tub till

the gale blows over."

The first notes of the coming storm were already whining in the steel superstructure of the *Scotland for Ever* when Dick Ramsey brought the *Peanut's* dingey round in the lee of the great vessel and clambered aboard.

"Certainly not. I shouldn't think of such a thing, Mr. Ramsey," said Captain Simpson. "Mr. Petersen and Miss Petersen are in my charge." He smiled the same contented smile as before at the young lady, who was leaning over watching the tossing dingey. Dick Ramsey suddenly experienced a longing to throw him overboard.

At this moment the young lady came from the side, and spoke to Dick.

"It must be very dangerous getting in and out of the boat with the sea tossing so." "Oh, it's quite easy, miss," said Dick.

"Why," she continued, "the boat seems such a little cockle shell on those great waves." She gave Dick an admiring look.

Captain Simpson stroked his white beard, and put in, "Such things are nothing to a sailor, dear Miss Constance. But for you, for instance, or even for your father, it would be a highly perilous undertaking. One slip, and a person would be lost," insisted the captain, gazing blandly at Dick.

"I should just love to try," said Miss Petersen. "Do you think it would really be so unsafe?" She turned to Dick, and Dick

felt that it was now or never.

"You wouldn't need to be afraid at all. I would hold you," he boldly declared. "In fact, that's why I came. You see, Captain Fergus, of the *Peanut*, thought that you and your father might be more comfortable on his ship, as it's going to blow hard very soon."

"Oh, how I should love to go!" cried the

girl, clapping her hands.

"I'm sure the Scotland for Ever is no place for you in any weather." He looked blandly at the white-haired commander. "I wonder," he continued, "at anybody letting a young lady like you come on such a—such a vessel. I expect your father hardly realized how she would behave."

"Mr. Petersen was building ships before



"'Where's the ferry, Ramsey?' he cried."

you were born, Mr. Ramsey," said the captain crushingly.

"Poor father!" said Miss Petersen; "he's been so ill."

"I'm sure Captain Fergus would do everything to make him comfortable," said Dick persuasively. "The *Peanut* is a nice snug little ship, miss, and I think you would find her quite interesting."

A stout, well-set-up man, with keen, alert features much the worse for seasickness, emerged at this juncture. "Here comes dad!" cried the young lady gleefully. "I'll fix him. Oh, Mr.—Mr. Ramsey, it will be great fun!"

Without hearing the protestations of the ferryboat's commander, she ran across the deck to her father.

For a few moments the mate of the *Peanut* waited on the deck, a prey to horrid suspense. Would the seasick contractor shirk the passage in the tossing dingey? And how about the vanishing uniform in the saloon? The latter question gave Dick awful qualms.

Mr. Petersen came up and shook him limply by the hand. "Mr. Ramsey, I am deeply indebted to Captain Fergus for his hospitable offer," he said. "If it will not be troubling you too much to wait while the steward brings up a valise, my daughter and I

will accompany you."

Dick Ramsey bowed. In the glow of victory he even pitied his elderly rival, as he conceived the skipper of the ferryboat to be. The finishing touch was put to his triumph when he beheld the steward appear with the valise and lower it overside to the seamen in the dingey. The steward was an elegant-looking young man who favored Dick with a scowl, and lingered by to watch. Dick Ramsey told himself that this was the very identical uniform, and glowed anew with satisfaction.

The captain of the Scotland for Ever stood glumly by the rail while Mr. and Miss Petersen embarked, and he bowed stiffly at Dick's proffered hand. The mate, as he gingerly descended the ladder to the tossing dingey, had no time to glance above at the bereaved occupants of the ferryboat, his whole attention being engaged with the smiling burden whom he held fast with one arm, while she clung deliciously to him with both of hers.

It was the second mate of the *Peanut* who met the dingey. He wore a long face.

"Where's the old man?" asked Dick, hand-

ing Miss Constance aboard.

"He ain't feelin' just the thing," said the second mate. "He's gone to lay down for a bit."

When Dick had introduced the *Peanut's* guests to their quarters, he sought out his next in command.

"What's the matter with the skipper?" he demanded.

"Colic," said the second mate. "Took hold of him directly you were gone. He's got it good and strong. He's laying in his bunk. What's more, the glass is backing still."

The second mate was a melancholy man, and Dick felt the satisfaction of his recent exploit slowly oozing from him. With the captain sick, and hurricanes abroad, he would be completely taken up with the ship.

"You'd better go round and see that she's all snug and everything well stowed," he told the second mate. "I'll call the third mate and send him on the bridge for a spell."

"I suppose we've got to stand by in case that old steam roller goes to the bottom."

"You bet your life we have," said Dick. "She's worth a million, and if we get her to port we're made men. So butt in!"

"How thoughtful you are, Mr. Ramsey!" Miss Constance told him, when the mate had exhausted ingenuity in devising schemes for her comfort below. "I didn't know sailors were so domesticated."

"I want to see that you are quite comfortable before the dirty weather hits us," said Dick. "You see, we shall all be pretty busy then, especially now that the captain is sick. But if there's anything at all you would like, you must let me know."

"It's awfully kind of you," she said.

"The little *Peanut* never had such a passenger before, you know," said Dick, twiddling his peaked cap in his hand as he lingered by the door of the cabin.

"No? Well, I suppose dad is what they call a big man," said the young lady.

"I didn't mean him. Of course—I forgot!" said the mate shortly. "If there's anything I can do, you must let me know, miss." He shut the door suddenly and went on deck.

Within the next half hour the *Peanut* had to cast loose from the *Scotland for Ever*, and within an hour after that she was struggling

for her life with the hurricane.

Shortly after nightfall the contractor, closely buttoned in a thick topcoat, flung open the door at the head of the companion and struggled on deck. Instantly the shrieking wind took him off his feet and flung him like a sack against the engine house, where he clung for life with bruised ribs and a terrified soul. Hail swept the decks, cutting his face like a thousand needles. The *Peanut* leaped and fell to the seas in a sickening way.

But Mr. Petersen had a million dollars and the honor of his firm at stake. When he had clung helplessly for some moments, fighting for breath with the furious wind, his eyes, becoming accustomed to the darkness, made out the pale masses of foam as the billow crests rushed by, and the dark shape of the rigging. Clutching everything that would lend him a hold, he fought his way inch by inch to the bridge, where he came within an ace of being blown overside off the

At the farther side of the bridge a figure in oilskins grasped the rail and peered over the tight-stretched wind guard. The *Peanut* flung up her side till her port light seemed to kiss

the sea, and the contractor was shot along the slippery floor.

"Get below!" roared a voice in his ear.

Thud! The ship buried her head in a sea that sank her foredeck under two feet of cloud of driving spray. The mate blew shrilly on a whistle, and though the piercing note seemed instantly lost, a seaman appeared on the bridge, and presently Mr. Petersen beheld him climbing, sliding, and clutching his



"Well, I don't see why you should be backward."

green water, and then the blinding spray blotted out everything.

"Where's the ferryboat?"

Dick Ramsey, as the Peanut rose on the head of a sea, pointed away to where a light blinked faintly at intervals in the murky distance. "Go below!" he roared. "All's well."

Another sea came tumbling over the bows, and again the masthead light was hid in the way across the deck to the fo'c'sle. Sick with fear, he turned to leave the bridge. In the wheelhouse the dull, steady glow of the lamp shone on the stolid face of the sailor at the wheel, his blue eyes fixed imperturbably on the compass before him.

In the small hours of morning the mate reeled into the cabin, where the steward had a

fire going, and flung off his oilskins.

"You here!" he exclaimed, at the sight of the lady passenger clinging to her seat in a swing chair. "Aren't you seasick?"

"I'm all right," said the girl. "Oh, isn't

"The old Peanut is behaving fine!" cried Dick to encourage her. "She's riding it out like a lady."

"Mr. Ramsey, the steward says you've been on the bridge since yesterday noon."

"Why, that's nothing," laughed Dick. "Besides, some one had to be on the bridge, and I'm in charge, you see. It would never do to run risks with a great man like Mr. Petersen aboard," he added maliciously.

"I think you very horrid," said she; and then rising, and clinging to her chair: "Oh, Mr. Ramsey, I don't believe you've had anything to eat since you went up! And the steward is gone to bed, and the sea has put out the galley fire."

"I guess I can find my way to something," said Dick. "Have you been here all night,

Miss Constance?"

"Yes."

"There is nothing to be afraid of."

"I am not afraid."

Dick stumbled out into the alleyway, that was all awash with bilge, and made for the galley. When he returned Mr. Petersen, white and collarless, was sitting beside his daughter.

"Where's the ferry, Ramsey?" he cried. "Top of the water, sir, all right. We're picking her up again. She's drifting our way."

"God have mercy on us!" groaned the

contractor. "Ah!"

A tremendous heave sent him flying from his chair. The mate, clinging to the hand rail at the side of the cabin, grabbed him.

"There's nothing to be scared of," said Dick.

"I-I-I'm not scared," gasped Mr. Petersen. Dick contrasted the statement with the quiet utterance of the girl.

"The wind has swung round, and the seas aren't coming straight again yet," he ex-

The contractor grasped the mate's arm with clammy hands. "Ramsey," he cried, "mark my words, if you pull us through this, and save the ferryboat, I'll give you whatever you like to ask-so help me, I will!"

"Don't you make promises that you may regret," said Dick. "The ferryboat is all right." He pushed Petersen into a seat, and, sitting down beside him, swallowed a few

mouthfuls of food. Then he went up to the bridge again, to resume his vigil.

Two or three miles away a light gleamed fitfully, now full and clear, now lost in the hollows of the sea. It was the Scotland for Ever, drifting fast toward the steamer. Nearer and nearer she came, bearing down full upon the Peanut. To head the Peanut round in the giant seas would swamp her. And even going dead slow, as she was, the oncoming mountains of water tumbled over her bows.

"Hold her to it!" said Dick, standing beside the steersman. For a minute he, too,

guided the wheel.

"She's on us, sir!" gasped the steersman, as the vast bulk of the ferryboat reared above them on a watery hill.

"Hold her to it!" answered the mate through set teeth. He sprang to the telegraph

and rang down full speed ahead.

Thump — thump — thump. The steamer quivered from end to end as she plunged wildly into avalanche after avalanche of water. The blinding spray hissed around them like a caldron, and the Peanut, leaping and falling, flung herself hither and thither like a creature in delirium. At last the mate, groping his way through the cloud of spray, put his hand on the telegraph again and slowed her down. As he turned to go to the wheelhouse he saw the third mate behind it.

"I thought she was gone!" cried the

"It was touch and go," said Dick. "We should be at the bottom if I hadn't done it."

They looked astern. The Scotland for Ever was already a good way off. Fainter and fainter came the glimmer of her light, and at last the night swallowed it altogether.

"Take her," said Dick. "They're coming more regularly now. Call me if the wind shifts. I'll take a look round at the cargo."

When next eight bells rang, Dick Ramsey went on deck to see the sunshine dancing on the waves.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned, to see Mr. Petersen, haggard with seasickness and anxiety.

"She's gone!" he groaned.

"If she's gone, God have mercy on her crew!" said Dick fervently. "But if you ask me, sir, I believe she's afloat yet. She was built to stand an earthquake, if I'm any judge of shipmaking."

"There's no jerry work in the Petersen yards, Mr. Ramsey," said the contractor with a touch of pride. "But if she is lost, the honor of the firm is gone."

"We must look for her," said Dick.

The *Peanut* was put about. An hour later Captain Fergus appeared on deck. He shook the mate by the hand.

"Dicky, you're a trump!" he declared.

"Go below and get a snooze."

But behind the skipper came Miss Petersen, and Dick suddenly remembered that his good sight might help to find the ferryboat. Miss Constance, after a few minutes on the bridge, expressed a wish to explore the fo'c'sle head, and the mate lent her his support along the still heaving deck.

"I suppose you saved the ship last night,

Mr. Ramsey?" she turned to say.

"The old girl saved herself," said the mate.
"If I were you, I should make my father give me a fine ship of my own," said she.

"What do you mean?" asked Dick.

"He promised, and he always keeps his

promises."

"Why," laughed Dick, "he did make some sort of a promise when he was feeling nervous with the racket. But we haven't even found the Scotland for Ever yet—let alone towed her to port. What's that yonder?" He pointed away ahead, and Miss Petersen strained her eyes to follow, but could see nothing save the miles of splashed green water.

"Steamer on the starboard bow, sir!"

hailed Dick to the bridge.

"Besides," he resumed, "if I were in a position, even, to hold him to such a promise, I shouldn't want a ship."

"And I shouldn't want money," said the mate. "I can get that for myself—not much,

but as much as I need."

"It must be fine to be so contented."

"I'm not contented a little bit," said the mate. "But if I were to ask your father for what I want—why, I dursen't do it, Miss Constance."

"Well, I don't see why you should be backward in asking for anything in reason. You see, you have saved his life and his business reputation, which is involved in this ferryboat contract with the Nova Scotia Railway Company; and his daughter, too. He thinks quite a lot of me, I assure you."

"Yes, I suppose he would," mused the mate, watching Miss Constance. "I'm quite sure that Mr. Petersen would be deeply offended if I really took him at his word."

"Offended? What matter, if he promised?"
"Well, I'm afraid you would be offended,

too, Miss Constance," said Dick.

"I? Really, you're quite ridiculous."
The pair looked at each other for half a

minute without a word.

"Do you mean—oh, what are you talking about? Mr. Ramsey, I'm very stupid, but I really don't understand you."

Dick was watching her face, like a gambler

watching the dice.

"Yes, I think you do," he said.
"Do you mean—" She faltered.

"Yes," said the mate. "I beg your pardon, Miss Constance."

She turned and looked across the sea. "Why, there's the Scotland for Ever," said she.

"Yes," said Dick. "But she's not in Halifax yet, and there's lots of chances still for the Western Ocean."

"If you get her there—"

"If we get her there?"
"Why, we shall have seen more of each other than we have up to now, shan't we?"

"I hope so!" said Dick fervently. "And then—oh, Constance. And then—"

"And then it will be up to my father (as you Americans say) to look after his promise."

"Don't you feel cold up here?" the mate tenderly inquired.

"Not very."

"Let's go aft for a change."

They went aft, where the pale green water swirled above the screw. Behind the after wheelhouse the mate suddenly put his arm round his companion's waist, and said, "Oh, Constance, darling, I love you!"

"I think all you sailors are very forward," said Miss Constance, with her cheeks red and

her eyes soft.

"I wonder," Dick speculated, "what Mr. Petersen will say."



THE CHRISTENING

BY ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIMON WERNER



HE christening was to be at our house because our grandniece Enid and her little son could come to us, but we, being past seventy, could not so easily go up in Connecticut to Enid.

At all events that was what they told us, though Pelleas and I laughed in secret and slyly permitted our age to bear the burden of our indolence. Besides, I would always rather be hostess than guest, for the hostess seems so essentially creative and the guest so

pathetically the commodity.

Therefore on a day in May—a day, as Enid childishly said, wrapped in crinkled sunshine and tied up with violets-we rose early and found our shabby drawing-room a kind of temple of hyacinths, and everyone in the room, by whom I mean its permanent inhabitants, rejoicing. The marble Ariadne, on a pedestal in a dark corner, guided her panther upon a field of jonguils which they two must have preferred to all asphodel; the Lady Hamilton who lived over the low shelves folded her hands above a very home of Spring; and once, having for a moment turned away, I could have been certain that the blindfold Hope above the mantel smote her harp softly, just loud enough, say, for a daffodil to hear.

"Ah, Pelleas," I cried, "one would almost say that this is *The Day*—you know, the day that one is always expecting all one's life and that never comes precisely as one planned."

"Only," supplemented Pelleas positively, "this is much nicer than that day."

"Much!" I agreed, and we both laughed like children waiting to be christened ourselves.

Pelleas was to be godfather. I said by office of his age, but Enid, whose words

mean more said backward than do other people's in their proper order, insisted that it was by office of his virtue. There were to be present only the Chartres and Cleatams, Lisa and Eric and Hobart Eddy and a handful besides; all our nearest and dearest and no one else; although, "Ah, me," cried Madame Sally Chartres while we waited, "haven't you invited everyone who has lately invited you to a christening?" And upon, so to speak, our positive negative, she added: "Really, I would have said that in these social days no one is even asked to a funeral who has not very recently had a sumptuous funeral of her own."

"Who was my godfather?" asked Pelleas morosely. "I don't think I ever had a godfather. I don't know that I ever was christened. Have I any proof that I was named what I was named? I only know it by hear-say—and how glaringly unscientific!"

"Ah, well now," cried Madame Polly Cleatam, shaking her curls, "you are only wanting

to be fashionably doubtful!"

"Religions have been thrown away by persons who had no more authentic doubts," gravely maintained Pelleas.

"I dare say," Madame Polly assented, "but in these days if a man has an old coat he puts on a new doubt, and society is satisfied."

Thereafter the baby arrived, a mere collection of hand embroidery and lace, with an angel in the midst of these soft billows. The baby looked quite like a photograph made by the new school, with the high lights on long sweeping skirts and away up at the top of the picture a vague, delicious face. Our grandniece Enid was an adorable little mother, looking no less like a mermaid than of old, but now with a light in her eyes as if still more of the mystery of the sea were come upon her.

And, as a mer-mother should, she had conversation not exclusively confined to the merchild. I heard her on the subject of prints with the bishop's lady, and the mer-child was not two months old.

The christening was to have been at eleven

o'clock, and at twelve Pelleas had an appointment which it was impossible to delay-or so he thought, having a most masculine regard for hours, facts, and the like. Therefore when, at fifteen after eleven. the bishop had not yet arrived, Pelleas began uneasily suggesting taking leave. Enid looked at him with a kind of deep-sea-cave reproach before which everyone else would have been helpless; but Pelleas, whose nature is built on straight lines, patted her and kissed the baby at large upon the chest and, benign, was still inexorable.

"But who will be godfather?" Enid cried disconsolately, and, young-wife-like, looked reproachfully at her young husband.

At that moment the hall door, as if it had

been an attentive listener as long as it could and must now give the true answer, opened and admitted Mr. Hobart Eddy, come late to the christening and arrived with that vague air of asking why he was where he was which lent to Mr. Eddy

all the charm of ennui without its bad taste.

"Hobart!" Enid cried ecstatically, "you shall be godfather!"

Mr. Hobart Eddy continued to bend to kiss my hand, and then sought the hand of Ma-

dame Sally, and next the hand of Madame Polly Cleatam. Finally he bowed before Enid and fixed his monocle on the baby.

"It opens and shuts its eyes," he earnestly observed. "How these baby people imitate the doll factories! It's disgraceful."

"Kiss it!" commanded the mer-mother, as if she were the prompter.

Hobart Eddy obediently kissed its thumb.

"Man and brother," he greeted it solemnly. "Lord, to think I'll take it to lunch some day and hear it know more than I do about the town."

"Atallevents," begged Madame Sally Chartres gravely, "don't ask him to lunch until he's been christened."

"But," Enid settled it with pretty peremptoriness, "you

toriness, "you must be his godfather even if he never lunches. Hobart—you will?"

"His godfather?" said Mr. Hobart Eddy.
"I? But, yes—with all pleasure. What do I have to do? Is there more than one figure?"
When at length the arrival of the bishop



"A very goddess of flame and sun momentarily gone about the offices of the blossoming earth."

followed close upon the departure of Pelleas, regretful but absurdly firm, we were in a merry clamor of instruction. The situation had caught our fancy, and this was no great marvel. Hobart Eddy, young lion of the social moment, but already a citizen of "the world where one wearies oneself," the man who could, Madame Chartres had whimsically said, "race a dull dinner up the gamut of both the keyboard and the spectrum, and land its hostess as a triumphant entertainer," assuredly he—beau, gallant, dilettante—was not the typical godfather.

"On my honor," he said, "I never was even 'among those' at a christening in my life. And I would go a great distance to be a godfather. It's about the only ambition I've never had—and lost. Ah, Bishop Morrow! We are fellow-conspirators again, deeper in

crime than at yesterday's wedding."

The service of the christening holds for me, who am a most sentimental old woman, a solemnity and a happiness deeper than I can name. And some way upon that day the fact that this was Enid's baby, or that the ceremony was in our drawing-room, where that other little figure, Pelleas's dream and mine, had never come, or that the air was all compact of hyacinths and croonings, filled my heart overflowingly. But I missed Pelleas absurdly, for this was one of the hours when we listen best together; and to have learned to listen with some one makes one, in that other's absence, like the tide on a moonless night. The sun smote in the south window and streamed gayly out. The dear faces of our friends smiled with the flowers, the mermother and her young husband were near to happy tears, and the bishop's silver hair and voice were like an organ chord in finer, fluttering melody.

"And thou, Child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face

of the Lord to prepare His ways.

"Through the tender mercy of our Lord, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us.

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet

into the way of peace."

From the words of exhortation I was roused by a soft rustling of garments and I looked up to see the trim, embroidered little maid holding the baby toward Mr. Hobart Eddy. The moment for his services as godfather was come. As he held out his arms he questioned Enid briefly with his eyes and then earnestly

gave himself to establishing the little "man and brother" in a curve of elbow. It was, after all, I suppose him to have been reflecting, as sternly required of a man that he be an efficient godfather as that he fill perfectly all the other offices of man of the world. I even suspected him of a downward glance to assure himself that the soft little skirts were gracefully in place—quite as if he were arranging tableaux vivants. Thereafter he stood erect with that complaisant passivity of look-urbane, conformable, heavy-lidded-with which I had seen him obediently sit through many an opera, lead many a cotillion, and, I suppose, accept thousands of cups of tea. He was so essentially the dernier cri of cosmopolitanism, so perfectly the delicately poised social automaton. But to accept Hobart Eddy as godfather was some way like filling a champagne glass with cream.

"What shall be the name of this child?"

once more demanded the bishop.

"Philip Wentworth," prompted the young father a second time, presenting a serious, young-father profile to the world.

The bishop waited.

"Philip Wentworth," obediently repeated Hobart Eddy with, I dare be sworn, that little deferential stooping of the shoulders with which I had seen him return many and many a fan.

The bishop, his face filled with that shining which even in gravity seemed sweeter than the smile of another, fixed his deep silent eyes upon the godfather, and when he spoke it was as if he were saying the words for the first time, to the guardian of the first child:

"'Dost thou, in the name of this Child, renounce . . . the vain pomp and glory of this world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?'"

Mr. Eddy, his eyes fixed upon the open prayer book which he held, read the response

quickly and clearly:

"'I renounce them all, and by God's help I will endeavor not to follow or be led by them."

"'Wilt thou, then,'" pursued the bishop with his heavenly benignity, "'obediently keep God's holy will and commandments and walk in the same all the days of thy life?'"

"'I will," said Hobart Eddy, "by God's

help."

There was no slightest hesitation, no thought—or so it seemed to me; only the old urbane readiness to say what was required of him. What had he said, what had he done



"Hobart Eddy threw himself upon the grass beside me and watched ber." .

-this young lion of the social moment, beau, gallant, dilettante-and was it possible that he did not understand what he had promised? Or was I a stupid and exacting old woman, taking with convulsive literalness what all the world recognizes, perhaps, as a form of promise for the mere civilized upbringing of a child? I tried to remember other godfathers, and I could remember only those who, like Pelleas, had indeed served, as Enid had said in jest, by office of their virtue. And yet Hobart Eddy-after all, I told myself, he was a fine, upright young fellow who paid his debts, kept his engagements, whose name was untouched by a breath of scandal, who lived clear of gossip-so I went through the world's dreary catalogue of the primal virtues. But what had these to do with that solemn "I renounce them all"?

By the time that the service was well over I could have found it in my heart to proclaim to my guests that, as the world construed it, a christening seemed to me hardly more vital than the breakfast that would follow.

This, however, I forbore; and at the end everyone pressed forward in quite the conventional way and surrounded the baby and Mr. Eddy, and showered congratulations upon them both, and kissed Enid and was as merry as possible. And as for Mr. Eddy, he stood in their midst, bowing a little this way and that, giving his graceful little flatteries as another man gives the commonplaces, complaisant, urbane, heavy-lidded.

I kissed the baby and looked straight at the

godfather.

"How do you like the office?" I asked somewhat dryly.

He met my eyes with his level look.

"Dear friend," he said softly, "you see how inefficient I am. Even to describe your charming christening toilet is my despair."

"Hobart Eddy," said I sharply, "take

Enid in to breakfast."

Three weeks later, when May was still stepping delicately about the fields loath to leave her sweet business of wind flowers and ladywort, Madame Sally Chartres sent pleasant word from Westchester that a dozen or more of her friends were to spend a day with her, and no one would willingly disregard the summons. The Chartres lived on the edge of a heavenly orchard and another edge of deepgrassed fields. I dare say that they lived in a house, though all that I remember is a great colonnade of white pillars, a library shelved

to the ceiling, and a sprinkling of mighty, cushioned window seats whereon the sun forever streamed through lattices. There could have been no fairer place for a spring

holiday.

Pelleas and I went down by train, and the others coached up to the Chartres' with Hobart Eddy—although there must be made one important exception. Madame Sally had insisted that Enid bring the baby; and Enid and her husband, who since the christening were lingering on in town with us, had put the baby and its nurse in our charge. We arrived ahead of the coach and stood on the white-pillared veranda to welcome the others.

Our grandniece Lisa was there, in a glow of rose and a cloud of white, with Eric at her side; Miss Willie Lillieblade came down with Polly Cleatam and Wilfred—all three, in spite of their white hair and insanity about draughts, stoutly refusing to ride inside; there were four or five others, and from the box seat beside Hobart Eddy I saw descending, with what I am bound to call picturesque deliberation, a little figure that I did not remember.

"Pray who is that?" there was time for me

to ask Madame Sally.

"My dear," she answered hurriedly, "she is a Mrs. Trempleau. I used to love her mother. And Hobart wanted her here."

"Hobart!" I exclaimed. "That Mrs. Trempleau? You don't think—"

Madame Sally's eyebrows were more expressive than the eyes of many.

"Who knows?" she said only, and made of the eyebrows a positive welcome to our friends.

Mrs. Trempleau came toward us flickering prettily-I protest that she reminded me of a thin little flame, luminous, agile, seeking. She had wonderful red hair, for which her gowns and hats were always selected; and that day she wore something colored like the reflection of the sun in a shield of copper. She had a fashion of threading her way through an hour of talk, lighting a jest here, burning a bit of irony there, smoldering dangerously near the line of daring. And that day, as she moved from group to group on the veranda, the eyes of us all, of whom Hobart Eddy was chief, were following her. I think it may have been because her soul was of some alien element, like the intense, avid spirit of the flames-though when I told Pelleas he argued that it was merely the way she lifted her eyes.

"Where is Mr. Trempleau?" Pelleas added,

his nature, as I have said, being built on straight lines.

"There may be one," I answered, "but I think he lives on some other continent."

Pelleas reflected.

"Hobart Eddy and Pelham and Clox are in love with her," he said. "If she doesn't take care there won't be enough continents."

In deep amusement during luncheon we watched Hobart Eddy-we who had known him move through fields of débutantes, urbanely ready to fall in love with them all, and, one might say, urbanely unable. Mrs. Trempleau's appropriation of him was insistent but very pretty. Indeed, if she had, on a night of stars, appropriated Sirius I dare say the constellations would have sung approval. She had the usual gift of attractive faults. However, over Mrs. Trempleau's shoulders and past the brightness of her hair I had, during luncheon, glimpses which effectually besought. my attention from the drama within. For the long windows overlooked the May orchards, white and sweet and made like youth, and to say the truth I was in a fever of impatience to be free of Mrs. Trempleau's little darting laughter, and away to the fields. Some way, in her presence it was not like May.

Therefore, when Pelleas had been borne to the stables by his host, and when the others had wandered back to the veranda, I went away down what I fancy must have been a corridor, though I remember only, at its far end, a great open window of sun leading to the spring that lay beyond, as if one were to open a door in the air and reveal a diviner prospect than our air infolds. A little lawn, cut by a trim gravel walk bound by yellow tulips, sloped away from this window to the orchards, and I crossed the young green in the frank hope that the others, at coffee on the veranda, would not seek me out. But at that very moment I turned a corner by a sundial and came fairly upon two other wanderers. There, with the little white-embroidered nursemaid in close attendance, sat, like another way of expressing the spring, Enid's baby. Was ever such happy chance befallen at the gate of any May orchard whatever?

"Ah," cried I to the little nurse, "Hilda, come quickly! I see a place—there—or there—or there—where you must bring the baby at once—at once! Leave the perambulator here—so. He is awake? Then quickly—this way—to the pink crab-apple tree."

To the pink crab-apple tree! What a destination! It had for me all the delight of running toward, say, a lady birch in the vale of Tempe. I remember a moving glory of aisles of color and shadow, vistas of old branches, bloom-veiled, like the arms of Pan wound with wreaths, rooms of sun through which the petals drifted—who could distinctly recall the raiment of such an hour? I only know that, at length, in a little hollow where the grass was greenest, hard by the orchard arbor, we stood before the giant pink rab-apple tree, breathing such perfume as made Sicilian shepherds mad and drove the Sicilian courtiers forth a shepherding.

"Spread the baby's rug!" I cried to Hilda.
"Here is a little seat in the roots made for this very day. Pull him a branch of apple blossoms—so! And now run away, child, and amuse yourself as long as you like. The baby and I are going to make an apple-blossom pie."

Hilda, hesitating, at my more peremptory bidding went away. I have no idea whether she was caught up among the branches by friendly hands or whether the nearest tree trunk hospitably opened to receive her. But there in the sweet May afternoon, with the world gone off in another direction, sat the baby and I alone.

"O—o—o—o-o!" said the baby, in a kind of lyric understanding of the situation.

I held him to me in awe and thankfulness. These hours of Arcady are hard to win for the sheltering of dreams.

Voices, sounding somewhere beyond the rain of petals, roused me. I looked up, blinded by the afternoon glory. Enid's baby smiled into my eyes, but I saw no one; only the voices murmured on as if the dryads had forgotten me and were idly speaking from tree to tree. And then, like a little darting flame through the sweet air, I heard from the orchard arbor the speech of Mrs. Trempleau. It was quite as if some one had kindled a torch of perfumed wood in the orchard.

"I am sailing on Wednesday," she was saying in a voice of really illimitable sadness.

"Ah, my friend, if I might believe you! Would there indeed be happiness for you there with me, counting the cost?"

It was of course Hobart Eddy who answered—quite, I will be bound, as I would have said that Hobart Eddy would speak of love—with fine deliberation, as another man would speak the commonplaces, possibly with his little half bow over the lady's hand,

urbane, delicate, the very courtier of Love's plaisance.

She answered with her little pricking laugh. "Come with me then!" she challenged him; "let us find this land where it is always spring!"

"Do you mean it?" asked Hobart Eddy.

I do not know what she may have said to this, for the new note in his voice terrified me. I do not know what his next words were, but their deliberation had vanished and in its stead had come something—a pulse—a tremor——

I remember thinking that I must do something, that it was not possible not to do something. I looked helplessly about the great empty orchard, with its smiling sentinel trees, and straight down into Enid's baby's eyes. And on a sudden I caught him in my arms and lifted him high until his head was within the sweetness of the lowest boughs. He did what any baby in the world would have done in that delicious circumstance—he laughed aloud, with a little coo and crow at the end so that, for example, anybody in that part of the orchard must have heard him with delight.

The two in the orchard arbor did hear. Mrs. Trempleau leaned from the latticed window, her hair red gold in the sun.

"Ah," she cried, in her pretty soaring em-

phasis, "what a picture!"

"Is he not?" I answered, and held the baby high. Upon which she fluted some supreme nonsense about Elizabeth and the little John, and "Hobart—see!" she cried.

The two came out of the arbor, and Mrs. Trempleau, having kissed the baby, went about filling her picturesque arms with blossoming boughs. Hobart Eddy threw himself upon the grass beside me and watched her. I looked at them all—at the woman who was like thin flame, at the man who watched her, indolent, confident, heavy-lidded, and at Enid's baby.

"And there," said I abruptly to the baby, "is your godfather."

Hobart Eddy turned on his elbow and offered him one finger.

"It's like being godfather to a rose," he said smiling—and his smile had always the charm and spontaneity of his first youth.

"When the rose is twenty-one," said I, "and this luncheon party comes off which I heard you prophesying the other day, what sort of godfather will you be then, do you think?" "What sort am I now, for that matter?" he asked idly.

"Ah, well, then," said I boldly, "yes! What sort are you now?"

When one is past seventy and may say what one pleases one is not accountable for any virtue of daring.

He looked at me quickly, but I did not meet his eyes. I was watching Mrs. Trempleau lay the pink and white boughs against her copper-colored gown.

"Ah, pray don't," he besought. "You make me feel as if there were things around in the air, waiting to see if I would do right or wrong with them."

"There are," said I, "if you want me to be

disagreeable."

"But I!" he said lightly. "What have I to decide? Whether to have elbow bits on the leaders for the coaching Thursday. Whether to give Eric his dinner party on the eighth or the nineteenth. Whether to risk the froufrou figure at Miss Lillieblade's cotillion. You don't wish me to believe that anything in the air is concerned with how I am deciding those?"

"No," said I with energy, "not in the air or on the earth or under the sea."

"Ah, well, now," he went on with conviction and gave to the baby a finger of each hand—beautiful, idle, white fingers round which the baby's curled and clung, "what can I do?" He put it to me with an air of great fairness.

Suddenly, with no warning, I found myself very near to tears for the pity of it. I laid my cheek upon the baby's head, and when I spoke I am not even sure that Hobart Eddy heard all that I was saying.

"'In the name of this child," I repeated,
"was there not something in the name of this
child'—something of renouncing—and of not
following after nor being led by——"

For a moment he looked up at me blankly, though still with all his urbanity, his conformity, his chivalrous attention—so perfectly the social automaton.

"I'm not preaching," said I briskly, "but a gentleman keeps his word, and dies if need be for the sake of his oath—does he not? Whether it chances to be about a bet, or a horse, or—or a sea liòn. For my own part, as a woman of the world, I cannot see why on earth he should not keep it about a christening."

Hobart Eddy turned toward me, seeking to free his fingers of that little clinging

clasp.

"Jove," he said helplessly, "do they mean

it that way?"

"'That way'!" I cried, past the limit of my patience. "I dare say that very many people who are married would be amazed if they were told that their oath had been meant 'that way.' But they would sell their very days to pay a debt at bridge. 'That way'! Let me ask you, Hobart Eddy, if 'I will, by God's help' does not mean quite as much at a marriage or a christening as it does in society?"

And at that Enid's baby, who missed the outstretched fingers, suddenly leaned toward him, smiling and eager, uttering the most inane and delicious little cries. A baby without genius would simply have paid no atten-

tion.

Hobart Eddy took the baby in his arms and looked down at it with something in his face that I had never seen there before. The baby caught at his hands and pulled at the cord of his monocle and stared up at the low blossoming boughs. As for me I fell to gathering up stray petals in a ridiculous fashion and I knew my hands were trembling absurdly.

I looked up as Mrs. Trempleau came toward us, the red brown of her dress and the red gold of her hair making a glory about her. She was dragging a great burden of flowering branches—a very goddess of flame and sun momentarily gone about the offices of the blossoming earth.

"Ah, the baby!" she cried. "Let me have

the baby."

Hobart Eddy had risen and had helped me to rise; and I fancy that he and Enid's baby and I hardly heard Mrs. Trempleau's pretty urgency. But when she let fall the flowers and held out her arms Hobart looked at her and did not let the baby go.

"This little old man and I," he said, "we understand each other. And we're going to

walk together, if you don't mind."

On Wednesday Mrs. Trempleau sailed for Cherbourg alone. But when I told Pelleas the whole matter he shook his head.

"If those two had intended eloping," he said, "all the christenings in Christendom

wouldn't have prevented."

"Pelleas!" I said, "I am certain—"
"If those two had intended to elope," he patiently began it all over again, "all the—"

"Pelleas!" I urged, "I don't believe it!"
"If those two——" I heard him say.

"Pelleas!" I cried finally, "you don't believe it either!"

"Ah, well, no," he admitted, "I don't know that I do."

THE VAGRANT

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

MY life was like a lost child in the night,
Bewildered in an unfamiliar place;
A vagrant in the City of Affright
Until it found Love's face.

Oh, helpless on the highways, all distressed And destitute of guidance, did it stand, Unknowing which of any roads was best Until it felt Love's hand.

Oh, Love it was that led me to the light,
That housed me from the tumult and the rain—
A vagrant from the City of Affright,
Back to mine own again.

God pity them, those wanderers astray,
Lost upon tangled paths forevermore,
Lacking Love's hand to guide them on their way
And lead them through the door.

THE COLLEGE AND THE DRAMA

BY FRANK S. ARNETT



F all the changes which recent years have marked in our colleges and universities, by way of expanded curriculums and broader social activities, none is more significant than the

new attitude toward the drama, a change which manifests itself alike upon the scholastic and the social side of college life.

The vicissitudes of the college theater have resembled those of the theater at large. From mediæval days, flogged into submission or living in permitted lawlessness, the student ever has been the actor and playwright. Supposedly suppressed, the drama of his world has thrived in secret, as in the outer world under Puritan rule, and, because secret, has degenerated. Time was, as now, when teachers and pupils united in its creation and support. Until Cromwell's day, Oxford and Cambridge entertained their royal guests by dramatic performances directed by learned doctors and the Masters of Arts, their colleges surpassing the facilities even of the London theaters, and their students forming the sanest of existing companies of players. But, in time, the presentations demoralized, parents waxed wroth at the predominance of "play-bookes," and city inns became student theaters for dramas of greatest grossness. The results lived well into the nineteenth century. Wrote an Oxford undergraduate in 1850:

The university, one of the earliest nurses of the infant drama, has long since turned it out of doors for a naughty child. Would a judicious getting up of a tragedy by Sophocles or Æschylus, or even a comedy of Terence—classically managed, as it could be done in Oxford, and well acted—be more unsecoming the gravity of our collected wisdom, or more derogatory to the dignity of our noble "theater," than the squalling of Italian singers, masculine, feminine, and neuter? However, until I am vice-chancellor, the legitimate drama, Greek, Roman, or English, seems little likely to revive at Oxford.

The legitimate drama, in all these forms, has revived at Oxford, but the branch of the family introduced by this particular student and his fellows bore, of necessity, the bar sinister.

American colleges had no early experience with theatricals. All were governed by theological interests, and were, indeed, training schools for the pulpit. Love of learning, save as a means to an end, was rare. During a revolt against the narrowness of laws and life, dramatics were born amid the resulting excesses, and, although bitterly opposed or treated as if non-existent, in reality secretly increased. Even less than a century ago a college president's would have shamed the heathens' rage, could he have dreamed of today's professors prancing in white flannels across the tennis court, or delighting in directing the rehearsals of a play by Congreve.

Harvard's adoption of the elective system caused the class to be superseded as the social unit by organizations more or less resembling the Hasty Pudding Club, and in several of these the drama became the chief literary activity, trivial in character and ignored by the more earnest, yet seriously threatening college work. Solely for membership in these exclusive organizations, men have entered Harvard and, satisfied with that membership, have dropped in time from college, content with the club's annual gatherings, applauding its theatrical skits, and joining in college songs as lustily as though the club had not been all of college they had ever known. Conditions of partial likeness grew up at Yale. The junior societies, whose affiliation with their sister chapters elsewhere always has been of a somewhat flexible nature, were accustomed at certain periods to give public performances in Alumni Hall, their elaborate costumes and accessories employed, however, only in minstrel absurdities or trifling burlesques. As at Oxford in Elizabethan days, their jests were aimed at the faculty and local notables, and ultimately they were banished to the lodge rooms of the fraternities.

Theatrical freedom, nevertheless, led further; dramatic clubs at several colleges, notably Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, and Pennsylvania, appearing in professionally coached musical extravaganzas, the words, lyrics, and score often the work of undergraduates. Many were cleverly concocted and skillfully interpreted, but they seldom rose above music-hall silliness, and, although the fascination of college theatricals on this sumptuous scale is admitted and none but a "mucker" would decry the road tour's social doings, their general influence was to be deplored. Half the participants postured as rouged and simpering girls, and, however capital the impersonation, there was none of the honest gayety that resulted from the transposition of sex in plays at Barnard, Vassar, Smith, Sage, or Radcliffe. Every mental weakness was developed, manliness was undermined, and two such experiences in a year caused college connection practically to consist of appear-

ances in these performances.

But, even before this wasteful period, there had quietly awakened in certain institutions, Michigan apparently having been the earliest, an eager interest in the classic, Elizabethan, and Restoration stage. The legalized study of the acted drama as a part of the regular literary course was naturally of slow growth. The classics were treated as having had no connection with the theater, the old English drama was entirely ignored, the stage. ancient and modern, was not considered as even remotely associated with letters, and instructors seemingly were unaware that in several periods all that was best in literature was created solely for public representation. Nevertheless, the acted drama was becoming known to individual students and literary groups who found in the libraries broader thought than in the lecture halls. It is difficult actually to study English literature and avoid at least a nodding acquaintance with Marlowe and the players "on the bankside," with Ben Jonson and the fine spirits of the Mermaid, with Farquhar and Sheridan, with Garrick, and Foote, and Peg Woffingtonalthough text-books there be that aid in the accomplishment of this feat. And so the old drama, at first studied independently by the specialist and postgraduate, in time found a place in the elective system, forced there by the theatrical bias of youth and the broadening sympathy of the scholar.

The inconsistency of studying that which demanded but was denied visible life could not long be maintained. With more or less faculty approval, students at the larger institutions entered with enthusiasm upon the presentation of old plays. Pi Eta and others at Harvard and the French clubs at Columbia and Barnard were soon active, the senior dramatics became a noted factor in Amherst life, and at Yale particular attention was given the mysteries, dramatizations of Chaucer, and the chronological illustration of the development of the stage. The more serious undertaking of the classics under direct faculty supervision originated with Harvard's successful production of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, arousing profound interest throughout this country and in Eu-A quarter century later the classical department again scored by the presentation of the greatest of the Greek tragedies, the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. The costly costumes, modeled after paintings on ancient vases, and all the accessories at the command of a wealthy university, with archaic vividness reproduced the first Athenian production of more than two thousand years ago. In this and in other recent instances we find a return to the collaboration between teacher and pupil known in the days of Udall and our first English comedy. How hopeless seemed this resumption of a beneficial relationship, even little more than thirty years ago, is shown by the words of an eminent editor in the seventies:

For a teacher to write a play for his scholars, or, indeed, to aid and abet them in any way in a dramatic performance, would be a strange thing now. The old condition of things is not likely to return, but we have a strong impression that a partial revival of ancient customs would be of benefit. Why not make useful the universal love for play-acting among young people, so that recreation, training, and refinement of mind should come of it, performers and spectators be made acquainted with the works of our best genius?

Since this was written, these and greater changes have come to pass. The old condition of things has returned, and teachers "aid and abet" dramatic performances without causing surprise or even comment. The altered view has tangible evidence in Harvard's stadium and in that of California, designed after the ancient amphitheater at Epidaurus Limera. As at early Oxford, dramatics now form part of official celebrations at the ma-

jority of our colleges. Campus productions were among the most impressive events of Yale's bicentennial, the astounding revolution since the university's founding being particularly evinced in the welcomed aid of Heinrich Conried, whose company, at the Schiller centennial, presented "Maria Stuart" before Harvard's Deutscher Verein, and who loaned for the Yale celebration treasures from his theatrical properties and the services of his scenic artists. Similar import attaches to recent collegiate approval given painstaking professional revivals by Ben Greet and Arnold Daly.

This recognition of the professional actor was one of the steps in theatrical and scholastic friendship taken with greatest uncertainty. But once taken, Yale bestowed her LL.D. upon the late Joseph Jefferson, and leading universities invited lectures on dramatic art from Gaston Deschamp, the French critic; Mrs. Fiske, Coquelin, Mansfield, Irving, and others, the most significant event of all being possibly Mme. Bernhardt's appearance before the girls of Wellesley. And what do the old-timers think of the permission granted an enterprising advance agent to place lithographs of his *prima donna* in the class rooms

of Toronto University?

Such social acknowledgment as the actor has attained is largely the direct result of this collegiate welcome. The inquiry is natural as to whether this dual recognition will lead to the adoption of a stage career by any greatly increased number of graduates. Similar conditions existed in seventeenthcentury Dublin, and many of the greatest actors appearing at her historic Smock Alley Theater were Trinity College men, while Oxford and Cambridge were fairly represented in London at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In America the footlights already have won alumni of Princeton, Washington and Lee, the College of the City of New York, and a few others, and at the University of St. Louis a substantial endowment has founded a course in theatrical training. Unquestionably this gift adds to the theater's dignity; the practical outcome is yet to be seen. In time, sanctioned by scholastic authorities, the stage possibly may rank with law or medicine. But, although all culture is helpful in dramatic art, a college education in itself will not aid the actor. More than the worker in any other field of art may he be ignorant, yet a genius. Men, rather than books, must be his study. He may be an idealist, vet have no choice in the rôles he is to interpret. In this day of inane burlesque, of half-fledged stars, and of the *double entente*, our prayer must be for an educated management, conscientious, capable, ambitious as to faithful staging and in the selection of plays and players. It is here that the revival of the college theater should show real results.

Remains the change of possibly greatest importance in forecasting the future of our stage—the admission of the drama as an integral part of the curriculum. Something has been said of the one-time ignoring or distortion of this field of study; but none but those familiar with early college catalogues can imagine the intellectual poverty revealed in every line save mathematics and the ancient languages. Even a quarter century ago Yale's nearest approach to the study of dramatic literature consisted of limited readings from British playwrights and the conventional courses in Greek and Latin, while English literature as a whole was unbelievably neglected. Compare the riches offered in 1906:

The Athenian, Greek, and Roman drama; the methods of the principal English playwrights; the Elizabethan drama, studied from both the literary and the dramatic point of view; an examination of English plays illustrating types and classes; the German drama from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century; the dramas of Schiller and his contemporaries; the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spanish drama; French dramatists of the nineteenth century; a study of modern poetic plays and of their relation both to the stage and to other forms of literature; and the contemporary dramas of Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Mir-

beau, Fitch, Pinero, and Jones.

Cornell, which in 1882 taught practically nothing in this branch, now goes into such details as the Collier controversy and the scenic representation of Greek comedy. Harvard has applied itself to the minutia of the buskin in Greek tragedy. Chicago offers the Sanskrit drama and seven courses in Shakespeare. Bryn Mawr studies French comedy and the romantic school, and Vassar has unusual courses regarding the French national theaters and state contributions to dramatic art. Dartmouth is interested in Greek theatrical architecture, and awards prizes for the best comedies written by undergraduates. Iowa treats the drama as a distinct art and with special reference to stage representation; and Ohio seeks the dramatic elements of a novel, which is then dramatized

and given student production.

The list might be extended indefinitely, both in each instance and as regards the number of institutions, showing the little known magnitude of this development. Courses devoted to dramatic subjects now form a greater total than the entire curriculum of an early college, and the teaching force in these alone exceeds the full strength of the average faculty fifty years ago. A complete catalogue once might have appeared on a single page of this magazine; one hundred would crowd an analysis of courses many offer for the current college year.

In these courses the most notable fact is the recognition of an acted drama, and of an acted drama in the America of the present as well as in the Greece of the long ago. The relationship of theater and literature is at last admitted. It is no longer ignored that the stage did not give up the ghost in the days of Æschylus, nor in those of Shakespeare, and that it is not dead even in these of Fitch and

Iones.

Despite all this, the drama and everything remotely associated therewith remain iniquitous in the estimate of a few minor institutions that punish theatergoing by expulsion, indiscriminately classing it with blasphemy, gambling, and drunkenness. A Southern college catalogue quotes a legislative act prohibiting "setting up any billiard table, bowling alley, or other game of chance, or exhibiting any theatricals, sleight of hand, etc.," within five miles of the institution. Possibly the worthy makers of that law are aware that, four hundred years ago, a similar statute protected the students of Cambridge; but I fear me they do not know that Sir Henry Irving, a player, at the time of his death was a lecturer at this same University of Cambridge, and that in the robes of a doctor of letters he had addressed the students on the genius of the old-time actors. And yet the continuance of traditional prejudice is not strange when a metropolitan newspaper of standing said of Irving's appointment as Ruskin's successor in the Bede lectureship: "When one thinks of it, is it any more absurd than that Mr. Alfred Austin should be the successor of Alfred Tennyson?"

Seemingly the rules in colleges maintaining this obsolete hatred of the stage are based upon the assumption that youth is inherently deprayed, and that the slightest concession

to pleasure will open up an appallment of debaucheries and crimes. The stage may find consolation in the fact that the majority of these institutions offer not the faintest hope of broad training or original research; rarely possessing a library exceeding five hundred volumes, admitting students without proper examination as to their fitness, teaching practically nothing in history, and "advanced grammar" constituting their typical wealth in English literature and language. Lowell, you will remember, defines a university as "a place where nothing useful is taught." I believe it is now, indeed, axiomatic that value is not measured by utility alone, and Oxford holds that its dramatics, its student companionships, and the university's social functions are as essential to liberal culture as are the required studies. Certainly, if the curriculum is miserly, if reformatory rules prevail, if contact with instructors and students dwarfs, then is time worse than wasted and the so-called college is more harmful than the "university" that asks no man to give it of his best years, but-will sell him its degrees at \$10 cash each.

One other question: Might condemnation justly be based on any loosening of morals resulting from or even contemporaneous with the liberalizing of study? Statistics prove that during the college drama's period of growth there has been a marked decrease in drinking, the cause of half the undergraduate evils. During the same period religious government has all but passed away; Hebrew and evidences of Christianity now belong to the theological schools. Nevertheless, twothirds of faculty members are communicants, and with few or no exceptions the colleges maintain a strong Christian influence. Church members form one-half of to-day's student population, whereas at early Bowdoin even a "hopefully pious" youth is said to have been a rarity.

Doubtless layman succession to the once unbroken line of theologians in the presidential chairs of our colleges and universities has had something to do with their present relationship to the stage. Scholarship is no longer the sole requisite in these executives. Vast libraries, great museums and laboratories, faculties as numerous as once was the entire student body, represent changed conditions requiring ability unknown and unnecessary a century ago.

But, after all, the inborn love of the drama is the vital reason for the metamorphosis in stage and study. The child taught that the theater is sinful, nevertheless looks upon it with desire. The feeling is carried into college life, where many customs are tinged with the theatrical: the academic costumes, traditional ceremonials, the ritual of the fraternities, the picturesque processions at commencement, Bryn Mawr's May-day festivals of chivalry and joyousness, even the "tapping" on Yale's campus, public symbol of election to the awesome societies of senior year. When to this mentality and atmosphere has been added the revolt of the student against "the effacement of the individual," then you begin to understand. The college is now sponsor for that it once condemned, authority having met reaction against rules by substituting for them an approved version of the hitherto prohibited. Blind obedience is no longer demanded, because blind obedience has been the pedagogue's stumbling block since education's beginning.

The results, already realized or soon to come, are easily discoverable: a healthier public sentiment regarding the acted drama; a deeper knowledge of dramatic literature and the history of the stage; a more tolerant attitude of society toward the actor as an individual human being; a more decent treatment in stageland of men and women of education adopting the theatrical profession; an increased strength in our native playwrights; the disappearance of buffoonery in dramatic criticism; scholarly capacity in theatrical management; and, above all, because causative of all, the training of a new generation of playgoers, knowing true art and appreciating dignity and cleanliness.

MY HOMES

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON



HAVE a great many of them. Acquiring one is a very simple matter; it is a subtle sort of compact, quickly consummated. There is no sordid question of cash or time payments;

this is a kind of land tenure known only to the elect, but singularly permanent and happily free from contest. No fire, short of the last conflagration, can devour my harmless riches; this species of wealth, so arrogantly acquired and so meekly cherished, need never take unto itself wings and fly away.

I do not in the least object to tenants in my homes. That is one of the advantages of this particular form of possession. In fact, they are usually occupied when I acquire them, and I very considerately allow the dwellers therein to continue undisturbed in their occupation. I think I have only one home that is unoccupied, and that is generally supposed (it not being popularly known that I am the real owner) to belong to an estate whose heirs are dead or scattered; distant lawyers, I believe, being the only known

representatives. And so it stands among its ancient melancholy cedars, its grave old roof-tree sagging, its dormer windows open to wind and weather, making squares of vague blackness against the light. It has the somber resignation of accepted defeat; the dignity which utter calamity cannot shatter. And ah! I spoke hastily when I said that it was untenanted; for it is the most distinguished of all my houses, in that its tenant is a ghost. I preserve my incognito with all my tenants, so that I have no apology to offer for not being on intimate terms with this one.

But this forlorn old mansion would not appeal to all tastes; I have other homes which persons with a leaning toward the cheerful would find far more attractive. My own aste in the matter is nothing if not catholic. I have myself been puzzled sometimes to discover the standard by which I select them: it is a subtle, esoteric something, largely independent of external charm. It is that impalpable spirit of the place that calls to me. Everyone, almost, knows the curious feeling which Stevenson remarks upon in one of his essays: a sense that something interesting has

happened here; or, if it has not already happened, that the place is silently waiting for the inevitable event.

But, after all, my homes are all homes; that is their one point of resemblance. The home idea, that wistful ideal of domesticity, is often most intolerably sweet to the man who has not been dowered with a homekeeping spirit. The wide, waste places call him, "the vast, sweet visage of space"; the wild lake shore, the broad, maternal bosom of the prairie, the granite gorges of the mountains—and those even more appalling abysses, the gray, roaring canyons of city streets. Yet, all the more because of those wilder appeals, does this little pencil of yellow light reach out to him from a window in the dusk. It is an ideal that gropes forever with its softmoving and delicate fingers among the heartstrings, no matter how often he fares forth to feel the winds of Vagabondia lift the hair upon his forehead. Home for the wanderer always keeps the piercing, poignant charm of that which is left behind-willfully but unwillingly renounced. Ulysses himself was not always in that high mood in which he first "smote the sounding furrows." There came visions of Penelope and Telemachusnot strong enough to turn him back; just enough to shake the dews of tenderness upon the dryness of the heroic heart.

So I sometimes think I have a great advantage over my tenants in this matter of poetry. There is nothing that so attunes the lyric mood as a tinge of denial, of regret. That crimson-shaded lamp sends a soft but wonderfully potent glow out into the night; they live too close to it, do they not? Do they feel its sweet magic of all things retired and tender and dear, as I do, coming suddenly upon it outside in the chill of the twilight? Ah, well, doubtless they do, sometimes; we will grant that much. But therein lies my advantage; for me the poetry never faileth; I am like a guest who enjoys the charm of the household without sharing its vexations and responsibilities. I have but to pass by on the sidewalk, and refresh my spirit with an impression of pure sweetness, of unsullied charm.

I notice that my homes are nearly always retired. I never fancied living in the confidence of the whole avenue. Perhaps I am jealous lest my homes should have a hoard of owners, enjoying them upon the same easy terms of possession as my own. At any rate, the quality of refinement, of gentle aloofness,

is inherent in the very idea of a home. One of my earliest acquisitions had this quality to such a marked extent that I cannot for the life of me remember what the house itself was like. I loved the sense of it; the feeling of it. From the sidewalk I could see through the tall fence, reënforced with lilac bushes, just enough to know that there was a house within, and that sufficed. I liked it best very early in the spring—the late, Northern spring, when one's nose is not the vulgar defensive organ of everyday wear, but the beatific instrument whereby one's soul is awakened from the winter of its discontent to a newness of life. One cannot hear spring vet, nor see it, nor feel it; but oh, sensuous yet ethereal bliss! one smells it. When the twigs are bare and gray as numb fingers; when the myriad happy things that spin midsummer noises out of their wings are as dead as the tomb to our gross senses; when one shivers and submits distastefully to muff and overcoat, then one may still know-thanks to this much-depreciated feature—that somewhere in the frozen world busy, ambitious, intelligent green things are at work. Then I used to walk along the sidewalk of a fair winter afternoon, snuffing up with dainty delight the earthy odors that came to me through the lilac bushes from my garden on the other side. Yet, surely, I have generalized hastily! Even in that bracing air and watery sunshine were there not patches of filmy, indecisive greenness, a preliminary blade of tender light here and there, or perhaps one little sample of that littlest of flowers, upright on its hairlike stem, a mere, inconsequential, blue experiment in blossoming?

In the town where I spent last summer I invested rather extravagantly. I am somewhat secretive, I fear, about my wealth; at any rate, not one of my few acquaintances, who knew that I laid my head at night upon the emaciated pillow of a bumpy folding bed in a small hired apartment, ever guessed that I had two homes in that very town. Yet not three squares away stood one. It was a rather stately stone mansion, plain and severe in outline; a certain undeniable primness, blended with obvious luxury and elegance, lent a unique and irresistible charm to its aspect. It seemed blood-brother to the past, and only a distant cousin of the aggressive present. The long windows came quite to the floor; one unconsciously imagined heavy old-fashioned chairs and dark, tradition-haunted, wainscoted rooms.

iron fence was bordered within by tall shrubbery, so that the passer-by had his interest whetted by alluring glimpses. There were wide, graveled walks and drives, a glimpse of comfortable stone stables, partly vine-covered, in the rear. A mountain ash or two, with their brilliant yellow berries, lent a dash of vivid color to the sweet and decorous prospect. The robins, too, liked the mountain ash; one might always count on the joy of their ruddy bosoms against the velvet grass.

My other possession was a quaintly irregular frame house close to the street, with all sorts of unexpected little entrances, and small irrelevant window curtains with crisp and ruffled whiteness. The strip of ground in front was neatly laid out in flower beds and narrow graveled walks primly bordered with shells. I loved the delicious old-fashioned fragrance and the unashamed color of the flowers: petunias, four-o'clocks, larkspurs, hollyhocks, marigolds, bleeding-hearts, and coxcombs. I used occasionally to see among them a thin, straight old lady, with a mild but stately visage and wonderful silver hair. Enamored of the quaintness of the place, and rendered somewhat obtuse as to the finer shades of fitness, doubtless by a sojourn in a city whose every alternate house displayed a laconic legend, "ROOMS," my friend and I, in a moment of sore æsthetic extremity, ventured one day to ring the bell, and to inquire of this gentle patrician genius loci if she perhaps rented rooms. She was quite courteous, but there was some compassion in her eyes for one who could ask such a question, as she answered with mild unconscious grandeur, "No, I rent houses." It was the only attempt I ever made to open negotiations with one of my tenants.

My very newest home is of a much humbler type than these. Last winter I passed it every morning, looking forward to the pleasure of seeing it as if it had been the greeting of a friend. Soon after I had discovered it, I chanced to be overtaken by an acquaintance, and inquired about the history of the old house. My informant understood my question to apply to a pretentious brick structure breathing respectability just beyond it; and, upon being corrected, he answered with a considerable lapse from enthusiasm that he didn't know. But, after all, I could enjoy it just as much without knowing, easily anticipating the information which I afterwards received, that somebody's grandfather built it. Far back in the great yard, with a

broad gravel walk leading up to it, it lives its own life and keeps its own secrets. It is primitively simple, poor even, built in the old Southern fashion of a wide hall with two or three rooms on each side. Huge old trees are scattered about the lawn, and shrubs grow here and there at random. I never saw anyone working on the lawn, and yet it always looked perfectly neat and well kept. The soil had that peculiar look one sees in old dooryards-as of dirt grown clean, out of respect to man's ignorant prejudices. All winter the place stood there, quiet, reticent, selfsufficient; I could not say where the magic lurked among the bare shrubs and gaunt old tree trunks and about the small, plain dwelling. But with the first hint of spring the secret began to unfold itself. First it was the simple, toaching, white prettiness of the "bridal wreath"-sweet, virginal, old-fashioned shrub with the sweet old-fashioned name! One of the few things in my experience which is just as I would have it, is that I first learned the name in my grandmother's garden. Then there was the brave new gold of the yellow jessamine, then the heart-warming glow of the japonica-"burning bush" we used to call it. One would never have suspected the quiet old yard of this astonishing, sweet versatility, but every morning as the spring advanced I found its progress quietly registered somewhere in unambitious loveliness. We had progressed from syringa to lilacs before I discovered, one morning, the wide hall doors open, and a clean, spare old man sitting in a splint-bottomed chair on the gallery, quietly tinkering at some small task in the pale morning sunshine. Here was the eternal fitness of things indeed! I saw him quite often while the hyacinths were in blossom; and finally, one bright afternoon, we achieved the climax—he, the old house, and I-in a frank, old-fashioned, splendid gorgeousness of tulips, which had blazed up in the night along the border of the walk.

No wonder the old place kept that look of shrewd sweetness, that piquant "I could an' I would" expression, in the dead of the bare winter! Doubtless there are moss roses there now; and as the year advances the old yard will probably draw out of its capacious pocket a handful of long-hoarded and time-mellowed sunshine, in the shape of small, buttonlike, aromatic chrysanthemums. I shall not be there to see; but the sympathetic passer-by, whoever he may be, will garner with my blessing that uncorrupting gold.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



T took eleven years for France to do justice to Dreyfus, but justice has finally been done, and done as completely as was compatible with the imperfection of human

means. That is a glorious result, at which all Christendom should rejoice, and at which pretty much all Christendom has rejoiced heartily and with enthusiasm, the few discordant voices serving only to emphasize the world-wide roar of satisfaction.

One may wonder now how Major Dreyfus stands, reckoning profit with loss, on the whole transaction. A contemporary newspaper says:

"The massive and majestic machinery of the law has done all that it could do for the righting of a hideous wrong. It can offer no adequate redress. Nothing can give back to Alfred Dreyfus the health and hope of his young manhood."

Is that quite a just statement of the situation? It may be, but we can be permitted to hope that the profit column in Major Dreyfus's life account has now more compensating items in it than the newspaper suggests. He has suffered long and very grievously, but now that his sufferings are over, would he choose to have back the eleven years of his life in which he suffered torments undeserved, and struggled to have a calamitous injustice righted? Would he wipe the eleven years off the slate and be again the young Captain Dreyfus of the General Staff of 1804?

I cannot conceive that he should wish to do that. His years of tremendous suffering and struggle have brought some imperishable gains. The man was ambitious. Those years have made his name honorably known in every corner of the earth, and have given him a sure and honorable place in history. His story cannot be forgotten so long as books are written and men read them. Not

in any other way that suggests itself could Dreyfus have won a renown so ample, or so wrapped himself in the sympathies of his fellow-men.

Of course, no sane man of his own choice would have undergone what Dreyfus suffered to gain what Dreyfus has gained, but that does not change the fact that his gains seem fit to measure up against his sufferings. His honor is absolutely vindicated, his reason remains unshaken, his past conduct has left him no legacy of remorse or regret, his wife and children are left to him, his military rank has been restored; as long as he lives he will be one of the world's notables, and history will preserve the memory of him after he is dead.

BESIDES ALL THESE there is another item that belongs in the list of Dreyfus's assets. Somebody has said that happiness is when your finger has been pinched, and you get it The idea of that is that happiness is a sensation that comes with the rebound from pain, and it is an idea that has some sound basis. We all recognize, more or less, that pain and happiness are interdependent. We know that if we are to attain to any considerable measure of happiness we have got to struggle. We discipline ourselves. We make an effort and keep on making efforts; and effort is itself a kind of pain. If pain is not the price of happiness why do eight college lads row themselves to a standstill in a boat-race? They suffer because they think it worth while. So we all do, more or less, struggling and striving after something we value more than ease, doing things that are painful in accomplishment, but which we think it will be pleasant to have done.

And so we may reckon Dreyfus's past sufferings as assets. Some of them—the ordeal of degradation and the years on Devil's Island—are perhaps too dreadful to be recalled; but the seven years of effort since the Rennes verdict, the denunciations of Zola, the fine self-sacrifice of Picquart, the courageous help of a hundred friends, and the sympathy of thousands, must be sweet now to remember. And to have put behind one, early, enough of suffering to last a whole lifetime, and to feel that one has fully paid the whole debt of pain that Destiny has warrant to exact—that is an asset too, and one that ought to count for very much in the list of things that are favorable to Major Dreyfus's future happiness. This world—this life—are very hard on some people, but they would be harder than they are if eleven years of pain and effort crowned finally with victory could be justly counted as that much time lost out of a man's life.

I WAS BUYING a pail in the village store. "Those paper pails," said I, "are pretty good, but the handles pull off of them in the course of a month. Why don't they put the handles on to stay?"

The storekeeper said: "When they first began to make those pails, the handles stayed on. The pails were better made. They don't make them to last, any more. Nothing is as well made as it used to be."

Bicycles still persist in villages. One of the tires of mine leaked. "What ails this tire that I bought of you last year?" said I to the bicycle man. He said that it was porous, but that he could fix it.

"Yes, but it was new last year. It ought to last three or four years. Wasn't it a good one?"

"It was as good a tire as is made now," he said. "They don't make such tires as they used to make, any more. You can't buy them."

I read a story in a magazine of how the hands in a village factory formed a union and struck for more wages. The owner wouldn't pay any more and got ready to give up the business. Finally the strikers got tired of striking and invited the boss to come down to a meeting and confer with them. The boss said, among other things, "If I paid higher wages it would cut my share of the profits way down below what I ought to get for the skill that I put into the business; it would tempt me to make a dishonest line of goods; it would drive men of brains who expect to have their brains pay dividends out of the business; that's what it would do."

I WONDER WHETHER there is a relation between these three incidents—two actual and

one fictitious—and whether the handles come off of pails and bicycle tires go leaky the second year because manufacturers pay such high wages that they are tempted to make, and do make, a dishonest line of goods! They can make dishonest goods without paying high wages. They can employ cheap labor that is incompetent, but that would be a consequence of the high price of competent labor. It does not seem as if high wages and bad goods ought to belong together, and probably they never keep company very long, but separate gradually under the automatic coercion of business laws.

THEY TELL US that dollars are cheaper than they were, and are still depreciating because of cheaper processes of gold mining and the consequent increase of gold production. We can stand having cheaper dollars provided we can each get a sufficiently increased supply of them, but this idea of the more dollars the worse work is a good deal more disquieting. No doubt better work was ordinarily put into the building of houses in New York when carpenters got \$2 a day than when they get \$5 or \$6, and I dare say better poems have been sold for \$5 than can now be produced for \$50, and better novels for \$1,500 than could now be bought for \$5,000, or even \$10,000. Perhaps some observer who is farther-sighted than I can predict what sort of jolt it will be that will come along and readjust values to prices before everybody's wages are so high that nobody can afford to do good work.

THERE ARE TIMES when I have doubts whether anybody who is making more than \$15,000 a year is really worth associating with. Perhaps I should say "earning" instead of "making"; but I am not entirely sure about that. People get just as distracted and engrossed in making money as they do in earning it. Speculation in stocks, for example, may unfit a man as fully for profitable association as though he were really earning some money. I say \$15,000 a year, but that is an arbitrary suggestion and needs to be adapted to various conditions and localities. Where the conditions are very favorable, a man may be taking in very much more than that, and still have time to invite his soul and think thoughts and impart them; and where conditions are harder, he may be utterly engrossed in gaining much less. The main point is that folks who are very strenuously "on the make" are not much good for anything else, even though they may be composed of the same sort of materials that eminently companionable people are made of. They are restless creatures. When they are not making large pots of money, they are spending what they have made; buying things, building, playing ardently with costly new toys-automobiles and the like-hustling off to Europe, and hustling back home.

They lack repose. The condition of fluctuating means is hostile to repose. It unsettles habits; habits of mind and all the habits. It is a defect in an occupation that it should be too confining and deny leisure to its pursuer, but it is a merit that it should regulate his life and hold him down to something like settled habits. That saves time, and wear and tear of mind and body.

As to the money-makers, however, it should be said that though they may be unprofitably restless they have the merit of being alive. A large proportion of the city dwelling population has that merit. That a man was killed in New York in June was doubtless a text for extolling the superiority of the country and the villages as places of residence. The truth is there were fifty-two persons killed in New York in one way or another in June, nevertheless cities do have their uses as places for the training of human beings. It is necessary to be alive most of the time in such a city as New York. The prospect of being run over and killed if you are not alert is stimulating to the faculties. Promptness and celerity of decision are cultivated all the time and on a vast scale by the public conveyances, the street crowds, and the whole apparatus of living. The driving force of that town is enormous, and it does most of us good to be driven for a while and driven pretty hard. The most efficient villagers are those who have lived long enough in a considerable city to learn what city standards are, and how to keep up with them. Conversely everyone knows that a large proportion of the best energy of every big town is country born. Neither city life nor country life is better. What is best is that people should be perpetually shifting from one to the other, and that is constantly going on.

ESPECIALLY IS THERE going on the drift of the farm-born boys to the cities. In the July Century, Mr. Bailey, the Director of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University. printed the results of inquiries that he had made into the causes of this strong current cityward. One hundred and fifty-five students who came from farms and were still young enough to remember why they came. confided to him why they gave up agricul-Forty per cent of them were moved by the conviction that other kinds of work paid better than farming. Twenty per cent of them objected to so much hard physical labor; some thought farm life too lonely and monotonous; a good many had a natural bent elsewhere. The chief complaints against the farm were that it was too dull: that its work was too hard, its hours too long, and its

profits too meager.

No doubt, in so far as concerns Eastern farming in this country, all those complaints are pretty well founded. Lads who like farming enough, or who lack the necessary imagination to strike out for something else, will stick to farming, but for those who migrate there need be no lamentations. The farm that produces a boy (or a girl) that has got it in him to go and do something that pays better and is more interesting than farming—that farm has done the most important detail of work that it is appointed to farms to do. The indispensable office of farms is to supply individuals who have vigor enough to burst the hoops of their environment and find and do the work that best suits them. The current from the farm to the city is a supremely necessary and beneficial stream. The necessary counter-current from city to country is feebler as yet than it should be, but there are signs that it is stronger than it was. A steady stream of money runs countryward nowadays out of the pockets of city people who are compelled to have summer homes, and children are systematically exported from cities to grow up in the country. There are fewer abandoned farms than there used to be. Our million immigrants a year take care of some of them. The cities use up some of the country blood that flows to them, but a share of it they give back to be reinvigorated by renewed contact with nature,

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Dull and gray are the precise words to describe that tide of life in a college town that is the faculty's-at all events, as set forth in Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright's novel THE Tower (Scribner). Mrs. Wright is a resident of Cambridge, Mass., and her husband, Professor Wright, is of the Harvard faculty. But in the novel the characters are set in what is called a fresh-water college, Great Dulwich. The bishop of the diocese is also president of the college, and his daughter, Sylvia Langdon, now late in the thirties, is a sort of perennial college widow. Classes have come to and classes have gone from Great Dulwich, trees have blossomed, drooped, and withered, but Sylvia Langdon is still languidly in love with Robinson, who was graduated eighteen years ago, and is but now come back after eighteen years spent mostly drifting about Europe. Does Sylvia remember him? the bishop asks. Remember him! "If I see him again, I shall ask him to come in to tea this afternoon. We can have it in the garden; the day is most unseasonably warm," observes the bishop.

"I hardly know whether I shall be able to receive," replies the languid Sylvia. And yet, despite this passionate colloquy, Sylvia was so thrilled she felt her heart beat. Robinson comes, and a curious sort of courtship sets in. For instance, they discuss Denbeigh, a writer famous, though a humbug, whom Robinson had known and seen through abroad. Robinson had dropped Denbeigh. "Can you bear to let a soul drift by you in that way?" asks Miss Langdon. "Had Denbeigh a soul! Really, you go too far!" cries Robinson. After he left, Miss Langdon wondered whether after all she had regained her former sway over Robinson! No wonder books about the faculty side of college life are so rare. The chances are that, for some reason or other, that life may not seem very exciting. However, Robinson goes on living his æsthetic life in the tower, and in a manner his soul and Sylvia's yearn for each other. Robinson's soul also yearns to a certain extent for Mrs. Denbeigh, who returns to Great Dulwich after Denbeigh's death,

Perhaps the chief value of this novel is in showing the drudgery and the poverty of the average college professor, and the penury that awaits so many teachers in old age. It is terrible to think that in one small college Professor Moncrieff actually committed suicide and Professor Maxwell almost did. Indeed, there are moments in reading this book when you marvel why the poor professors don't go to Panama and help dig the "big ditch" instead of enduring the deadly grind depicted in the novel. Mr. Carnegie should read this book. Then he would rejoice at having set aside \$10,000,000 in steel bonds for the purpose of pensioning aged professors. The æsthetic Robinson, be it added, married one of the two ladies in question.

But after all, is it the writer's material that makes or mars a book? Mr. Frederick Palmer had some excellent material when he set to work writing the novel Lucy of the STARS (Scribner). Arthur Carniston is an earl's son, and he falls in love with Lucy von Kar, the very fascinating, piquant daughter of a German chemist living in London. The young people become engaged, but when Arthur's father dies and leaves Arthur an earl, indeed, but practically penniless, Arthur jilts Lucy and goes to America in quest of an heiress. Lucy also happens to be going to America on the same steamer. On board the reader is introduced to a number of rich Americans, who all become heroes and heroines. The book rambles on like a somnambulist, blindly and aimlessly, to page 344, which the author apparently deemed a good place to stop. Lucy does not marry Arthur, but that is immaterial. The main purpose of that book seems to have been to get a novel on the market.

Perhaps it is unfair to contrast two books, and yet it is human enough after reading a novel like Mr. Palmer's to hail with delight a little volume like Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURER (Century). Dr. Mitchell felt no need of filling 344 pages, and the result is that the little tale, crisp and brilliant, with a beginning, a middle, and an

end, brings to the reader some of the joys seldom found outside the pages of Dumas or Scott or Stevenson. You fairly gloat over these pages packed with incident and loaded with adventure. To some folk, it may be, nothing short of piracy on the high seas or war or treasure seeking is worthy the name of adventure. But to those choice spirits who can be thrilled by cleverly contrived diplomatic intrigue, Dr. Mitchell's book will bring a very fascinating hour. "Romance," says Stevenson, "is the poetry of circumstance." What, then, can be more poetical than some of these incidents? During the Civil War, when our English and French legations did all that in them lay to prevent a recognition of the Confederacy by the chief powers of Europe, an American secretary, in a sharp fall of rain, offers his carriage to a lady in a Paris thoroughfare. She accepts his courtesy so far as to ask to be driven to the Bois. But the carriage is pursued by another, and not only overtaken but wrecked. With the aid of the secretary's discreet servant, however, the lady escapes into the wood. The pursuer and the secretary exchange cards in order to arrange a duel. The pursuer is Count Le Moyne, of the French Foreign Office, but the American secretary gives, instead of his own card, that of Captain Arthur Merton, which he happened to have by him and to pull out of his case in the darkness. Thus it happens that Captain Merton, the next morning, has, like D'Artagnan, three duels on his hands.

Captain Merton is perfectly willing to fight them all, but what interests him is the mysterious lady. Even after the duels are explained away the captain is still eager to find her, and by the aid of Alphonse, the young secretary's servant, she is found. Though the widow of a French nobleman, she is an American, and charged by Count Le Moyne with abstracting from his house a plan of the French emperor's for the recognition of the Confederacy. The subsequent events, the hiding of the papers in a grate under a bed of glowing ashes, the recovery of those papers by the Americans in the very teeth of the French secret police, and their transmission to England, are pure Dumas. Captain Merton and the lady inevitably fall in love and marry, and the reader only hopes they are as happy as they deserve to be.

If it were only possible, we would fain wish happiness to a pair of young people in The Wire Tappers (Little, Brown), by Arthur Stringer. That book reminds one of a cer-

tain song, in which it is asserted that the policeman's lot is not a happy one. A similar pathos emanates from the lives of young Durkin and Frances Candler. It is perfectly true that they are both criminally engaged in wire tapping, or stealing valuable news from telegraph wires, in gambling, and in similar occupations. But when you read that Durkin is an inventor gone wrong and Frances a young English governess, of excellent family, fallen upon evil days after her arrival in America, you are apt to think that, criminals though they are, they are yet not without some vestiges of humanity. The author's aim seems to be to arouse one's sympathy, but that is not quite accomplished.

Perhaps sympathy would be more readily bestowed upon such a book as Winifred Graham's THE VISION OF THE SAVOY (Revell). That book is, at all events, well meant. Jane Cardigan, a young London heiress, who in life is oppressed with a sense of neglected opportunities to help the poor, unhappily dies midway in the book, and one evening when three of her friends, who had loved her well, are dining at the Savoy, a vision of Jane Cardigan, in a glory, appeared before them. From that moment on, Arthur, one of those young men, resolves to do settlement work for the "neglected rich." He resolves to build a temple that must draw the rich to divine service, a temple where "the cult of happiness will be preached." It is a sort of Crystal Palace for the idle rich, for whom there are no benevolent aid societies, nor any Salvation Armies. Some day, maybe, such a temple will be built.

Among other recent novels may be mentioned Sydney H. Preston's On Common GROUND (Holt), the pleasant romance of an amateur farmer pleasantly written; Brown OF MOUKDEN (Putnam), by Herbert Strang, the successor of G. A. Henty, who in this book deals with the Russo-Japanese War in Henty style; and A GRAIN OF MADNESS (New Tide Publishing House), by Lida A. Churchill. This book is a somewhat extravagant romance devoted to an exploitation of the cult known as the New Thought. An idea of the scope of the book is given in its text, taken from Arsene Houssaye: "He who is not born with a grain of madness in his composition is disinherited by heaven. He will be neither poetic, nor artistic, nor victorious, nor amorous, nor young." The book is readable.

Readable, by the way, is the word that describes the books of Florence Morse Kingsley. They all have a certain sprightly feminine cheerfulness about them. INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB (Century), the latest, is a mere skit only a hundred pages in length and quite impossible in fact, but pleasant enough reading. Miss R. Lamb is a student of physiological psychology at Wellesmawr College. Despite her great beauty she is so absurdly intellectual that she talks a language the most technical laboratory syllabus on psychology would boggle at. When driving home from a friend's wedding with a young man who bluntly remarks that he wished he had just been married, Miss Lamb replies: "I can scarce conceive the momenta of mental movement, arrived at by converging two widely differing streams of consciousness into a single channel, as being conducive to the highest good of the individual." Years go by, years of this kind of talk and devotion on the part of that young man. In the end the small boy of a common friend of theirs is the means whereby love takes the place of psychology in Miss Lamb's consciousness, or psychosis, or whatever it is. It is a lighthearted little book, but not so good or so convincing as the same author's "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," noticed in these pages some months ago.

From the political romance Mr. Harrison Robertson, that Kentucky scribe who dwells in the shadow of Henry Watterson, the great, has turned to the motor-car story. So numerous is this class of stories becoming that new classifications will soon have to be made. For instance, THE PINK TYPHOON (Scribner) is a deadly foe of the "clincher" tire. Judge Robert Macollister, the hero, felt it when he sorrowed most over a punctured tire, that from then on his aim in life would be to make war on "clincher" tires. Presumably some novelists believe in the "clincher." thus the line of cleavage runs. In Mr. Robertson's book, Judge Macollister's automobile is the means of bringing him the love of a very charming woman. And as there are no deaths recorded, "The Pink Typhoon" was obviously the right sort of a motor car to

buy.

Two notable recent books are The Law-Breakers, by Robert Grant, and Nelson Lloyd's Six Stars (Scribner). Judge Grant's work always has the quality of making his readers think, and yet he always writes entertainingly. His stories are like the kind of wine which is said to have "body." Take, for instance, the story that gives its name to

the collection. George Colfax "was what might be called, for lack of a better term, a passive reformer." He believed in and desired clean politics, pinned his faith to civilservice reform, and invariably voted for the best candidate regardless of party. No wonder, then, that he grew eloquent to Mary Wellington, the girl he sought to marry, over the heinousness of Iim Daly, a politician who took a civil-service examination in place of one of his constituents and was very properly sent to jail for it. The only excuse Daly had was that neither he nor his constituents believed in civil service. But behold human frailty. When George Colfax goes to Europe he commits upon his return almost the same crime Daly committed. He fails to declare and pay duty on certain clothes he imports because he thinks it ridiculous to be taxed upon what is, after all, for his own use and not for sale. He does not believe in such laws; Daly did not believe in civil-service laws. Miss Wellington somehow learns the truth, and when Colfax asks her hand in marriage she says to him: "I was trying to find out whether I loved you, and now I know that I do not. I could never marry a man I could not-er-trust." There are half a dozen other stories in the book, all interesting, and yet thought compelling and substantial.

Nelson Lloyd's stories are of another sort. Their aim is obviously to amuse, for a fine vein of humor runs through them all. But they, too, do more than amuse. They give a series of fascinating pictures of a certain countryside in Pennsylvania inhabited by the hardy farmers of Dutch descent. Seldom has the peculiar blend of Yankee and Teuton that make up the Pennsylvania Dutch of today been so successfully portrayed. The shrewdness of the one and the sentiment of the other reacting upon each other produce some remarkably humorous situations under the pen of Mr. Lloyd.

An important contribution to the history of the American stage is Francis Wilson's JOSEPH JEFFERSON (Scribner). It is not a biography, but a series of reminiscences and anecdotes of the great American player who did so much for dramatic art in this country. Mr. Wilson's friendship with Rip Van Winkle was a long one, and thus the writer had ample time to gather his material and the result is very creditable. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in giving a picture not only of the great actor

but of the admirable man.



ELIZABETH DUER

Author of "The Prince Goes Fishing."



"'He knew that I was no yokel when he met my guard.'"

-"The Bridge Warden," page 415.